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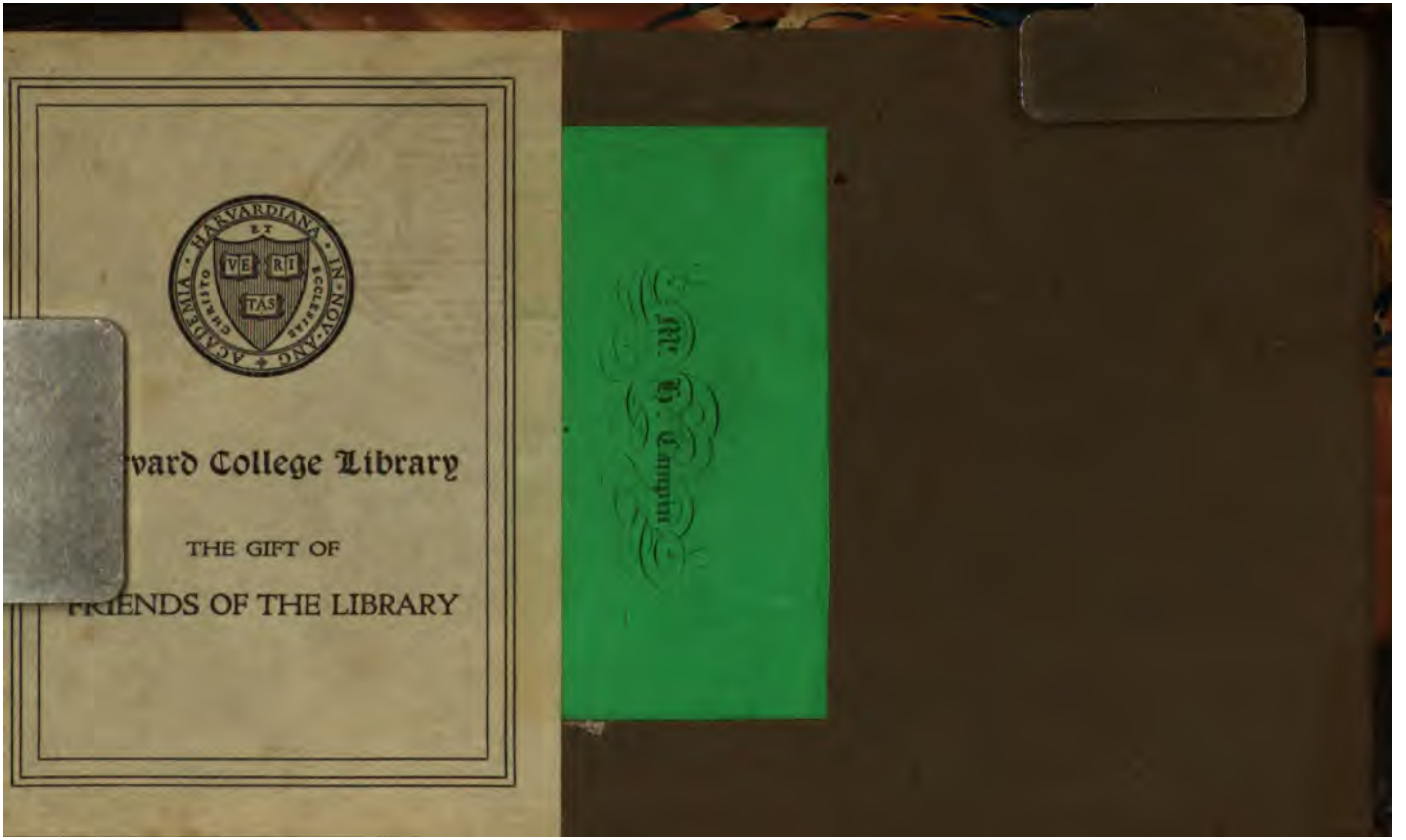
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CHELSEA HOSPITAL,

AND ITS TRADITIONS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"THE COUNTRY CURATE,"—"THE SUBALTERN,"
"THE CHRONICLES OF WALTHAM," &c.

Go with old Thames, view Chelsea's glorious pile,
And ask the shattered hero whence his smile;
Go view the splendid domes of Greenwich—go,
And own what raptures from reflection flow.
Hail! noblest structures, imaged in the wave,
A nation's grateful tribute to the brave—
Hail! blest retreats from war and shipwreck, hail!
That oft arrest the wandering stranger's sail.
Long have ye heard the narratives of age,
The battle's havoc and the tempest's rage;
Long have ye known reflection's genial ray
Gild the calm close of valour's various day.

ROGERS.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:
RICHARD BENTLEY,
NEW BURLINGTON STREET.
1838.

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TO HER MAJESTY

QUEEN ADELAIDE.

MADAM,

THE following Volumes, towards which his late Majesty, your royal Consort, and our beloved and regretted Monarch, was pleased to honour me by promising to extend his protection, I venture to dedicate to you.

Relating, as the Work does, to an institution in every respect national, and undertaking to illustrate the manners and services of a body of men, in whose welfare our gallant and generous Sovereign took an especial interest, I did not scruple to solicit for it the sanction of the King's name,—a favour that was granted with all the frankness that belonged to his manly

character; and had Providence so permitted, would have been gratefully used. But Providence did not so permit. By the death of William the Fourth, your Majesty has been deprived of a husband whose affection for you would have graced a lowlier station, the people of England lament the loss of their father, and I have been taught to feel, over and above, that the happy auspices under which I had hoped to bring the result of my researches before the public are withdrawn.

Though born in a foreign land, your Majesty has shown ever since you came among us, that your heart was thoroughly English. To you, therefore, the past and present state of England's old and faithful defenders cannot be a matter of indifference; nor will you, I trust, find the offering which I bring, chequered as from the nature of the subject it necessarily is, altogether undeserving of your notice. At all events, I pray your Majesty to accept this dedication as a proof that, among the multi-

tudes who have watched your proceedings ever since you touched the English shore, by none have your many and retiring virtues been more justly esteemed than by him who has the honour to subscribe himself

Your Majesty's most devoted

and faithful humble servant,

G. R. GLEIG.

DRESDEN,
Sept. 24, 1837.

ADVERTISEMENT.

WHOEVER may expect to derive from the following pages the excitement which it is the purpose of a work of fiction to produce, will inevitably be disappointed. The traditions which I have endeavoured to embody are not the offspring of my own brain, but such passages in the military annals of England as seemed to me best calculated to make my civilian readers aware of the claims which old and maimed soldiers have upon their country's gratitude. Wherever, indeed, I have been so fortunate as to acquire any degree of acquaintance with the personal history of a pensioner, I have gladly turned my knowledge to account; where such happens not to have been the case, I have been content to narrate, at length, the

particulars of the service during which he received his wound, or otherwise established his right for admission into the hospital. It will be seen, too, that I have taken advantage, as often as I could, of such official sources of intelligence as were, by the liberality of Lord John Russell, thrown open to me; and it is just possible that some of my critics may complain that my extracts from state papers are too numerous. But on that head I myself entertain no misgivings, being fully assured that tales of old battles are never so well, because so appropriately told, as in the words of those who witnessed the battles themselves.

I have divided my work into books—partly because it embraces certain subjects which are quite distinct from one another—partly because such division holds out some promise of falling in with every variety of taste among those who may honour it with a perusal. The first book, for example, which relates wholly to the foundation and early arrangements of the hospital, will probably possess some interest in the eyes of all classes. The second, which embraces grave matters of military history, must look to

obtain favour with a narrower circle. Yet I warn even the reader of romance not to turn away from it altogether, should he find that it hangs heavy at the outset. The adventures of Joe Savine, and Neil Campbell, are both of them curious, and the memoirs of Mother Ross have their peculiar merits. What these are, I recommend him to discover for himself.

With respect to the third book, which is purely descriptive, it will, doubtless, have more charms for the country reader than for the inhabitant of London. Both will, however, unless I greatly deceive myself, obtain from it a better acquaintance with the arrangements of this noble establishment than they possessed before. And as to the fourth book, I have only this to say for it: not one word has there been written down, except at the dictation of the pensioners themselves. I think, therefore, that it advances claims upon the notice of all who have any curiosity to be informed touching the habits of life and conversation which prevail among the brave men whose next step from Chelsea Hospital will probably be into the grave.

One word now of thanks to those who have rendered me much and valuable aid in the collection of my materials, and in their subsequent arrangement. To Lord John Russell I owe, first of all, my introduction to Chelsea Hospital itself;—an appointment of which, though it cost both his lordship and me some odium at the outset, he has not, I trust, had as yet cause to repent. Next, I am his lordship's debtor for a free and unrestricted power of reference to the State Paper office, where, from Mr. Lechmere and Mr. Lemon, and the other gentlemen connected with the establishment, I have, on all occasions, received the most polite attention. The same acknowledgments are due to Sir Henry Ellis, and the Curators of the Library in the British Museum, where every facility was afforded me, and every exertion used to lighten the labour of my researches. And when I come nearer home, how shall I express myself? That the records of the Secretary's office should have been thrown open to me was perhaps to be expected. But I had no right to make the demands which I did upon the time and the

attention of the gentlemen connected with them, each of whom, in his turn, has sat as patiently to be catechised, as if it were my province to put questions, and his to answer them.

Last of all, and most of all, my obligations to John Fasson, Esq. of the secretary's office, are numerous and weighty. To him, whose thorough knowledge of the history and affairs of the establishment are well known and justly appreciated, I am indebted for nothing less than a revision of every sheet that bears at all upon these subjects—a fact which enables me to state with confidence that, whatever their merits may be in other respects, my notices deserve, at all events, to be relied upon as authentic.

I have nothing more to say. For the many imperfections that will doubtless be discovered in the work I cannot plead as an excuse either the defective nature of the subject, or my own indifference towards it. These will therefore be laid, as they ought, to the account of my deficiency of power to deal fairly by it; and as I cannot rebut the charge, so it would be idle, in this place, to deprecate the censure of that pub-

lic between which and myself an acquaintance has for so many years been established. The book has passed from my hands, and must now stand or fall, according to its own merits.

Royal Hospital, Chelsea,
October 1837.

CHELSEA HOSPITAL.

BOOK I.

CONTAINING MATTERS PARTLY HISTORICAL, PARTLY TRADITIONARY.

CHAPTER I.

In which facts are stated on the best authority.

GENTLE reader, has it so happened that in the course of your numerous rambles through London and its vicinity you have hitherto omitted to turn your steps towards the Royal Hospital at Chelsea? Rest assured that if the case be so, a grievous oversight has been committed; for, noble in its design, and admirable in its system of internal administration, there is not a public establishment, among the many that do honour to the government and people of Great Britain, which advances stronger claims than this upon the attention of the curious and the high-minded. I express myself thus, not only because the hospital, considered as a charitable institution, possesses merits unknown except in its twin-sister at Greenwich; but

because, till he shall have personally inspected the building, gone through its wards, attended divine service in its chapel, visited its infirmary, and, above all, conversed with its inmates, no English civilian can have formed any correct notion of the class of persons by whom, in every climate under heaven, the battles of his country have been fought. Let it be your care, judicious reader, to rectify your error on the first convenient opportunity; and in the mean while, that you may not be taken by surprise, the business shall be mine to throw some light into your darkness, after I have sharpened your curiosity a little by sketching in few words the circumstances that attended the rise and progress of this the old soldier's home.

There is an ancient adage or aphorism which compares human life to a road full of inequalities, and describes the changes which occur in the fortunes both of men and things as ups-and-downs. For such forms of speech wise men entertain the most profound respect; because, concentrating, as they do, the experience of ages into a single sentence, they always express

the truth; though we may not always be able, as in the instance before us, to lay our hand upon an example of their fitness. That which is now the last retreat of England's valiant defenders was originally a seminary or place of education for controversial divines. At that critical period in the existence of the reformed Church of England, when she was sore pressed on all hands by fierce and vindictive enemies, —when her battle lay not against the Papists only, but against swarms of wild and dangerous fanatics, whom a somewhat abrupt liberation from the thraldom of Rome had called into activity,—it occurred to Dr. Matthew Sutcliffe, then Dean of Exeter, that much good might be effected by the institution of a college in which theology should be studied on the pure principles of the Bible, and champions reared up by whom from age to age the cause of gospel truth might be defended. Having long pondered the project, the dean at last opened it to Henry, Prince of Wales, who welcomed it with all the warmth natural to his noble and generous character. The dean, having secured this illustrious ally, proceeded to explain himself to

King James the First, and the plan had features which would have been of themselves sufficient to secure that monarch's cordial approbation; for James, as every schoolboy knows, was himself a keen controversialist. To prevail in the discussion of a doctrinal point was in his view more noble by far than to conquer a province; and it is certain that, though he hated Popery with all his soul, he was not less opposed to fanaticism. The idea, therefore, of rearing up, under his own eye and management, a body of skilful polemics, in whom the king's confidence might be reposed, and to whom the people might look for instruction on the most important of all subjects, was embraced by him as a great stretch of human wisdom, and he hastened to assure the dean of all the support which the royal countenance could afford.

Thus fortified, Dean Sutcliffe experienced no difficulty in obtaining from Charles Earl of Nottingham an advantageous lease of a plot of land which the latter held under the crown, and which was called "Thame Shot." There he resolved to erect his college, and there, on

the 8th of May 1609, the king himself taking a lead in the ceremony, the foundation-stone was laid. Other preparations were at the same time made, as well to complete the building as to enlarge its endowments. Timber was ordered to be supplied from the royal forest of Windsor. A charter of incorporation was granted, bearing date 8th May 1610, which conferred upon the edifice the title of King James's College at Chelsea, fixed the number of its members at a provost and nineteen fellows, and enabled them to use, like other corporations, a common seal. Nor did the king's munificence end here. An act of parliament was obtained which empowered the provost and fellows to receive contributions "from his majesty, or any of his loving subjects, not exceeding in the whole the yearly value of three thousand pounds;" while to them, their successors, deputies, and assigns, was granted permission to raise money, by bringing water into London from the marshes near Hackney, and erecting engines, opening springs, and digging trenches.

Upon the work thus begun both Sutcliffe and his royal patron bestowed their most earnest

care. The former devoted to it almost the whole of his personal property, all his books, and his undivided attention; the latter, having nothing personally to give, directed letters to be written through the archbishop to the clergy of the land, and collections to be made in the churches for so pious a purpose. But the dean's funds, though considerable for the age, were soon exhausted; the proceeds of the king's letter proved small, and the edifice, of which, according to the taste of the times, the plan had been magnificent, advanced slowly to its completion. Out of two quadrangles which it was contemplated to erect, and of which the lesser was to be internally surrounded by a piazza, only a portion of one side was completed; and even this, according to an indenture subsequently made out, appears to have been very mean. Still the good men who took an interest in the matter,—and day by day these increased in numbers,—were far from despairing. "The work has, we confess," says Darley, "hitherto proceeded slowly; and no marvel, seeing great works are not easily achieved. Noah's Ark, God's Tabernacle and

Temple, and famous schools and colleges, albeit founded by kings and great men, were long in building; and do we wonder that this college is not finished? Farther, it pleased God to deprive us of Prince Henry, our principal hope and chief author of this design. Lastly, who knows whether God has appointed these weak means to set forward a great work, that his power in our weakness might have the whole glory?"

Several causes contributed to render the king's appeal to the people through the medium of the bishops of slight avail. In the first place, the expenses attending the collection of briefs were then inordinate. The money, after it had been gathered, passed through fifty hands, each of which took care to attach a portion to itself; while the efforts made about the same time to push forward the building of St. Paul's Cathedral stood very much in the way of the completion of Chelsea College. The author of the scheme, however, though he mourned over the delay, ceased not to encourage sanguine hopes of the ultimate accomplishment of his purpose. So confident indeed, was he that

the work would come to a righteous issue, that by his will, bearing date November 1, 1628, he bequeathed to the college property of different kinds to a large amount. Besides the farms of Kingston, Hazzard, Appleton, and Kramesland, in the parishes of Slaverton, Harberton, Churchton, and Stoke Rivers, in Devonshire, of which the annual rent amounted to three hundred pounds, he assigned to the institution a tenement at Stoke Rivers, and other premises; a share in the Great Neptune, a ship belonging to Whitby in Yorkshire; his books and goods then in the college, with part of his library at Exeter. But all this was of no avail. With James the First died the only conscientious supporter whom, with the exception of the founder and a few churchmen, Chelsea College appears to have had; while the founder himself, who seems on his deathbed to have entertained some misgiving as to the issue, directed by his will that the legacies should be paid only provided "the work should not be hindered or stopped by men of corrupt minds."

If there be any justification for that species of pride which makes people plume themselves

on being the successors of men renowned in their day, the present inmates of Chelsea College have a right to look back with satisfaction to those who preceded them in the establishment. Justly concluding that he who is not observant of the important events that are passing around him can never be a safe guide in any matter affecting principle, or even opinion, the founders of "King James's College" provided that one business of its members should be to study the history of their own country, and to make their fellow-subjects partakers in their knowledge. The consequence was, that in addition to such divines as Overall, Spencer, Brett, Lilly, Prideaux, Bargrave, and others, we find the names of Camden, Spelman, and of individuals second only to Camden and Spelman, enrolled in the list of its fellows. Yet the splendour of these illustrious names sufficed not to keep up an institution of which, from the first, the policy may be doubted. At Sutcliffe's decease, in 1629, the number of fellows had diminished to fifteen; and the temper of the times held out slender hope that they would ever receive an increase.

The death of Sutcliffe operated like a blight upon the prospects of his infant college. It fell rapidly into decay, insomuch that in 1630 Lord Coventry passed a decree in chancery, that, with the consent of Dr. Featley, the third provost, and of Dr. Prideaux, the surviving feoffee under Dr. Sutcliffe's will, the farms of Kingston, Hazzard, and Appleton should revert, on payment of a sum of three hundred pounds, to Mr. Matthew Halse and Mr. Edward Meredith, the heirs-at-law of Dr. Sutcliffe. This was bad enough; but in six years afterwards a still deeper degradation was put upon the edifice. While the plague was raging with extreme violence in 1636, Sir Thomas Kynaston, Regent of the Museum Minervæ, presented a petition to the king that he might be permitted to transfer his academy to Chelsea College. I need scarcely observe that the Museum Minervæ was an academy instituted in the eleventh year of the reign of Charles the First, which held its sittings at a house in Covent Garden, and to which the nobility and gentry were alone admitted as students. To the honour of Dr. Featley, however, and of Archbishop Laud, be it

recorded that so unworthy an attempt was resisted; as was also another, still more discreditable, to convert the college into a pest-house for the city of Westminster.

Time passed, and those melancholy discords arose under which throne, altar, liberty, and religion itself were ultimately buried. Amid the confusion of the civil wars, Chelsea College was, of course, neglected; and when the fanatics obtained the ascendency, an institution founded for the express purpose, among other things, of opposing their doctrines, met with little forbearance. Chelsea College was converted into a depôt for the accommodation of prisoners; and, with the manor, of which the parliament took forcible possession, was ultimately put up to sale. Yet it had been previously applied, like the cathedrals of Canterbury and Peterborough, to a still more unworthy use. "It became," says Darley, "a cage of unclean beasts, a stable for horses; and not only a place petitioned to make leaden guns in, but desired also for a palcestra to manage great horses and to practise horsemanship."

After groaning for some years under the yoke

of a military despot, the people of England awoke to a sense of their folly; and, remembering all that they had suffered since, in an evil hour they broke loose from the restraints of settled government: they recalled the son of their murdered sovereign, and replaced him on the throne. Charles the Second, however, even if he had possessed any portion of his grandfather's humours, was not in a condition to take under his protection such an establishment as Chelsea College. The funds that once belonged to it were all estranged; even the building itself, with the lands immediately attached, reverted not to the crown,—for of the manor of Chelsea Charles the First had made a grant to the Duke of Hamilton, and his son could not recall it. The king was, however, desirous of making a grant of the pile to the Royal Society, of which he was the founder; and the representatives of Duke Hamilton readily acceded to the proposal. But after it had been conveyed to Andrew Cole in trust for that learned body, the society discovered that it was too far removed from London, and in a condition too dilapidated to be of the smallest service to them.

The consequence was, that in 1681 Sir Stephen Fox purchased it back for the king's use, at the cost of thirteen hundred pounds: an arrangement for which the president received the formal thanks of his council at the moment, and at which the nation has had up to the present hour good cause to rejoice.

So far the reader and I have travelled together over the beaten path of history. For a good deal of that which follows, I am compelled reluctantly to acknowledge that I can claim no higher authority than tradition. Yet in reference to events over which Time has rolled his heavy flood, and of which circumstances have so ordered it that no note has been taken, I am not sure that tradition ought to be treated otherwise than with respect. How many curious passages in the annals of all nations depend on tradition alone! — and who will venture to denounce them as utterly fabulous? Be this, however, as it may, till I find another tale better authenticated—till Sir Henry Ellis, or Mr. Markland, or some other antiquary of equal repute, shall place before me documents such as shall satisfy me of my mis-

take, I profess that I will believe in the present instance according to the form which my fancy delineates, and of which you, good reader, shall receive an account as soon as my ideas are properly arranged.

CHAPTER II.

Containing more matters historical, though of a different kind.

THERE is an old rule, not the less just because in practice it is too often violated, which prohibits men from forming an opinion as to the comparative excellences or defects of any public institution until they shall have made themselves acquainted with the circumstances under which it was founded, and the evils for which it was designed to supply a remedy. Probably the reader will not think that I greatly overstep the line of my legitimate duty, if on the present occasion I adhere to that rule, and, as a sort of preface to the traditionary matters of which I have undertaken to speak, lay before him a brief review of the systems of military rewards which prevailed in this coun-

try, as well as in Europe generally, prior to the erection of Chelsea Hospital.

In ancient times the recompense of military merit was everywhere the same,—namely, donations of money or land, or both, proportionate in extent and value to the rank and services of the meritorious warrior. Under free governments, or such as had once been free, soldiers of every class partook in the state's bounty. The Athenians, besides maintaining out of the public fund all disabled and wounded soldiers, took care of the parents and children of such as fell in battle; while the Romans settled their discharged legionaries in villages, called colonies, where each man occupied a farm on a sort of military tenure, perfectly independent of all the world besides. In like manner, the followers of those barbarous chiefs before whose might the colossal power of Rome gave way, received, as the recompense of their valour, glebes or fields, which they cultivated for their own use, and bequeathed to their children, subject only to such conditions as a regard to the welfare of the community might impose. But the Northern barbarians came, as the Romans had done

before them, into lands where equal rights were unknown, and practices, often loosely attributed to the feudal system, everywhere prevailed. The Gaulic Celts were divided from their birth into three classes, the nobles, the priests, and the common people,—of which the two first alone possessed political influence, while the last were mere serfs and villains. As it formed no part of the policy of the Huns and Goths to impose their own laws and customs on the vanquished, and as it is not very easy for two people to dwell together and yet retain each its distinct manners, the invaders gradually assumed that station in society which the native nobility had occupied before them, and there grew up everywhere arrangements in social life, which in due time cut off the common soldier from all participation in the rewards which had heretofore been bestowed equally upon him and upon his leader.

Under the feudal system, as it showed itself in the days of William the Conqueror, the possession of land continued to be the great object of ambition; and William was very liberal in his grants of lordships and manors to the chiefs

who aided him in his contest with Harold. It was on knights and barons, however, and on them alone, that these rich prizes were bestowed; for of the private soldiers no heed was taken, except, indeed, that each baron, attaching a certain portion of these to his own fortunes, carried them down to his estate, and used them there, so soon as the army broke up, as instruments for oppressing and plundering his neighbours. In like manner, during the unsettled and turbulent reigns of many of the succeeding monarchs, though estates continually changed their owners, they passed only from one great chief to another; for the spirit of feudalism was entirely opposed to the subdivision of land; and in that species of spoil, as it came day by day to be disposed of, the leaders of armies or the heads of factions alone partook. Yet were the followers of these rapacious barons far from suffering neglect. The supreme government, indeed, knew them not, — for the supreme government dealt only with persons who were in a condition to bring certain proportions of horse and foot into the field; but the baron himself was induced, both by honour

and self-interest, to provide for the old age of such as had served him faithfully. Many common soldiers became, therefore, hangers-on about the castle,—foresters, dog-feeders, hawk-trainers, seneschals, &c.; while others fell back into the station of serfs, and, cultivating the soil for their lord's benefit, received out of its produce the sort of sustenance to which in early life they had been accustomed.

Time passed, and the supreme government becoming daily more settled and more vigorous, not only were forfeitures of less frequent occurrence, but the custom of rewarding individual fidelity or prowess with grants of land began to be intermitted. The crown had learned to value its estates, and desired to retain them; and the spirit of chivalry taught warriors to be satisfied, provided their services were acknowledged by some honorary distinction. From Edward the First's time down to the era of the wars of the two roses, to be created a banneret, or to have some addition made to his armorial bearings, was, generally speaking, enough to satisfy the most ambitious. It is true that, during the last-mentioned period,

many of the great estates in the kingdom changed hands; yet the indiscriminate use of grants was not, as heretofore, brought into play, meritorious individuals being recompensed by annuities, or by presents of small sums of money. In proportion as this order of things became fairly established, the common soldier necessarily suffered; and it may not be irrelevant if I endeavour to point out both the causes of its establishment, and the way in which it injuriously affected the class of persons of whom I am especially called upon to speak.

The tendency of feudalism was to create between the noble and his vassals a sort of connexion, which neither has existed, nor can exist, under any other form of social life. Superseding entirely that earlier system of public defence, which required every man, and especially every landowner, to protect his country, it substituted the relations of retainer and chief for that of subject and sovereign; and, in so doing, not only gave to the chieftain a perfect right to the services of his vassal while available, but threw the vassal, in cases of sickness, wounds, or old age, as a burthen to be maintained, on the

chief. The feudal system, however, began, so early as the first crusade, to sustain a shock. I do not mean to say that, prior to that event, valour was not to be purchased with money in modern Europe: on the contrary, in the Hurcarles, or body-guard of Canute the Great, which consisted of six thousand men, and on whose discipline he mainly relied for the subjugation of England, we find what may fairly be termed a regular, if not a standing army;* while Harold the Second kept constantly in pay a body of Danish adventurers of tried courage and inured to war. The army which followed William the Conqueror, likewise, was in some sense a mercenary army; that is to say, the chiefs came on an assurance of participating in the spoils of the vanquished, and hired from all the countries of Europe soldiers who were willing to peril life and limb in exchange for a fixed monthly stipend. But with the close of the war terminated the particular paction

* The substance of the stern code which preserved the discipline of Canute's body-guard is still extant: it presents a singular mixture of severity and mildness,—of absolute authority not untempered by much of individual licence.

by which the one class led and the other followed; and then the nobles either disbanded their retainers, by letting them loose upon the country, or carried them, as has already been stated, down to their estates, where they became instruments not only of profit, but of honour. Still, as a general rule, it may be assumed that the feudal system was in itself opposed to the use of mercenary armies; and these instances are quoted as confirming the statement, according to the ancient proverb, which says, "*exceptio probat regulam.*"

The feudal military system, however effectual it might be for purposes of intestine quarrel, and even of defence against foreign invasion, was quite inadequate to the maintenance of any aggressive war which went beyond the limits of a mere expedition. No man's term of service exceeded forty days from the date of the army's assembling; and in forty days I need hardly point out that very little could be done. When, therefore, the deliverance of the Holy Sepulchre became an object with the nobles of the West, they were driven to adopt new methods in order to accomplish it. Many of them sold their estates,

thereby separating themselves for ever from the tenants and villains over whom they had heretofore presided; and, hiring out of the produce mercenary troops, carried them into Palestine. Few of the soldiers thus conveyed beyond seas ever returned; while they who did return, being destitute of natural protectors, betook themselves, for the most part, to plunder as a profession. And the example thus set was not without force, both upon the chiefs and their retainers. The former, perceiving how easily a burdensome expense could be got rid of, gradually relaxed in their attention to their useless followers; the latter, placed in numerous instances under lords with whom they had no community of feeling, became less and less devoted to their protectors. But it was the conviction, on the part of the supreme government, of the great superiority of a paid army over a feudal militia, which told most effectually in this matter. Edward the First and Edward the Second made use, it is true, chiefly of the feudal array, particularly in the wars which they waged in Scotland; but the armies which won for Edward the Third, his

son, and his renowned nobles, to much honour, were composed almost entirely of troops hired for the occasion.

I have not been able to ascertain what provision was made for the declining years of the brave men who followed these warriors into the field. The mode in which they were raised would, indeed, seem to imply that each squadron and company looked to its immediate commander for compensation; and doubtless the case was so, as far as any compensation was given; for at the period of which I am now writing, the king, when he desired to embody an army, contracted with bishops, earls, and barons, allotting to each a certain amount of daily pay, according to the number of horse and foot soldiers which he undertook to furnish. It was not, however, by the operation of this cause alone, that the tie between the chief and his vassal became gradually dissolved. The growth of free towns, particularly of the maritime towns, tended to throw the great body of the people more and more on their own resources. In England, the sovereigns, anxious to erect a power which they might balance against that of

the nobility, gave charters with a willing hand to such boroughs and cities as chose to apply for them; and these as they raised men for the king's service, so they provided for them when the service was at an end,—if maimed, by contributions out of the common purse,—if unhurt, by readmitting them to the privileges of township. Nor were the nobles averse to follow the example: what the sovereign did from motives of policy, they performed through the lust of wealth; and free towns became multiplied in consequence throughout all the counties.

In exact proportion to the decay of the feeling of mutual protection and allegiance which originally bound the lord to his tenant and the tenant to his lord, was the worn-out soldier cut off from the sources of established support which had been accessible to his ancestors. It is true that the convent door still stood open, and there, especially if he had served against the infidels, an alms was freely given. But casual charity, however frequent, could furnish no compensation for the loss of a maintenance which every change in the manners of society rendered more and more insecure; for not only

the effects of a growing commerce, which diffused wealth more and more equally through the different classes; but the spirit of chivalry itself, strange as the assertion may sound, was all against the private soldier. When foreign wars ceased to demand his presence, the knight was continually on the look-out for private grievances to be redressed at home. He was therefore just as ready to take up the quarrel of the dissatisfied vassal against his chief, as of the wronged maiden against her betrayer; and it is a fact to which all experience bears witness, that nothing tends so much to produce estrangement between the superior and his dependant, as the knowledge that there is a third party standing by, who is eager to be employed in the adjudication of their differences.

To the effect of these combined causes the feudal system so far yielded, that the barons ceased to take the field at the head of their retainers, and, of course, to treat these retainers both at home and abroad as humble members of their own family. Still the country was not without its militia, of which the constitution continued to be in some sort feudal,

inasmuch as laws were passed which compelled landowners, merchants, and others, to provide according to a scale, in which the properties of individuals were calculated, men, horses, and arms for the public service. But the true spirit of feudalism could not be tampered with even thus partially. That which used to be the duty and the pride of the noble, devolved on the sheriff or justice of the peace, under whom arrays of counties and boroughs were occasionally held; and it is scarcely necessary to add, that of the men thus mustered little account was taken, except that recruits were raised from among them, by pressing or otherwise, as often as the exigencies of the state required. For long after France had her standing army,—an institution which she owed to Charles VII. 1444,—England continued to wage her wars with levies enrolled for each separate occasion; nor was it till the Revolution that parliament, jealous of its liberties, gave a formal consent to innovate, under the most rigid restrictions, upon the practice.

Of any systematic plan for the relief of wounded or discharged soldiers, from the downfall of the feudal system up to Elizabeth's reign, I can-

not discover a trace. Occasional instances of royal bounty are indeed recorded; as, for example, in the reign of Edward IV. when grants were made to private soldiers,—one to John Sclatter, being an annuity of four marks as a compensation for the loss of his hand at the battle of Wakefield, — the other to Rauf Vestynden, a pension of ten pounds, by letters patent under the great seal, till he should obtain some permanent office. The latter, which, considering the value of money at the time, was a very handsome provision, is stated in the patent as having been bestowed "for the good and agreeable service which he did unto us in beryng and holdyng our standard of the black bull at the battle of Sherborne." But such occurrences were probably rare; at all events, chroniclers take no notice of them.

With the reign of Elizabeth we open out, as it were, a new era in the history of this country. In the first place, England then began to play a more conspicuous part in the game of European politics than she had yet done since the days of her Edwards; and her armaments, both by sea and land, were consequently on a larger scale.

In the next place, the work of the Reformation being completed, amid the unsparing plunder of the property of the church, some evils were felt to accompany the benefits thence arising. The suppression of the monasteries, and the transference of a large portion of the tithes to lay impropriators, placed the clergy and the great body of the people in a new relation one towards another. The former were no longer in a condition to bestow those abundant alms, on which the latter had, doubtless, too much depended; and the latter, unable either to find employment or to subsist without it, suffered severe privations. For great changes had for some time been carried forward in the system of culture and general management of the soil, which consolidating occupations and enclosing commons, had reduced multitudes of the peasantry to a state of absolute pauperism. These being cut off from their last resource, the priests' bounty, became desperate; insomuch that parliament found it necessary to institute a system of compulsory relief, out of which, however humanely it might have been intended, enormous evils unquestionably arose. With the

country in such a state, it would have been both impolitic and cruel to exclude the discharged soldier from the same kind of assistance which was awarded to the destitute peasant. Accordingly, by statute 43 of this reign, "the majority of the justices of the peace in their Easter sessions had power to charge every parish towards a weekly relief of maimed soldiers and mariners, so that no parish should pay weekly above ten-pence, or below two-pence; nor any county which consisted of above fifty parishes to pay more than six-pence, one parish with another; which sums so taxed were to be assessed in every parish by the parishioners,—or, in default, by the churchwardens and constables,—or, in their default, by the next justice or justices of peace."*

The powers given to the constables, churchwardens, and justices in levying this tax, were very summary. Against any person refusing to pay, they could proceed by distress and sale, and the parties receiving were required to pay in the amount quarterly, ten days before the sessions, to the high constable of the division,—who,

* Grose's Military Antiquities.

again, handed it over, during the sessions, to the treasurer of the county. Meanwhile, the forms to be attended to by the applicant for temporary or permanent relief were these :— The maimed soldier or mariner, who had been pressed, was to repair, if in a fit state to travel, to the treasurer of the county in which his impressment took place; if he had enlisted voluntarily, to the treasurer of the county where he was born, or where he had last resided for the space of three years; and last of all, if so disabled as to be incapable of travelling at all, to the treasurer of the county in which he had landed. Before one or other of these functionaries he was to produce a certificate, under the hand and seal of his captain or commanding officer, setting forth the particulars of his hurts and services; which certificate was to be allowed by the muster-master, or receiver-general of the muster-rolls. Upon this "the treasurer aforesaid shall allow him relief to maintain him until the next quarter session, at which the major part of the justices may allow him a pension, which the treasurer shall pay to him quarterly, until it be revoked or altered by the said

justices: and this allowance to him that hath not borne office (has not been a commissioned officer) may not exceed ten pounds, to an officer under a lieutenant fifteen pounds, to a lieutenant twenty pounds."

Such is the substance of the act of parliament which first gave to the wounded and war-worn soldier a legal claim upon the bounty of his countrymen. It will be seen, however, that the footing on which it placed him was not of a nature to raise him in his own estimation, or in that of the people generally. He was treated as a pauper—not as one who had served his king, or shed his blood in defence of the land which doled out its unwilling alms to keep him from starving. Yet were the provisions thus made very imperfectly applied. With Elizabeth, indeed, expired for a time the martial feeling both of the court and the people; and old soldiers, like things out of date, were cast aside and forgotten.

The reign of James was a peaceable one, and its duration — two-and-twenty years — sufficed to thin the numbers, at all times inconsiderable, of decayed soldiers in England. With

the accession of Charles the First, a different prospect opened. First, his foreign wars,—if indeed such expeditions as those to Cadiz and Rochelle deserve the name,—and latterly, the terrible struggle in which he engaged with his parliament, put arms into the hands of a large portion of the male population throughout the kingdom. Yet the royal exchequer was from the beginning to the end of the contest so thoroughly impoverished, that not only was the king unable to provide for his wounded and disabled adherents, but the means of paying the troops actually in the field were generally wanting. It was not so with the parliament. Wielding a large share of the authority, and having complete command over the resources of the nation, that body was enabled to act in a more liberal spirit. Accordingly, on the 6th of March 1643, an act was passed for the relief of maimed soldiers, as well as of the widows and orphans of men slain in battle, by imposing upon the parishes from which such soldiers might have enlisted a tax or assessment adequate to the necessity of each case. Such tax was to be levied by the same process and under the same

authority as a poor-rate; and care was of course to be taken that none should derive benefit from it except those who, in their own persons, or by their husbands or fathers, had served the cause of the people against the sovereign.

Whatever might be the situation of the parliamentary invalids, Charles the Second found, on reascending the throne of his ancestors, that the men who had followed his father's fortunes and suffered wounds in his cause were everywhere turned loose to beg their bread. Careless, but not wholly destitute of heart, the king early adopted measures with a view of bettering their condition as far as his limited means would allow, and passed, in the twelfth year of his reign, an act which secured to discharged soldiers certain immunities. Such of them as had been apprentices were permitted to exercise the trades to which they were bound, even if they had failed to serve out their time; while others were authorised to follow, in any town or place within their native counties, any occupations for which they might be fitted. But to give a starving man leave to follow a regular calling, without at the same time furnishing

him with means to begin business, is to contribute in a very slender degree to the amelioration of his fortunes. In spite of this well-intended law, and of the old statute of Elizabeth, which still continued in force, both town and country swarmed with mendicants, almost all of whom, many doubtless unfairly, represented themselves as decayed loyalists. It was at this juncture that the circumstance is said to have befallen, of which a statement will be found in the next chapter.

CHAPTER III.

Containing matter not more dependant on tradition than on official documents.

PERHAPS there is no portion of English history over which the general reader is less willing to linger than that which is included between the restoration of Charles the Second and the expulsion of his brother from the throne of these realms. Many periods may doubtless be found that are marked by darker crime,—many during which the amount of public suffering was greater. Such, indeed, from the beginning to the end, was the epoch of the first Charles, as well as of the anomalous constitution that succeeded the monarchy,—more especially after the farce of a commonwealth had been played to its last act, and ended, as similar experiments always must, in a despotism. But neither the domestic sorrows that over-

shadowed the reign of Charles the First, nor the systematised hypocrisy and tyranny that ensued, excite in our minds, however faithfully described, the sense of deep—I had almost said of personal shame, which never fails to accompany a perusal of our country's annals while its destinies were yet swayed by the son of the royal martyr. For, whatever might be the mistakes committed by the martyr in the cabinet,—in the field, and on the scaffold, he commands our admiration; which is likewise given, without reserve, to the gallantry and disinterestedness of his followers; while even of the regicides we think as of men, ambitious—it may be, cruel, turbulent, and unjust,—but bold in their conceptions, and high-minded in their very guilt. We may therefore shudder as we peruse the tale of wars waged and murders committed under the pretext of zeal for religion, or to promote civil liberty; but there is no blush brought into our cheeks by the contemplation of scenes such as would have disgraced Rome herself, in the worst times of her voluptuous emperors, and amid the total decay of her people's virtues.

How different are the feelings with which we turn to the page on which is inscribed the tale of the restoration! Not to speak of the political debasement of the country,—its abject submission to the will of France abroad, the total absence of patriotism and public spirit at home,—our moral sense is shocked by the display which everywhere meets the eye, of undisguised meanness and ostentatious depravity. Religion, honour, chastity, truth—nay, the commonest rules of decency, which, where a better principle is wanting, serve to cast a veil at least over most men's vices, appear to have been treated by the *merry* monarch and his friends as subjects only for ridicule. What scenes of licentiousness and profligacy do the letters and biographies of the age bring to light! Of these the historian may make unwilling use, while the common reader, through lack of opportunity, passes them by; but he whom circumstances may have compelled to look further into the subject is forced to acknowledge that neither the virtues of Clarendon, nor the honesty of Evelyn, nor the piety of Taylor, nor the merits of Temple, ought to

shield from the contempt of mankind the memory of an age which could treat Buckingham, Shaftesbury, Rochester, Arlington, and Wilmot, as its principal ornaments.

Among the many profligate persons whose presence casts discredit on the court of Charles the Second, none exercised more influence over the mind of the monarch, nor, generally speaking, exercised it to a better purpose, than Nell Gwynne. The daughter of a London tradesman who had failed in business, Nell received in childhood such an education as persons in her circumstances were accustomed to receive, and entered life as a sort of upper servant and companion to an elderly lady, a distant relative of her father. It is said that Mr. Gwynne, himself a Puritan, endeavoured early to imbue the mind of his daughter with his own views of religion, but that she resisted his efforts. Probably the rumour is well founded, for the fashion of profaneness had then entered into every circle, and Nell was a great deal too volatile not to acknowledge its influence. But however this may be, we find her, after a brief sojourn under the roof of her mistress, returned

as an incorrigible flirt to her father, who, in order to avert the ruin with which she appeared to be threatened, insisted upon her removing for a time into the country. Nell, however, whose great passion was vanity, took counsel of her looking-glass, which assured her that, sooner or later, she should rise to eminence; and, instead of complying with her father's wishes, she fled from his house, and established herself in lodgings under an assumed name. Her fancy as yet was for the stage. She studied a few parts with great care, and made a tender of her services to the manager of one of the theatres. But the manager, though he admired her beauty, and acknowledged that her tones were mellow and her manner sprightly, pronounced her destitute of all talent as an actress. Nell was greatly cast down by the repulse; but, though convinced that one door to preferment was closed against her, she did not yet distrust her fortune, and fell upon the following strange device, in the hope of discovering another.

At the period of which I am writing, the avenues to the green-rooms were attended re-

gularly by women who sold oranges, nuts, sweetmeats, and other confections, to the players and their guests. Among these orange-wenches Nell Gwynne took her station, and the event on which she had calculated as of probable occurrence soon came to pass. Her extreme beauty attracted the notice and won the heart of one of the principal performers, who became her tutor in the histrionic art, treated her with perfect delicacy, and proposed to make her his wife. But Nell had already entered upon a career of which the result is in most instances the same; and being devoid of all principles, not only of religion, but of self-respect, she soon forfeited her claim to be accounted virtuous. I am not going to follow her through the different stages in her profligate life: enough is done when I state that, after passing from one to another—after having been the mistress of a Mr. Deverant, of Lord Rupert, Lord Wilmot, and the Duchess of Beau's brother, she finally attracted the notice of the king himself, with whom she lived in great favour up to the day of his death.

There are few men or women so utterly de-

praved as to be destitute of some good quality of temper or manner, or both, which, though it neither casts nor ought to cast a veil over the vices with which it may be associated, serves the purpose, at least, of redeeming human nature from a sentence of absolute condemnation. Even Nell Gwynne, immoral and irreligious as she was, possessed a kind heart and a liberal disposition; while her devotion to her royal master appears to have been far more disinterested than the peculiar situation in which she stood might have led us to expect. A tale of distress, whether real or feigned, is said always to have commanded her pity; and her bounty never failed to flow when her feelings were excited. Neither was she indifferent to the claims of merit in obscurity, or of genius in distress. Her exertions to secure for the author of Hudibras some reward more substantial than the empty admiration of the court are well known; and though she failed, she is not the less entitled to the praise of having done a just as well as a generous action. But the circumstance which above all others sheds a lustre even over her frail fame, is the part which she is stated to

have played in the establishment of Chelsea *Hospital*. The following narrative of the events as they occurred, though it rests chiefly on tradition, seems to be supported by better evidence than usually attaches to tales of the kind,—for it is more or less alluded to in almost all the periodical publications of the day, and has been thought not unworthy of record by Pennant himself.

Charles the Second, as is well known, seldom permitted any considerations of prudence or precept to stand between him and the gratification of his humours. He was always poor, because he was always inconsiderate ; while his acts of liberality were for the most part unjust, because they were applied to unworthy objects. His mistresses he loaded with grants, while those who had sacrificed fortune and health in his father's service were neglected. Among other instances of bounty which was not misplaced, only because the object of it happened to be unlike the generality of her order, was the gift to Nell Gwynne of the lands formerly belonging to King James's College, and which, as I stated in a previous chapter, had been purchased back at

the cost of thirteen hundred pounds from the Royal Society. There Nell inhabited a cottage, of which the garden stretched down to the Thames; and there, in a summer-house which, though in an altered form, still remains, overhanging the river and commanding a splendid view of London, she was in the habit, particularly in the summer months, of entertaining her royal lover, and such guests as accompanied him.

"It chanced on a certain occasion," says the anonymous author of her memoirs, "as she was rolling about town in her coach, that a poor man came to the coach-door, who told her a story, whether true or false is immaterial, of his having been wounded in the civil wars in defence of the royal cause." Such an appeal found a ready response in "the benevolent heart of Eleanor," who hurried back to the king, related all that had passed, and implored him to think of some scheme by which so crying an evil might be remedied, and the honour of his government retrieved. I do not know how far the idea of founding an hospital for decayed soldiers had or had not occurred to Charles; I am still less qualified to hazard an opinion as to the

particular suggestions which Nell might have offered: but in either case, whether the design originated with her, or was the offspring of his own deliberations, there was a precedent before them which both were doubtless prompt to follow. In 1670, Louis the Fourteenth had founded the Hôtel Royal des Invalides at Paris, and the renown which attached to the proceeding was not unlikely to rouse in Charles a wish to earn similar honours. The consequence was, that the project seems to have been early entertained; and Sir Stephen Fox, at that time paymaster of the forces, coming into it with great zeal, nothing remained but to make choice of a proper site, and to raise funds for the purposes of building and endowment.

Things were in this state when the troops returned from Tangier, after a service which reduced many of them to a helpless condition through wounds and sickness. As a matter of course, all such as were disabled advanced claims similar to those of Nell's protegé on the benevolence of the country, and the king's anxiety to set about the erection of the hospital was sharpened. Sir Stephen Fox, likewise, felt warmly on the subject; and the necessity of

realising schemes, which as yet had floated vaguely through the royal mind, became every day more urgent.

Once more tradition assigns to Nell the honour of settling a point which had too long been at issue. She was sitting with Charles in her summer-house at Chelsea, of which one of the windows overlooked the meadows surrounding King James's College, when the paymaster of the forces entered, and the subject of the projected hospital and of the difficulty of finding a proper site was resumed. "Your majesty could not do better," said Sir Stephen Fox, "than give up for the purpose your recent purchase from the Royal Society." "'Tis well thought of," replied the king, casting his eye over the plot of ground. "You shall have it:" but recollecting himself, he instantly added. "Odso! I forgot,—I have already given this land to Nell here." "Have you so, Charles?" exclaimed Nell gaily: "then I will return it to you again for so good a purpose." The generous offer was accepted; and Nell being transferred to a mansion which the king built for her in Pall Mall, Thame Shot, with the meadows

and closes adjacent, were set apart for the use of the hospital.

It appeared as if the adjustment of this preliminary matter had been all that was wanting to set the machine in motion;—in other words, that having once obtained a site for their building, the king and his advisers were disposed to treat lightly every other obstacle to the accomplishment of their purpose. The conversation described above occurred some time in the autumn of 1681. On the 22nd of December a warrant was issued, announcing the royal intention of founding an hospital for the relief of decayed soldiers, and constituting the paymaster of the land-forces "receiver-general and treasurer of all such monies as should from time to time be given or paid towards erecting the said hospital, or the support and maintainance thereof."

Meanwhile, Sir Stephen, being requested by the king to draw up the form of a constitution for the new establishment, called to his aid John Evelyn, who, on the 27th of January 1682, makes the following entry in his journal: "This evening Sir Stephen Fox

acquainted me again with his majesty's resolution of proceeding in the erection of a royal hospital for emerited soldiers, on that spot of ground which the Royal Society had sold to his majesty for thirteen hundred pounds; and that he would settle five thousand pounds per annum on it, and build to the value of twenty thousand pounds, for the relief and reception of four companies, viz. four hundred men, to be as a colledge or monastery. I was therefore desired by Sir Stephen (who had not only the whole management of this, but was, as I perceived, himself to be a grand benefactor, as well it became him who had gotten so vast an estate by the souldiers) to assist him, and consult what method to cast it in, as to the government. So in his study we set down the governor, chaplaine, steward, housekeeper, chirurgeon, cook, butler, gardener, porter, and other officers, with their several salaries and entertainments. I would needs have a library, and mentioned several books, since some souldiers might possibly be studious when they were at leisure to recollect. Thus we made the first calculations, and set down our thoughts

to be considered and digested better, to shew his majesty and the archbishop. He also engaged me to consider what laws and orders were fit for the government, which was to be in every respect as strict as in any religious convent."

While Evelyn thus employed himself in digesting the details of its internal economy, Sir Stephen Fox was busy with his master in making such arrangements as might place at their disposal funds sufficient for the establishment of the hospital itself. No appeal seems to have been made, as in King James's day, to the public at large; but while the voluntary contributions of the charitable were received with gratitude, the troops were, in some sort, burthened with the expenses of the asylum from which they were themselves to derive the sole benefit. I need scarcely observe, that during the reign of Charles the Second, the standing army of England was very inconsiderable, its numbers scarcely amounting at one period to five thousand men, and never exceeding eight thousand. From the pay issued to these, a deduction was ordered to be made of

one shilling in the pound; which being divided into three equal parts, was devoted, one to defray the expenses of the paymaster's office, one to the general uses of the soldiers, and one to the accumulation of a fund, first for the building, and ultimately for the maintenance of the hospital. By giving to this regulation a retrospective effect, so as to include the whole of the year 1680, and strengthened by donations of 1300*l.* from Sir Stephen Fox, of 1000*l.* from Tobias Rustas, Esq., of 1000*l.* from Sancroft, archbishop of Canterbury, and of nearly 7000*l.* from the secret service fund, the projectors of the establishment had at their disposal a sum of 17,012*l.* 14*s.* 7*d.* with which they determined to make a beginning. The consequence was, that on the 12th of March 1682, the foundation-stone of Chelsea Hospital was laid, Charles himself taking the lead in a ceremony which was witnessed by all the principal nobility and gentry of the kingdom.

Begun on a scale of great magnificence by its gifted architect Sir Christopher Wren, the building of the hospital went on so slowly, that neither Charles nor James enjoyed the satis-

faction of beholding it complete. In 1687 it had indeed advanced so far, that Lord Ranelagh, then paymaster-general of the forces, made a report to his majesty, in which he represented the edifice as capable of accommodating four hundred and sixteen men, with a governor, chaplain, curate, physician, secretary, treasurer, housekeeper, and sixteen matrons. But the views of the king's government extended much beyond this. Other civil functionaries had been named, such as a surgeon, apothecary, steward, comptroller, caterer, wardrobe-keeper, upholsterer, master cook, two under cooks, master butler, two under butlers, chief baker, under baker, barber, sexton, usher of the hall, porter, under porter, eight matrons for the infirmary, and six washerwomen. For these it would be necessary to provide apartments; and as it entered into the project of the court to give to the establishment a decidedly military character, the officers who should administer the discipline of the place, and do what is technically called the duty, must likewise be accommodated. Thus Lord Ranelagh, who had suggested the distribution of the invalids

into nine companies, to be commanded by nine lieutenants, as many ensigns, with a colonel, a lieutenant-colonel, and a major, applied for leave to purchase certain parcels of land adjoining to the hospital, upon which such further buildings should be erected as the state of the case might require. I do not find that any objections were offered to this proposition, and the labours of the architect continued to be called into operation till two years subsequently to the revolution.

I have never been able to ascertain the exact date at which the veterans took possession of their new abode. That some of them were domiciled in Chelsea, during the latter part of the reign of James II. seems, however, to be proved by the fact, that the covering for the altar, pulpit, and desk in the chapel, as well as the magnificent communion plate and black-letter Prayer-books which belong to it, were the gift of that monarch. Nor are traditions wanting relative to the efforts made by the king to bring back his decayed soldiers within the pale of the Church of Rome. He is said to have paid frequent visits to the hospital, appealing

first to one and then to another of the inmates, till a fine old warrior on a certain occasion cut him short in a manner which he could neither forgive nor resent. "Why should not you adopt the religion of your prince?" said James. "Please your majesty," was the reply, "I was once a Catholic; I then became a Protestant; and I should be very happy to go back to your majesty's religion again, only when I was at Tangier, I entered into an agreement, that the next time I changed my creed, I should become a Turk."—James was mortally offended at this reply, and ceased to importune the pensioners farther.

While the hospital was in progress,—that is, from 1682 till the admission of the invalids,—provision seems to have been made for their support by pensions granted out of the fund set apart for the purposes of the building. Of these, all, considering the value of money at the time, were liberal, while some may be accounted magnificent. Thus, to a worn-out gentleman of the horse-guards was granted one shilling and sixpence a day; to a corporal of light horse, the same; to a private of light horse, a shilling; to

a horse grenadier, a shilling; to a corporal of dragoons, nine pence; to a private dragoon, sixpence; to a gunner, seven pence; to a serjeant of infantry, eleven pence; to a corporal, seven pence; to a drummer, seven pence; to a private, five pence. But it will be easily understood that funds which amounted in all to little more than twelve thousand pounds a year could afford such pensions only to a small number of persons. Hence the reader will not be surprised to learn, that so late as 1689, the total amount of veterans subsisting upon the bounty of the crown was five hundred and seventy-nine men. These, including nineteen gentlemen of the horse-guards, four corporals of light horse, thirty-three light horsemen, and seventy-five serjeants, cost the commissioners an annual expenditure of six thousand and eighty-seven pounds; leaving for the purposes of the institution six thousand pounds disposable.

The expulsion of the house of Stuart produced no injurious effect upon the fortunes of Chelsea Hospital. The project had been from the first approved of by the country, and William,

himself a soldier, was not disposed to stop short in an undertaking which had for its object the comfort of his soldiers' latter days. On the contrary, he sanctioned a still farther increase to the building, pressed it forward till it was completed, issued an order for the filling up of all vacancies in the establishment, and signed a warrant in favour of Lord Ranelagh, Sir Stephen Fox, and Sir Christopher Wren, giving them authority "to settle and ascertain the proportions and kinds of victuals they should judge most convenient for the said persons; to make contracts for the same and for clothing; to nominate and put in such under officers as are wanting; and to propose rules, orders, and regulations." This was followed by a new grant of "one day's pay yearly out of the payments to be made to the guards, garrisons, and land forces, to be applied towards the building and furnishing the Royal Hospital near Chelsea, and towards the better maintenance of such superannuated and disabled officers and soldiers as should be provided therein;" while the original donation was put upon a more certain footing, twelve thousand pounds a year being

allotted in lieu of the fraction of the poundage of army-pay which Charles the Second had secured to the hospital.

It seems from the beginning to have been the intention of the crown to render the commissionerships of the Royal Hospital at Chelsea patent offices, though no patent was issued either by Charles or James. For William the draft of a patent appears indeed to have been made out, but it was never signed; and hence, whatever authority Lord Ranelagh and his coadjutors exercised was derived from the king's warrant alone. In the first year of the reign of Queen Anne, however, letters patent were issued, which have ever since been renewed at the accession of each new sovereign to the throne. By these, "John How, Esq. paymaster-general of and for all our guards, garrisons, and forces, (except those employed or to be employed by us for our service in Ireland, and except such regiments or forces as are or shall be under the care of our high admiral of England or commissioners of the admiralty for the time being, and excepting our army now in the Low Countries;) our trusty and well-beloved Sir Christopher Wren, Knight,

surveyor-general of our works ; Charles Fox, Esq. paymaster of our forces in the Low Countries, and the governor and deputy governor for the time being, are constituted commissioners for the better management of the affairs of our Royal Hospital at Chelsea." Their power extended "to the selection and proportioning of the diet of such persons as now are or shall hereafter be fed and victualled" within the building; "to making contracts" with any person or persons for furnishing the same; to "clothing" the pensioners ; "washing their linen ;" "keeping in good order, repairing and maintaining the several courts, gardens, walks, avenues, and lights belonging,"—and finally, "to the appointing, from time to time, such and so many under officers and servants as are or shall at any time or times hereafter be wanting in our said hospital, and to the removing or displacing of them or any of them as to the said commissioners might seem meet." These instructions, together with an absolute control over all matters of expenditure and finance, placed the whole power of general administration in the hands of the commissioners, any three of

whom were declared competent to form a board, and of course to act independently of their colleagues.

Behold, then, in the year 1702, Chelsea Hospital complete in all its parts; the buildings finished, the gardens laid out and planted, and the roll of officers, soldiers, servants, and other functionaries filled up. With officers, as well commissioned as warrant, the establishment was liberally supplied. It had a governor and lieutenant-governor, a major, and an adjutant, to whom were committed the care of attending to the internal discipline of the garrison. It had two chaplains to take care of the morals and faith of the men; a physician, a surgeon, an apothecary, and a surgeon's mate, to attend them in illness; a secretary, with clerks and assistants, to carry on the correspondence; a deputy treasurer to receive and administer the supplies; a steward, a comptroller, a clerk of the works with a deputy, a wardrobe-keeper, and comptroller of the coal-yard. Then, again, for the management of other departments, I find enumerated in Queen Anne's warrant, a master cook, a second cook, with

their under cooks; a scullery-man with two assistants, a master butler and three under butlers, a barber and servants, a sexton, an usher of the hall, a yeoman of the coal-yard, a porter, two sweepers, and a turncock and water-engine keeper. All of these, as well as a housekeeper, with twenty-four matrons or nurses, were taken upon the permanent strength of the establishment, and all received salaries proportioned to the rank which they held, and the supposed importance of the duties which they were required to discharge.

With respect to the men, including under that head all the worn-out non-commissioned officers and soldiers admitted within the walls, they seem from the first to have been, both as to numbers and advantages, pretty much in the same condition in which we find them now. They amounted in all to four hundred and seventy-six; of whom twenty-six were rated as captains, thirty-two as lieutenants, thirty-four as light horse, thirty-two as ensigns, the remainder as drummers and privates.

It is not, however, to be supposed that the captains, lieutenants, and ensigns were, or ever had

been, commissioned officers. As soldiers, they had served in the ranks;—as members of the hospital, they were rated by virtue of the king's warrant, and took quarters, the captain in a separate room at one end of the ward or barrack in which his company lay,—the lieutenant, in a similar apartment at the other. They were, in fact, originally what they are now, non-commissioned officers, and received over and above their rations a money-pay upon the following scale:—To each captain was granted sixpence a day, or three shillings and sixpence per week; to each lieutenant, two shillings monthly; to each ensign, ten pence. It is worthy of remark, that the two latter,—that is, the lieutenant and ensign,—have now exchanged their titles for the more significant appellation of serjeant and corporal; and that the captains, being chiefly old and well-behaved men, have been transferred from the common wards to quarters especially allotted to them.

Of the light horse, (or rather, of those who answered to that classification,) many, being the younger sons of gentlemen, belonged to an order in society not in some respects dissimilar to

the *garde du corps* of the kings of France;—that is to say, they purchased their situations, were treated on service as cadets, and took rank in the hospital next to the captains. These privileges they shared in common with other horsemen of inferior rank, and both were exempt from duty of every kind, except that of furnishing a sentry at the governor's door. Their weekly stipend amounted to two shillings, while that of the privates was only eight pence.

Thus stood the Royal Hospital at Chelsea at the opening of the reign of Queen Anne. Concerning the partial changes which its constitution has since undergone, and the services of some of its former inmates, the reader will obtain more information as he goes on.

CHAPTER IV.

Containing dry matters of detail, which the reader may pass over, if he be so disposed, without any detriment to the thread of our history.

A REFERENCE to the journals of Chelsea Hospital shows that the general administration of what may be termed the remuneration fund,—including the expenses of the establishment itself, and the payments made to out-pensioners, whose incomes were entered in the books,—was early entrusted to a sort of committee of privy counsellors. At a board held on the 5th of July 1712, for example, there were present the Lord Archbishop of York, the Earl of Abingdon, the Earl of Clarendon, the Bishop of London, General Earle, the Governor of the Hospital, Sir Christopher Wren, the Comptroller of the Army, and the Lieutenant-governor

of the Hospital. The object of that meeting seems to have been not only to administer the affairs of the hospital itself, but to arrange some plan for considering and disposing of the claims of discharged soldiers generally—of whom, in consequence of the long war to which the peace of Utrecht put an end, multitudes had been thrown loose upon the country. The latter, however, was not an easy task, inasmuch as no legislative provision had yet been made for the worn-out veteran; and his pension, flowing from the bounty of the crown, was granted as a sort of retaining fee, which at any moment might be resumed. And even the former seems to have been attended with greater difficulties than the founders of the establishment had anticipated. The expenses both in and out of doors had increased so rapidly, that Chelsea Hospital was in debt to the amount of upwards of forty-seven thousand pounds. Of course, there was but one mode of dealing with the case. Parliament being applied to, granted a sum not exceeding sixty thousand pounds for the liquidation of this burthen, and to supply funds for carrying on the business of the current

year; while the commissioners were instructed, by a letter from the Treasury, to inquire whether any and what reductions could be made in the general expenditure of the establishment.

While the dead-weight, as it has since been termed, continued so inconsiderable as we find it to have been during the reigns of James, of William, and in the beginning of that of Anne, the few dependants upon it for whom an asylum could not be provided within the hospital, were either enrolled into invalid companies at various stations, or pensioned off, with leave to reside among their kindred, after the following scale.

	PER DIEM.
To a private soldier was allowed	5d.
To a drummer	7d.
To a corporal	7d.
To a serjeant	9d.
To one of the troop of guards	12d.
To a dragoon	7d.
To a corporal of dragoons	12d.
To a master gunner	14d.
To another gunner	7d.

The first economical suggestion offered by the commissioners was, that this scale should be revised. They recommended that a serjeant's pension should be reduced from nine pence to

sixpence a day,—that a corporal of light horse should receive eight pence instead of a shilling, —that a corporal of dragoons should be placed on the same footing, and that a master gunner should be deprived of two pence out of his fourteen. All other invalids, no matter what might have been their length of service or the nature of the duty which they had performed, were to receive five pence a day only, and no more; from which it was calculated that a saving would accrue to the hospital funds of eight thousand pounds per annum. Nor did these early reformers stop there: they advised that there should be made at Chelsea three reviews in every year of the discharged soldiers; and that all who failed to present themselves, unless it were proved that their absence arose from sickness or other good cause, should be struck off the pension-list. From this, as well as from periodical examinations of the bodies of the invalids, with a view to deprive of their pensions such as appeared capable of earning a livelihood by labour, it was considered that "the charge of the out-pension might be materially eased." But the commissioners did not

approve of a suggestion which the treasurer had made, importing that furloughs ought to be universally resumed, and all pensioners, whether efficient or inefficient, enrolled into companies. They reminded him that government had not provided quarters for so large a body of men, and described the scenes of misery which were already exhibited by reason of the houseless and destitute state of the men who came to pass the board as at least sufficiently humiliating.

The measure recommended by the board of commissioners seems to have been immediately carried into effect, and the pensions of the invalids suffered reduction: but the public were not yet satisfied—further retrenchments were required, and the poor discharged soldier was again made the subject of the economist's experiments. Fresh reviews or examinations of the out-pensioners took place, of which the result was, to withdraw the relief hitherto granted in consideration of a twenty years' service, and to declare no persons entitled to partake in the bounty of the crown except such as had lost their limbs, or were otherwise disabled. At the same time, serjeants, corporals,

gunners, and light horse, were all put upon the same footing with privates of infantry; five pence a day was settled as the universal amount of pension, without any regard to distinction of rank or character: while, still further to prevent the possibility of an enlarged expenditure, the granting of pensions for the future was discontinued.—It will be seen from this sketch, that in times gone by the worn-out soldier was not much accounted of; and it will appear, from what is yet to be stated, that something of the same spirit has more or less operated in all ages.

While the public commissioners were thus taxing their ingenuity to devise means for the reduction of the pension-list, individuals, actuated by a nobler principle, here and there gave proof that they esteemed the old warrior, albeit his term of active service was completed, to be not unworthy of his country's gratitude. So early as 1695, the Earl of Ranelagh invested in the hands of trustees the sum of three thousand two hundred and fifty pounds, of which, by a codicil to his will dated in 1707, he desired that the interest might be laid out in the pur-

chase of great-coats, at the rate of one in every three years, for each of the in-pensioners. In like manner, John de la Fontaine, Esq. of Bloomsbury Square, on the 7th of May 1768, bequeathed for the use of the hospital the sum of two thousand pounds, of which the governor and treasurer were appointed trustees. A short time afterwards an additional sum of eight hundred pounds, arising from arrears of interest, was laid out in the purchase of bank annuities. Out of the latter bequest there have ever since been divided among the pensioners sixty pounds ten shillings in money, which they are expected to lay out on the 29th of May in each year, in carousing to the memory of Charles the Second, the founder of the hospital.

The wit of man never has devised, and probably never will devise, a scheme of charity which is not more or less liable to abuse; and the journals of Chelsea Hospital would seem to prove that the case of this noble institution has formed in times past no exception to the general rule. From the first establishment of the hospital, deceits and frauds were more or less practised. Within the building, comptrollers and

other functionaries occasionally failed in their duty: while out of doors,—in other words, among the out-pensioners,—the same malpractices obtained which continue to obtain, though perhaps more rarely, to the present hour. The invalid companies, of which there were twelve, never suffered the smallest diminution in point of numbers; insomuch that individuals, once put upon the pension list, seemed to become immortal. Such at least is the inference which a perusal of the old books in the college would lead any one to draw. But it must not be forgotten, in considering this point, that England in the beginning of the eighteenth century was torn by party spirit, and that the government which succeeded that of which Lord Oxford had been at the head delighted in affixing every species of stigma on the character of its predecessor. Hence, probably, to the full as much as from the delinquencies of individuals, we find the most sweeping minutes recorded by the commissioners under George the First;—public officers prosecuted, all sorts of inquiries set on foot, and the parade of vigilance and honest purpose carried to its utmost limits. There was one Mr

Crispe, for example, who holding office as secretary of the hospital during the latter part of Queen Anne's reign, had repeatedly been thanked by the commissioners for his zeal, integrity, and aptitude for business. This man was not only dismissed by the commissioners under George the First, but informers were encouraged to come forward and convict him of malversation; while a complete revision of the whole system took place, and the pensioners were dealt with much more perhaps in the spirit of strict justice than of kindness. The invalid companies were reduced to an establishment of fifty men each; fresh obstacles were thrown in the way of mens' claim for pensions; and an anxiety was exhibited to economise, of which we at this day can both understand the object and calculate the true result.

It would afford no amusement, and very little useful information, were I to give an abstract of the hospital books from the date of the last-mentioned arrangements in 1716 down to the period at which I am writing. All that could be gathered from the narrative would amount to this: that in proportion as the military power

of the country increased, the burthen of the pension-list became every day greater; that each new set of commissioners, when they entered upon office, professed themselves full of anxiety to lighten that burthen; that their vigilance lasted only for a season, till the novelty of office passed away, and that matters invariably reverted to their ancient forms, probably because they were the best. It may be added, moreover, that, though the parliament of 1697 declared disbanded officers entitled to half-pay, no legislative provision was made for officers' widows; and that these receiving their pensions directly from the crown were, like disabled soldiers, paid through the medium of Chelsea Hospital. Of course the growing amount of claimants for the royal bounty gave rise to a prodigious increase in the establishment of clerks in the office; and it will be seen from the following table, that the breaking out of every fresh war has had the effect of diminishing, as the return of peace has invariably increased, the number of pensioners whom the country is bound to support.

One remark more I beg leave to make, as in-

troductory to the following table. Let it be remembered, that just before the general peace of 1814, there were in England, of regular and irregular troops, nearly six hundred thousand men under arms, — of whom three hundred thousand were soldiers of the line, the rest militia-men, yeomanry, and volunteers; and that the whole of these corps sent, at the reduction, each its quota to increase the amount of military pensioners. For of the militia many thousands had by length and merit of service established a claim upon the permanent bounty of their country; while, from the corps of yeomanry and volunteers, not a few proved themselves entitled to a maintenance. Hence the enormous accession to the military pension-list which will be found to have taken place between the years 1814 and 1822: whereas the additional fifteen thousand that swell the amount in 1823, make up but the number of discharged men whom it was judged expedient to transfer at that period from the Irish to the British establishment.

STATEMENT

of the number of Out-Pensioners of Chelsea Hospital, estimated for each of the Years, from 1741 to 1832.

Year.	Number of Pensioners.	Letter Men at 1s.	Men at 9d. per day.	Remarks.
1741	3,865	100	39	
1742	3,830	100	37	
1743	3,820	100	31	
1745	5,133	100	32	The Battle of Culloden.
1748	8,054	—	—	Peace—Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle.
1749	8,880	100	31	
1750	9,087	100	31	
1751	8,787	100	31	
1752	8,486	100	31	
1753	8,222	100	31	
1754	8,102	100	31	
1755	8,422	100	31	
1756	7,764	100	31	
1757	6,514	100	31	
1758	6,091	100	31	
1759	6,213	100	31	The Battle of Minden.
1760	6,612	100	31	
1761	7,208	100	31	
1762	8,022	100	31	
1763	9,318	103	31	Peace — Treaty of Fontainebleau.
1764	14,566	103	31	
1765	15,229	103	31	
1766	15,593	103	31	
1767	15,423	103	31	
1768	15,756	103	31	
1769	15,315	103	31	
1770	15,928	103	31	
1771	15,873	103	31	
1772	16,066	103	31	
1773	15,870	103	31	
1774	15,837	103	31	
1775	15,770	103	31	Commencement of American War.
1776	13,797	103	31	

Year.	Number of Pensioners.	Letter Men at 1s.	Men at 9d. per day.	Remarks.
1777	13,302	203	31	
1778	13,322	203	31	War commenced againstFrance.
1779	13,029	203	31	War commenced against Spain.
1780	10,961	203	31	
1781	11,506	203	31	
1782	11,674	202	31	
1783	12,212	202	31	General Peace—Termination of
1784	18,543	402	31	American War.
1785	20,273	401	31	
1786	20,094	401	31	
1787	20,235	401	31	
1788	20,059	401	31	
1789	20,161	400	31	Commencement of French Re-
1790	20,091	400	31	volution.
1791	19,500	400	31	
1792	20,150			
1793	20,594			In 1793, French Declaration of War against England.
1794	17,124			
1795	16,955			
1796	16,535			Including 400 Letter Men and 31 Sergeants.
1797	16,406			
1798	16,284			
1799	16,560			
1800	16,695			
1801	17,104			Battles of Alexandria and Copenhagen.
1802	17,104			In 1802, Peace—Treaty of Amiens.
1803	25,307			In 1803, War renewed with France.
1804	22,734			Including 400 Letter Men, 31 Sergeants,
1805	22,290			and Men at higher rates from parti-
1806	21,177			cular circumstances.
1807	20,805			
1808	21,689			
1809	22,325			
1810	23,050			
1811	23,675			
1812	24,469			
1813	25,398			

Year.	Number of Pensioners.	Remarks.
1814	26,568	Abdication of Bonaparte—Peace—Treaty of Paris.
1815	36,757	Battle of Waterloo, and Restoration of Louis XVIII.
1816	39,217	Reduction of the Army.
1817	54,068	Do.
1818	57,792	Do.
1819	61,397	Riots at Manchester, and Pensioners enrolled in
1820	55,911	Veteran Battalions.
1821	57,049	Vet. Batts. disbanded, and Reduction in Army.
1822	66,634	The Kilmainham Pensioners transferred to Chel-
1823	81,189	sea, above 15,000 in number.
1824	81,288	
1825	81,877	
1826	82,734	Three Veteran Battalions disbanded, and the Pen-
1827	85,515	sioners reverted.
1828	85,834	
1829	85,756	
1830	85,724	
1831	84,534	

In the foregoing calculation it is probable that the civilian reader will take little interest; but the military man will both understand why it has been inserted, and be in a condition to account for the facts disclosed in it. He is doubtless aware, that from the first establishment of Chelsea Hospital, down to late times, it has been customary, as often as war broke out, to call in from the pension-list as many veterans as were considered capable of further service, and to employ them, sometimes at home, some-

times abroad, in such duties as their condition might warrant. A century ago, the government was not indeed so mindful of the capabilities of these poor fellows as it might have been. In 1739, for example, when Lord Anson's expedition against the Spanish settlements in America was fitted out, five hundred men were selected out of the pensioners for service on board of the fleet; nor was it originally intended that any other land-forces should accompany him. Mr. Walter, the historian of the voyage, thus speaks of the detachment, and of the feelings with which the commodore was affected when he beheld them:—"As the out-pensioners consist of soldiers who, from their age, or wounds, or other infirmities, are incapable of service in marching regiments, Mr. Anson was greatly chagrined at having such a decrepit detachment allotted him; for he was fully persuaded that these invalids were no way proper for this service, and solicited strenuously to have them exchanged. But he was told that persons who were supposed to be better judges of soldiers than he, thought them the properest men that could be employed on the occasion, and they

were ordered on board on the 5th of August: but, instead of five hundred, there came on board no more than two hundred and fifty-nine; for all those who had limbs and strength to walk out of Portsmouth deserted, leaving behind such only as were literally invalids, most of them being sixty years of age, and some of them seventy."

Besides this, other instances occur of the employment in general service of men very few of whom were fit for more than garrison-duty. I believe that the 41st regiment was originally composed of invalids. But in 1782 we find such persons embodied exclusively into what were termed first invalid companies, and by and by, when they came to be regimented, veteran battalions. At the former period, there appear to have been of independent companies six-and-twenty included in the English establishment; in that of Ireland, ten. Just before the conclusion of the late war, the number of veteran battalions amounted to thirteen, of which the aggregate strength comprised ten thousand nine hundred and sixty-one rank and file. They were composed entirely of men who, from

wounds or old age, were found incapable of sustaining the fatigues of active service, and whose next step was either to the pension-list, or, if they preferred the arrangement, and their cases seemed to require it, into Chelsea Hospital itself.

Before I quit this part of my subject, I may observe, that previously to 1754 the out-pensioners received the king's bounty once in every year; that their payments were always twelve months in arrear, and that they were subject, in consequence, not only to great inconvenience, but to be made the dupes of designing persons,—a fate which too generally befel them. To remedy these evils, a bill was passed through parliament, authorising the pensioners and discharged soldiers to be paid in advance at half-yearly periods, and declaring that all contracts by which a soldier's pension might be mortgaged should be void. But it was not till the year 1806 that anything approaching to a vested interest in his pension was secured to the invalid. Then, indeed, Mr. Windham's Act set him free from the vexatious scrutiny to which he had heretofore been subject, and took away from government

the power of arbitrarily depriving him of the reward of his services; for the pensioner once passed, must now be retained on the list till he shall have committed some offence against the laws of his country. All this is as it ought to be; but, as I am not writing a history of the system of rewards which from age to age have been adopted in the British army, I here close a chapter which, however it may be esteemed by the soldier himself, is not, I am afraid, likely to find much favour in the eyes either of the gay or of the fair.

CHAPTER V.

Concerning the Rise, Armament, Clothing, and General Arrangements of the Regular Army of England.

PREVIOUSLY to the great civil war, which cost Charles the First his life and England her liberties, there was no such thing as a standing army in this country. A few troops and companies of hired soldiers seem, indeed, to have been in all ages kept on foot; but these, whether foreigners or home-born, bore precisely the same relation to the sovereign which his armed retainers bore to the baron. They garrisoned the royal castles, guarded the king's person, and did the duties of state at the king's court. For this latter purpose, indeed, the band of gentlemen pensioners and yeomen of the guard were especially enrolled,—the first so early as Richard the Second's reign, the last under Henry the

Seventh. But the total strength of both fell short of a hundred and fifty men, till the accession of Henry the Eighth, who increased them to three hundred.

Besides these ministers of regal pomp, and the established guards for the fortresses, the kings of England took from time to time into their pay companies of free lancers,—in other words, bodies of men who looked to their swords as the only legitimate sources of fortune, and were accustomed to hire them out wherever there might be war, or a good price was offered for them. With these, to whom were added archers and even spearmen of the true English breed, Ireland was held in subjection, and occasionally a rebel baron put down in the sister country. But the free-lancers had no claim to pay or reward beyond the period for which they might be engaged; and the natives were, as soon as they ceased to be useful, sent adrift. I think, then, we are still justified in asserting, that till the era of the great civil war, England was without a military body, which, being kept together in seasons both of peace and war, served to strengthen the hands of the govern-

ment, to secure the peace of the country, and so deserved to be spoken of as a standing army.

In another chapter I have said as much as is requisite both of the feudal array, and of the militia system that succeeded it. During the prevalence of both, the men-at-arms took the field in linked or plate mail, and rode horses possessed of great strength, which, like themselves, were encased in armour. The lance, the sword, the battle-axe, the mace, the dagger, and sometimes the mallet over and above, were the offensive weapons used; while here and there troops of mounted archers would go forth to battle, taking, however, care ere the battle began to link their hackneys together and send them to the rear. Among the infantry, again, there were spearmen, billmen, halberdiers, archers, cross-bowmen, — all of them more or less protected by defensive arms. An iron pot or head-piece was in many instances the sole protection which the foot-soldier had; and his dress, whatever garments he might have been accustomed to wear when at home. Nay, many a campaign was begun and carried through, both in England and elsewhere, with troops,

the half of whom carried no other weapons than clubs and fire-hardened stakes. With respect again to the artillery, or implements for the attack and defence of fortified places, these are well known. Battering-rams shook down the walls; catapultas and balistas threw enormous stones with great force, and at a very considerable range; the onager and scorpion shot darts and quarrels; and from huge cross-bows, worked by machinery, arrows were sent forth. By the aid of sows and cats, men struck at the enemy's works with pick-axes, and under cover; while belfries and wooden towers helped to put the assailants on a level with the besieged, and opened a way into the city. Such, in few words, were the implements, living and dead, with which the kings of England carried on war during the middle ages; to which, by and by, came to be added cannon of a very cumbrous make and proportionate inefficiency.

The invention of the musket, though it was slow of producing any marked effect, could not fail to bring about changes, which became every year more and more important, in the equipment both of infantry and cavalry. At

first, as is well known, both muskets and petronels, or long horse-pistols, were discharged by means of matches, which the soldier carried in a tin case behind his back, and used by applying them manually to the touch-holes. While this practice continued, and the weapon itself was long and cumbersome, a rest formed an essential part of the foot-soldier's appointments; that is to say, a stake having a sharp pike at one end, and a couple of horns or branches, usually made of iron, at the other. This he carried on the march over his shoulder, and when in the presence of the enemy, planted it upright in the ground. But the matchlock in such a shape was a very unwieldy weapon, and scarcely sufficed to put out of fashion the long-bow, against which, as well as against the close fighting of the day, defensive arms long continued to be used. Accordingly the head was protected still by the iron cap; the chest and flanks, by buff jackets, or padded and quilted cassocks. And in the cavalry, breast-plates and back-pieces, tasses, vambraces, and all the other appliances of knightly costume, continued to be worn. During the warlike reign of Eliza-

beth, which could boast of its De Veres, and Sydneys, and other officers of skill and courage, the bow still kept its ground; and ponderous armour covered both horse and foot when they went forth to battle, though the latter had certainly begun to be laid aside, as being far more cumbersome than useful.

James the First came to the throne at a period when considerable improvements had been effected in the portable fire-arms used by his troops. The matchlock, instead of being discharged by a manual application of the match, was cocked by means of a wheel-lock, of which the machinery was wound up with the assistance of a sort of key called a spanner. It thus became, whether a musket or a pistol, less inconvenient than formerly, as being fabricated of a lighter build; and it gained ground every day more and more, though it did not wholly supersede the long-bow. Moreover, in James's day, the buff-coat or jerkin, which was originally worn under the cuirass, became in many instances a substitute for the cuirass itself, and was found, when made of good materials, to resist a sword-stroke tolerably well. At the

same time, while the foot-soldiers laid aside their hauberks, bills, morris-pikes, and staves of every description, and confined themselves to the musket, caliver, common pike, and sword, the cavalry adopted, in addition to their swords and pistols, the carabine, or short musket.

In Charles the First's reign still greater advances were made towards bringing the musket to perfection, by the invention of the flint-lock. The pains which that monarch took, moreover, to introduce something like uniformity into the fashion of the men's arms were very great. He issued, in the year 1631, a commission to certain "trusty and well-beloved workmen, armourers, and freemen of the company of armourers of our cittye of London, to hold a survey of the weapons and other appointments belonging to the trained bands, and directing that the same should be from tyme to tyme repaired, amended, dressed, and stamped;" and though this had reference only to the depôts of arms which were supposed to be laid up in each county and city for the use of the militia; and which, if we may judge from the tenor of this deed, had been grievously neglected by his

predecessor; still the degree of information which it conveys to us touching the weapons then coming into use is very accurate. For example, I find it stated, "Whereas the said armourers, gun-makers, pike-makers, and bandoleer-makers, are willing to accept of and undertake this service and according to the said certificate have given caution in our office of ordnance to be ready, when we shall have occasion to set them on worke, at seven days' warning; and that the said armourers will deliver into our stores, for ready money, fifteen hundred armours every month; and the gun-makers as many muskets, and bastard-muskets (calivers), and small-shot, upon the same warning; and also the pīke-makers and bandoleer-makers a proportionable number, upon like warning, for our service." From this we learn, first, that defensive armour was still retained; next, that the only offensive weapons used were muskets and pikes; and lastly, that the soldiers wore bandoleers. What these latter were, there are few of my readers in whom I should be justified in supposing ignorance. The bandoleer was a leathern belt, which passed over the left

shoulder, like the Highland officer's sash of our own day, and from which in little pouches, each by itself, depended the soldier's stock of cartridges. But his priming-powder, which was of a finer grain, he carried in a tin case or horn apart; and not unfrequently carried, over and above, a bag of loose bullets by his side.

Cromwell's successful warriors, equipped at the outset from the unfortunate monarch's stores, continued to wear the weapons with which they put down the monarchy, or others resembling them in form and texture. Neither was any great change effected in these respects under the second Charles. His statutes 13 and 14 describe very accurately the weapons wielded by his army, and run thus:—"The arms offensive and defensive, with the furniture for horse, are to be as followeth: The defensive arms, a back, breast, and hat, and the breast and hat to be pistol-proof;—the offensive arms, a sword and a case of pistols, the barrels whereof are not to be under fourteen inches in length. The furniture for the horse, to be a great saddle or padd, with barrs and straps to affix the holsters into; a bit and bridle, with

a pectoral and crupper. For the foot, a musqueteer is to have a musquet, the barrel whereof is not to be under three feet in length, and the gauge of the bore to be for twelve bullets to the pound: a collar of bandoleers, with a sword. A pikeman is to be armed with a pike made of ash, not under sixteen feet in length, the head and foot included, with a back, breast, head-piece, and sword: provided that all muster-masters shall for the present admit and allow of any pikes already made that are not under fifteen feet in length; but no pikes which shall be hereafter made are to be allowed of that are under sixteen feet in length."

Thus far we have come without once meeting with the bayonet,—a weapon continually spoken of in despatches and descriptions of battles, but of which it rarely happens that, in modern times at least, the slightest use is made. To James the Second belongs the merit, such as it is, of having made the first attempt to introduce the bay onet into the British army. In France it began to be used in the year 1671, being then a sort of dagger, with a handle a foot in length, and a blade of the same dimensions, which the

soldier carried instead of a sword, and which he fastened to his musket by thrusting the hilt into the muzzle. In the English service, the bayonet or dagger was confined to the grenadiers. So late indeed as 1690 this was the case; though two years subsequently I find it alluded to in a book of military instructions, as conferred upon the militia in general. And it is worthy of remark, that not to infantry alone was the use of the bayonet restricted: dragoons and horse grenadiers both received it, and both stuck it into the muzzles of their carabines. At what date the socket handle came into play I have not been able to ascertain; though Grose in his Military Antiquities relates an anecdote, which demonstrates that this improvement must have been a thing of comparatively recent occurrence. "Lieutenant Christopher Maxwell of the 30th regiment of foot," he says, "who had it from his grandfather, formerly lieutenant-colonel of the 25th regiment of foot," told the following tale. "In one of the campaigns of William the Third in Flanders, in an engagement the name of which my informant had forgot, there were three French re-

giments whose bayonets were made to fix upon the present fashion—a contrivance then unknown in the British army. One of them advanced against the 25th regiment with fixed bayonets. Lieutenant-colonel Maxwell, who commanded it, ordered his men to screw their bayonets into their muskets to receive them ; but to his great surprise, when they came within a proper distance, the French threw in a heavy fire, which for a moment staggered his people, who by no means expected such a greeting, not conceiving how it was possible to fire with fixed bayonets. They nevertheless recovered themselves, charged and drove the enemy out of the line."

The introduction of the bayonet naturally led to the dismissal of the pike, which, with the universal exchange of the matchlock for the snaphance or flint-lock musket, took place about the third or fourth year of the reign of William the Third. Nevertheless the sword continued long to encumber the foot-soldier, even as the bayonet, down to a period within my own recollection, appertained to the dragoon. In other respects I am not aware of anything in the accoutrement of the soldier which seems

to demand especial notice, unless it be the substitution of the pouch or cartouch-box for the bandoleer. At first the pouch was fastened round the soldier's waist by a strap, and rested not upon his back as it does now, but in front. From this by a loop hung the bayonet, while the sword had a shoulder-belt for itself. But modern improvements gradually changed the position of the pouch, and gave to the soldier what he now has—his cross-belts. I need not follow him through this stage of his career, nor yet describe how armour after it rested a hundred years in disuse came again into fashion: rather let me pass on to such observations as may be requisite in making my reader acquainted with the costume and general management that prevailed in the English regiments from the date of their recognition by act of parliament as legitimate instruments in the hands of the supreme government.

In very ancient times there was no uniform, properly so called, in any army. National shawls or scarfs distinguished the troops of one country from another, which in cases of civil war gave place to more minute badges; but not till the reign of Henry the Eighth can I find that the

soldiers of England, at least, wore dresses of a common colour. Henry's uniform, moreover, seems to have been white; that of Elizabeth, dark green or russet: Charles the First was too much in want of men to reject recruits, however motley their attire; whereas Oliver Cromwell equipped his troops in scarlet. I do not know whether the circumstance of his having done so may have had any effect upon the minds of the military authorities in Charles the Second's day; but it is certain that in point of colour the dress of the British army has not since varied. Particular corps may have had particular colours. Our light cavalry, for instance, used to wear blue, our riflemen equip themselves in green, our artillery uniform is blue; but the national colour has been since the date of the Protectorate what it now is —scarlet. For the shape of the men's raiment, as it has from age to age varied, my reader must turn to some book of costumes,—which this does not profess to be.

The head-dresses of the British soldiers have undergone as many changes, both as to materials and form, as any portion of their clothing. Iron caps gave way to broad-brimmed steeple-

crowned beavers, which were succeeded by three-cornered felt hats, looped up on both sides and surmounted by cockades. These long held their ground, having been introduced in the reign of William the Third, and continuing to be worn so late as the reign of George the Third. It is true that the guards and grenadier companies of regiments of the line seem to have worn caps of a different description,—high-crowned pieces of cloth, such as Hogarth has represented in his admirable picture of the March of the Guards from Finchley Common. But the general covering for the soldier's head was the three-cornered hat, which still lingers (and may the hand of innovation never remove it!) at Chelsea Hospital. Then came the Prussian cap—a tall round piece of felt, considerably narrower above than below, with a narrow peak in front, and a short feather adorning it, or tuft. This was worn by the private soldier of infantry, whose officer adopted the cocked-hat—the same in its shape and absolute inutility with that to which the dragoon or cavalry soldier was condemned. By and by, however, the Prussian cap went out of fashion, and an Aus-

trian head-dress succeeded,—a thing with a false front, a feather stuck on one side, and a little rolled up band of oil-skin behind, which would, it was said, protect the wearer from catching cold when, being let down, it was tied over the collar of his coat. Of all the hideous and unprofitable coverings that have ever been applied to the human head, this was the most absurd: indeed it seemed as if the fabricator had laboured, and not unsuccessfully, to produce a machine which should at once contribute to the discomfort of the wearer's person, and utterly destroy his appearance. Yet it kept its ground several years, till the chakot pushed it aside, which, with the bear-skin cap, the heavy head-dress of the grenadier, is still in use. Meanwhile helmets of various shapes have succeeded one another in the heavy cavalry, by far the most elegant as well as the most useful of which has invariably been that which came nearest to the classical model; while chakots, lancers' caps, hussar muffs, and I know not how many absurdities besides, have each had their reign among the light horse.

The practice of dividing military bodies into

separate corps and bands may be sa
coeval with the rise of armies th
Among the Romans, as every schoolbo
this most essential part of discipline
ried to the extreme of perfection ; thei
cohorts, and centenaries corresponding
every particular to our divisions, battal
companies. During the dark ages, like
matter, though less carefully attended
at present, could not be wholly negl
asmuch as the rudest system of wa
quires that the people engaged in
at least be pliable. We accordi
that when an army was to be rais
for foreign service or to put down
tic insurrection, the feudal tenants
comitatus, being assembled in the
districts, were there inspected b
provincial functionaries called *arrait*
rayers. Two or more *arraitores* w
allotted to each county ; and it was
ness not only to inspect the recruits, t
for military service, their equipment
but to arrange both mounted and
men into convenient bodies, of whic

stitution very much resembled our troops, squadrons, companies, and battalions. Among the cavalry, these organised bands were called constabularies and squadrons,—the constabulary consisting of twenty-five or thirty men, the squadron of seventy-five at the least;—and as the first was commanded by a constable, whose rank corresponded with that of an esquire, so was the last under the guidance of a banneret. A knight, as holding a station intermediate between these officers, not unfrequently commanded two constabularies. Among the infantry I cannot discover exactly what denominations were in use; but from the reign of Edward the First, down to that of Henry the Seventh, we have abundant evidence of the fact, that by thousands, hundreds, and twenties, the foot-soldiers were always drilled and mustered.

I have already said, that till the era of the great civil war there was no standing army in England. The squadrons and regiments, therefore, (for such in point of fact they were,) which the *arraitores* embodied, were regularly disbanded as soon as the purpose for which the war was made had been effected; and lost, of

course, with their consistency, the titles, whatever they might have been, which distinguished them while acting together. Cromwell's troops, on the contrary, won for themselves a place among the institutions of their country, and in peace as well as in war continued to take rank as regiments both of horse and foot. They do not, however, appear to have been numbered, as is the case now, but took each the name of the officer in command; thus changing their designations, with every change of leaders.

Charles the Second appeared at one time well disposed to retain in his service the whole of the army as he found it, on his arrival in England. So at least says Mr. Trenchard, a violent though an able writer of the last century: but being advised not to trust too much to the fidelity of those by whom his father's throne had been cast down, he discarded the regiments one after another, and out of the materials thus at his disposal reconstructed others. In 1680, his establishment consisted of twelve troops of horse and dragoons; namely, three of guards, eight which served together as the Royal Regiment of Horse, and one of dragoons;

—of which the total strength came up to eleven hundred and eighty-nine men. Of foot he had four entire regiments; namely, the first Foot Guards, the Coldstream Guards, the Duke of York's, and the Holland regiment, which being reinforced by twenty-six independent companies, the Gentlemen Pensioners and Yeomen of the Guard, gave him in all for domestic service five thousand seven hundred and sixty-one soldiers. At the same time his Irish establishment was considerable; that is to say, it consisted of twenty-four troops of horse, of which the total strength fell not short of thirteen hundred and seventy-two;—while his Irish infantry, including a regiment of guards, seventy-four independent companies, and a body of yeomen, made up a force of six thousand four hundred and twenty-eight men. Then, again, there came to be added, a year or two subsequently, the garrison of Tangier, which was intended not to exceed three thousand men, and rarely fell short of two thousand. This would give him in all about three thousand cavalry and thirteen thousand infantry—a force amply sufficient in those days for the wants of the country;

but so little esteemed by the legislature, that they ceased not from time to time to protest against its continued existence. Moreover, Charles the Second retained in Scotland a body of two thousand eight hundred men, whom he employed chiefly to garrison his castles at Dunbar, Edinburgh, Stirling, and other places of strength. These, too, were denounced by the jealousy of the commons after they had ceased to play into the sovereign's hands, and frequent applications were made, though without effect, to obtain their dismissal. But if Charles's armed followers excited the umbrage of the public of England, much more deep-seated was the alarm when James the Second increased the amount to nearly double. That ill-advised monarch likewise completed the sum of his follies, by dispensing with the laws which refused commissions to Papists, and reaped his reward when the soldiers themselves turned their backs upon a prince who would have employed them to enslave their fellow-citizens.

William the Third added much to the amount of the standing army of England. He retained in his pay, at one period, about sixty thousand

men, of whom nearly eight thousand were foreigners. During his reign the regiments of horse and dragoons appear to have mustered each from six to nine troops,—the weakest not falling short of the latter scale, the strongest in no instance exceeding the former. Each troop, again, without including officers or non-commissioned officers, averaged from fifty to sixty-seven men. Thus I find that General Lumley's regiment in 1690, could bring upon parade, with its nine troops,—forty-two officers, fifty-four non-commissioned officers, and six hundred and three privates, making the total strength of the corps six hundred and ninety-nine; whereas Colonel Wood's showed a force of six troops, with twenty-eight officers, thirty-six non-commissioned officers, and three hundred and fifty-four men,—in all four hundred and eighteen. Among the regiments of foot, there were similar inequalities. Lord Romney's, for example, had twenty-eight companies, which made up four battalions, and including officers and non-commissioned officers, brought into the field two thousand five hundred and sixty-three combatants: General Churchill's had but thir-

teen companies in one battalion, and paraded in all nine hundred and twenty-eight officers and men. Thirteen companies, containing nine hundred and twenty-eight persons, seems indeed to have been the strength of an ordinary regiment, — at least out of more than forty I find but four which exceeded that number.

From this date, England has never been without her standing army; though care is taken to guard against its misapplication, by rendering the grants that are made for the payment and maintenance of the troops dependant on an annual vote of the House of Commons. The army, likewise, has in its organisation continued essentially the same that it was when William ascended the throne; it consists now, as it did then, of different regiments of horse and foot,—with artillery, whether mounted or dismounted, forming a distinct corps. No doubt the systems of drill and internal management have in these several bodies undergone partial changes; — no doubt the regiments themselves have varied both in numbers and strength at different epochs. The practice, too, of calling them by the names of their com-

mandants has ceased, and they now take their places in the line according to their supposed seniority. But these are matters of mere detail, which affect the subject now before me too little to justify my entering into them. It is enough to state in few words, that at home the British soldier has for the most part been dealt with regimentally; abroad, and in the presence of an enemy, by divisions, brigades, battalions, and squadrons.

It is surprising to see how little the pay of the different ranks in the English army has increased since the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Under that princess, I find, on the authority of the Harleian Manuscripts, that the members of each regiment of horse and foot were remunerated for their services on the following scale:

	s.	*d.*
Colonels, each, *per diem*	10	0
Captains of horse	4	0
Lieutenants of horse	2	6
Cornets of horse	2	0
Troopers of horse	1	3
Captains of foot	4	0
Lieutenants of foot	2	0
Ensigns of foot	1	6
Sergeants of foot	1	0
Drummers	1	0
Surgeons	1	0

Under Charles the First, colonels of foot seem to have received one pound per day; lieutenant-colonels, ten shillings; captains, eight shillings; lieutenants, four shillings; ensigns, two shillings and sixpence; sergeants, one shilling and two-pence; corporals, ten-pence; drummers, one shilling; and privates, eight-pence a piece. In the parliamentary army, the pay was better:—a colonel of horse had with them in all one pound ten shillings per day; a major, one pound one shilling; a captain, fourteen shillings; a lieutenant, nine shillings; a cornet, eight shillings; corporals and trumpeters, each two shillings and sixpence. In the foot, a colonel had one pound; a lieutenant-colonel, fifteen shillings; a major, thirteen shillings; a captain, eight shillings; a lieutenant four shillings; an ensign, three shillings; a sergeant, one shilling and sixpence; a corporal, one shilling; and a private, nine-pence. By the statute 10 of William the Third, this scale underwent a revision, which, making comparatively few alterations in the pay of the officers, reduced that of the private to eight-pence per day, at which rate it continued up to the year 1797. But it is worthy of remark, that though in name very nearly

equivalent to his pay at the present hour, (and when the costs of the necessaries of life are considered, much better,) the soldier of old was treated with far less regard to justice. His arrears were sometimes of four years' standing; and the settlement, when made at last, invariably robbed him of three-fourths of his pittance. We wonder, when we read of all this, how he should have acquitted himself as he did.

It would be endless were I, in a sort of intercalary chapter like this, to attempt any sketch, however meagre, of the tactics to which from age to age the British soldiers have been trained. In Charles the First's time, the Spanish method was in fashion; after the Revolution, this gave place to the Dutch, of which Prince Maurice may be regarded as the inventor. Both schools taught the musketeers to form with files widely extended, and planted the pikemen in the centre, and the shot, as they were termed, to protect the flanks. The battalion, likewise, drew up ten deep: that is to say, each company, which consisted of one hundred men, was so arranged as to show an equal front on whichever side it might be

viewed. The cavalry, on the other hand, formed only at six deep, and had two separate orders,—the close and the open: close order, when the men rode knee to knee; open, when an interval of six feet kept both the ranks and files apart. There was no end to the absurd and useless figures into which, for parade purposes, both infantry and cavalry were taught to throw themselves: yet in battle they seem to have looked only to the one thing needful—keeping a steady front to the enemy wherever he might appear, and beating him.

To the Dutch system succeeded the Prussian, out of which Dundas's eighteen manœuvres were concocted; a mode of drill which in principle still survives, though in practice it has been a good deal altered. Its design is to render the men cool and collected, and attentive to the word of command, no matter how confused or perplexing may be the situation into which they are thrown: and truly no one has ever seen how British soldiers deport themselves in the field without acknowledging that it fully answers its purpose.

One word more in reference to the general

condition of the British army, and I pass on to other subjects. Between the English soldier and the soldiers of other European powers, there is, and since the Revolution there has been this marked difference,—that whereas the latter have no dangers to face except those which a state of active warfare always brings along with it, the former never can be said to be out of harness. In France, in Germany, in Russia, the soldier who is not employed against a foreign enemy, breathes at least the atmosphere of his native land. The British soldier, on the contrary, is liable to be sent to every quarter of the known world, and must make up his mind, so soon as he has passed muster, to the chance of spending the best of his days under the suns of Asia or Africa, or amid the snows of Canada. The British soldier, likewise, unlike the soldier of every other European nation, must subject himself to the strictest moral control, being regarded by his countrymen in general with a degree of jealousy for which it is very difficult to account. Before the Revolution, the soldiers lived in England, as elsewhere, pretty much at free quarters.

They were billeted indiscriminately on private families, and in houses of public entertainment; and it is not impossible but that the privileges thus afforded them might have been abused. At present the very publicans complain when soldiers happen to be sent to them for accommodation, while the individual whose duty it is to carry a deadly weapon is scarcely permitted to use it in his own defence. Now I do not complain of all this, — the soldiers themselves do not complain of it. As a free people, we are justified in checking at the outset all approaches towards the exercise of military licence. But it is not surely too much to expect, that the country which requires such services from its soldiers, — such frequent exposure to unhealthy climates, — such perpetual self-control and endurance and moral courage, — should deal with them, especially in old age, with far more of liberality than is apt in their cases to be exercised. Within the walls of Chelsea Hospital the veteran has indeed nothing to complain of, —but why? Because the establishment is his own, — built by his own or his predecessors'

money,—supported out of funds which the nation never gave, and not, therefore, but for an error in policy which never ought to have been committed, depending in any degree upon the liberality of parliament. For, in addition to the poundage, or deduction from the soldiers' pay, already referred to as having been required at the beginning, I find that in the year 1755 the great Lord Chatham carried a bill through parliament, which, enabling the pensioners to receive their pensions by half-yearly payments in advance, kept back from the total amount the sum of five per cent. and caused it to be applied in diminution of the general charge of the out-pensioners. And had the sum thus deducted from the veteran's pittance been allowed to accumulate, the interest accruing from it would have long ago sufficed to cover all the expenses of Chelsea Hospital. Besides, there has been in the keeping of the Commissioners, ever since 1809, a prodigious amount of unclaimed prize-money, the interest of which, if added to the poundage, and devoted exclusively to defray the internal expenses of the edifice, would render all applications to

the Chancellor of the Exchequer on the part of its inmates unnecessary. The in-pensioner, therefore, though he have no complaints to make, owes nothing to the generosity of the House of Commons. How is it with the out-pensioner?

But I feel that I am treading upon very delicate ground, and as it is not very easy to walk over it, and retain one's respect for "those that are in authority," I gladly turn off into another path.

CHAPTER VI.

Concerning matters historical with which certain inmates of Chelsea Hospital were concerned.

I HAVE had occasion to state, on the authority of universal tradition, that the idea of providing an asylum in England for worn-out soldiers originated with Nell Gwynne, and that the chief motive both with her and her royal paramour in carrying the project into effect was a desire that the maimed and impoverished adherents of Charles the First might be provided with a place of refuge in which to spend their latter days. So much time had, however, been permitted to elapse ere the foundation-stone of the hospital was laid, and the building, when begun, went on so slowly, that very few of the particular class of persons for whose benefit it was especially designed survived to

take advantage of it. The great Civil War, be it remembered, came to a final close in 1651; Chelsea Hospital, founded in 1682, was but partially habitable in 1688;—leaving a space of not less than seven-and-thirty years between the cessation of hostilities and the fulfilment of Nelly's humane intentions. And if seven-and-thirty years be even now a very extended period in a soldier's life, much more powerful must have been the influence of the same space at a season when the social habits of all ranks were far less conducive than they are now to longevity.

Accordingly, the traditions of the place are, I regret to say, exceedingly barren in reference to one of the most romantic periods of English history. One or two names there doubtless are, in the original list of inmates, which connect us with those troublous times, when the principles of order and of confusion, perhaps of tyranny and freedom, struggled for the mastery. But even of these so little can be said in the way of memoir or personal narrative, that I have had strong misgivings as to the propriety of taking notice

of them at all. On the other hand, it is impossible not to feel, that the purposes of this "sketch-book" would be very inadequately accomplished were it to contain no specimen of the sort of service which gave to the aged cavaliers their peculiar claim upon their sovereign's bounty. I am, therefore, tempted to transcribe one or two episodes from the great narrative of the Civil War, confining myself as much as possible to the detail of operations in which those bore a part who found in the decline of life a home in the wards of Chelsea Hospital, and laid their bones to rest in its grave-yard.

The noble historian of the Rebellion begins his eleventh book with a statement which my readers will be good enough to receive as a sort of text to what is going to be related: "If a universal discontent and murmuring of the three nations, and almost as general a detestation both of parliament and army, and a most passionate desire that all their follies and madness might be forgotten in restoring the king to all they had taken from him, and in settling that blessed government

they had deprived themselves of, could have contributed to his majesty's recovery, never people were better disposed to erect and repair again the building they had so maliciously thrown and pulled down." Lord Clarendon is in these words describing the state of the public mind as it showed itself in the spring and summer of 1647. As the traditions which it has become my business to embody refer entirely to the occurrences of that eventful year, it may not be amiss if I sketch with a rapid hand some of the causes which produced effects so little at one time to be counted on.

The reader of history is of course aware that the first effect of the king's flight from Oxford, and of the surrender of the strongholds which his partisans occupied in different parts of the kingdom, was to overwhelm the cavaliers with a sense of the total ruin, not only of the cause, but of themselves. They took it for granted that from the captive monarch concessions would be wrung utterly subversive of every principle for which they had heretofore contended. They saw, indeed, before them no prospect more bright than a total change

in the constitution of their church; a complete destruction to what yet remained of authority in the crown; the power of the sword given up without reserve to the House of Commons; and parliaments indissoluble except by a vote of their own body. To this would of course be added a series of proscriptions and confiscations, of which they themselves would be the victims, and out of which their enemies would grow rich. Gloomy they therefore were, in no ordinary degree; yet it seems never to have entered into their contemplation, nor into that of the Presbyterians, who were still the dominant faction in the parliament, that any attempt would be made to get rid of the kingly office. On the contrary, their chief ground of alarm arose from this,—that the king would be made a party to the measures directed against his best friends; and as they had heretofore contended for the great principle of obedience, so they felt that resistance even to persecution, when carried forward in the king's name, would in their situation be hopeless.

Time passed, and brought in its passage a

change in the aspect of public affairs, which seemed not only to inspire the royalists with better hopes, but to stir up in the bosoms of many who had never professed such opinions before a sentiment not far removed from loyalty. The treatment awarded by Cromwell to his royal captive was for a while so generous as to alarm the parliament, to cheer the king's friends, and to divide the army itself into two factions. Men knew not what to think or what to anticipate when they beheld his own chaplains again in attendance on the monarch, and his audience-room thronged with such visitors as Berkeley, Ashburnham, Lord Capel, and the Marquis of Ormond: and when it came to be known that he was again in free and unrestricted intercourse with the members of his own family, there were not wanting multitudes so sanguine as to dream of a happy and speedy issue to the nation out of all its troubles. Little were these warm-hearted persons aware of the sort of spell under which the king had fallen. Cromwell, whose purposes seem by this time to have been matured, played off Charles

against the parliament till the latter lay at his feet, and then, by the most simple of all processes, drove the unfortunate monarch to take a step, out of which he knew that his own ends would be effectually accomplished.

The army had already concentrated on Hounslow Heath, where the Speakers of the two Houses repaired to it; and Cromwell, under the pretext of delivering the parliament from a pressure from without, had marched to Westminster, and restored them to their places. He was in possession, moreover, of Southwark, and occupied every approach to the city, thus holding at his mercy as well the governors as the governed — when his own bearing and that of his officers underwent a remarkable change towards the king, and rumours came in that a mighty treason was intended. Charles long distrusted these reports; nor is it certain that he would have given credit to them at last, had not the tale been told by one whom he knew not how to doubt. For Major Huntingdon was not only a man of unimpeachable veracity, but being in Cromwell's confidence, and holding a com-

mission in Cromwell's regiment, it was impossible to suppose that in such a matter he was likely to be deceived. When, therefore, it was stated by him that "Cromwell was a villain and would destroy the king if not prevented;" and above all, when he was seen to resign his commission and to abandon the service because he would not be a party to so base an act; there was not an attendant about the ill-fated monarch who could conceal his apprehensions. Then followed deliberations and discussions, such as under like circumstances are wont to arise, together with appeals to the heads of that armed force which seemed to be in a state of open mutiny; and, last of all, the ill-judged and worse-conducted flight, which brought the fugitive first to Tichfield House in Hampshire, and ultimately to Carisbrooke Castle.

This is neither the place nor the occasion in which to inquire how far Ashburnham was or was not faithless in his dealings with his master. That he incurred little suspicion at the moment, and lived after the Restoration in wealth and respectability, cannot determine

the point one way or another; for the indirect evidence which these facts supply is at least balanced by the inexplicable stupidity—to call it by no harsher term—which induced him to be Hammond's conductor to the place of the king's concealment. But, however this may be, the consequences to the monarch were fatal,—to the country, both then and afterwards, distressing in the extreme. Hammond, as is well known, would give no pledge, except of affording gentle treatment to his guest so long as he received from his immediate masters no orders to the contrary; and Charles found himself to all intents and purposes a state prisoner in one of his own fortresses.

As it had fared with the king at Holmby and Hampton Court while under the protection of Cromwell, so was it with him in Carisbrooke Castle. He was treated for a brief season with all the outward marks of respect: but these soon began to be lessened. Now one, now another of his confidential attendants was dismissed, till in the end he could hold no communication with any one beyond the walls of the building, except by stealth. There was

great indignation in the Isle of Wight, which had always been distinguished for its loyalty, and many secret meetings among its principal inhabitants took place; yet no rising was attempted till after the parliamentary commissioners had come and gone. Then, indeed, neither a contemplation of his own personal danger, nor the remonstrances and advices of the king's discarded servants, sufficed any longer to keep Captain Rushby quiet. He raised the king's standard in Newport; he drew together a little band of royalists, and published one or two proclamations: but he had no strength to effect more. On the contrary, his adherents falling off from him so soon as the desperate nature of their condition became apparent, he was arrested; and having done his duty as a good and loyal subject, he died a traitor's death.

Meanwhile, the commissioners, having returned to London, laid before parliament the king's answer to their demands. It was received with the most contumelious derision. Every mouth was open to condemn both the document itself, and its author: the first, as

an insult to the majesty of parliament; the last, as a man destitute of truth and decency. To Cromwell, however, whose influence was now supreme, belongs the honour of having first suggested "that they should no longer trouble themselves with sending messages to such a one, or further propositions; but that they should unite upon those counsels which were necessary towards the settlement of the kingdom, without having further recourse to the king." A bold sentiment this, which, nevertheless, received the plaudits of an assembly, which the combined influence of cupidity on the one hand, and personal fear on the other, had now thoroughly corrupted; and a resolution founded upon it was, after a brilliant speech from Maynard, carried through. From that hour it was impossible any longer to disguise from the people of England the real object at which the dominant faction was driving. There was no further room for the Presbyterian to delude himself with visions of his own beloved church erected on the ruins of Episcopacy, nor for the patriot to hope that even yet the monarchy would

be restored after it should have been shackled by as many restraints as might render it innocuous to personal freedom. All these day-dreams were melted into air; and when the nobles and gentry of the land found themselves everywhere pushed aside in order that places of honour and profit might be filled by creatures taken from the very dregs of the populace, then many a heart which once beat high with the proud idea of a national regeneration became chilled and changed. For it is a gross mistake to suppose that, at any period during those troublous times, the revolutionists could count on a majority of the nation. Even at the outset, when the claims set up by the house of commons appeared the most moderate, they who made them were in a minority; and now that nothing short of a total overthrow of the monarchy was demanded, that minority became a thousand-fold less considerable. Yet were the persons composing it men of tried courage, talent, and enterprise. They had, moreover, arms in their hands; they were in possession of all the fortified places, all the arsenals, all the resources in money

and munitions throughout the kingdom. The fleet was at their disposal; and, above all, London was subject to their authority. It is not surprising, under such circumstances, to find that they calculated on a successful issue to their schemes, and that they pursued them with a boldness which a mere comparison of numbers could not have created. But the master-stroke in their system of policy was this: —Under the pretext of reorganizing the army, they weeded out from its ranks all concerning whose subserviency to their own views there appeared to be the slightest ground of suspicion; thus shaking themselves free of lukewarm friends, at such seasons scarcely less dangerous than avowed enemies. How the device operated it is not my business to show, though my story is in some degree connected with it.

BOOK II.

CONTAINING GRAVE MATTERS OF MILITARY HISTORY.

A TRADITION OF PONTEFRACT CASTLE.

A TRADITION OF

PONTEFRACT CASTLE.

CHAPTER I.

Showing how Pontefract stood in times long ago.

In an old book of records which a short time ago was, in a state of absolute decomposition, committed to the flames, there stood an entry to the following effect: "February 17, 1687.—Admitted to the in-pension, James Beaumont, a brave man who fought stoutly in the last siege of Pontefract Castle." Now, if I were a writer of romance, and this a work of fiction, it is obvious that a better peg on which to hang a tale of love and war could not be desired. What a superstructure of marvellous incidents would a second Scott build upon this foundation! There was a Beaumont, a Reverend Mr. Beaumont, the Rector of West Kirby, in the neighbourhood of Pontefract, at whose house the cavaliers of the West Riding used to hold their meetings, and who, after

enduring a great deal both in person and property, laid down his life for a cause in which he was an enthusiast. How easy would it be to make a son of this royalist the hero of my tale! Unfortunately, however, my present business is with facts, which compel me to acknowledge, that not by any stretch of ingenuity or compass of belief can I connect my gallant pensioner with his namesake. In truth, all my efforts to discover who James Beaumont was have failed. Why, then, is he noticed at all? Because this much we do know concerning him, that he took part in a series of operations, than which the whole course of the mighty struggle produced none more remarkable. And as I am in a position, after a good deal of research and inquiry, to give of these operations a correct account, I do not know how the object of my work could be more effectively served than by describing them in detail.

There is no ruin in the North of England—I question if there be any within the compass of the four seas—which advances stronger claims upon the notice of the intelligent traveller than Pomfret Castle. Occupying the summit of a steep rock, and commanding a glorious view of

the valley of the Aire, its dilapidated towers, and crumbling bulwarks seem monuments of times gone by; when might, not right, was everywhere the ruling principle, and the head to contrive was of small value unless supported by the armed hand to execute. How many deeds of violence and blood have been perpetrated within its walls, since Alaric the Saxon reared its stately keep, and Lacy the Norman won it! Here Thomas Earl of Lancaster, the idol of the people, died a traitor's death; here Richard the Second closed his melancholy career, behind a veil of horrid mystery, which will not now, probably, be withdrawn for ever; and here Earl Rivers and Sir Richard Grey, too honest for the times in which they lived, became, under Richard the Third, among the first victims of a tyrant's jealousy. Not, however, with such reminiscences alone are those broken parapets connected: if Pomfret Castle was the scene of many crimes, it has likewise witnessed the display of much constancy and courage; its prodigious strength, according to men's views of such matters in times of old, rendering it in all seasons of civil war a sort of key to the command of the West Riding. How it was lost

and how won during the eventful summer and autumn of 1647-8, it has become my present business to describe.

My reader will be so good as to bear in mind, that very early in the progress of the great civil war, the Castle of Pontefract was seized by a body of the king's friends, and filled with a garrison of gentlemen and their retainers. Great importance being attached to it on both sides, the republican party no sooner obtained some advantages in the North, than they laid siege to it, and pushed their approaches with all the skill and hardihood of which they were masters. But if the attack was fierce, the defence was both obstinate and brilliant. The first siege was short, for Langdale soon relieved it. In the second, the cavaliers held their ground often amid the utmost distress, always by dint of hard fighting, for six tedious months,—indeed so long as the governor, Colonel Lowther, could flatter them with the remotest chance of relief—his gallant followers would consent to no terms of capitulation. The battle of Naseby, however, put an end at last to hopes which had long survived the grounds of their forma-

tion. Famine did its work; and one hundred and thirty men, the remains of five hundred, gave up a place which all the force of the republic could have scarcely wrested from them.

It was the general policy of the republicans to dismantle such places of strength as fell into their hands. They dealt differently in this respect with Pomfret Castle. The country round swarmed with royalists, both secret and avowed, and it was considered necessary to hold them in check. Accordingly, Sir Thomas Fairfax being appointed governor, nominated one Colonel Cotterel as his lieutenant, who, with one hundred men, took possession of the castle and put it in a state of defence: for, feeble as the artillery practice of the seventeenth century might be when compared with that of the nineteenth, the cannon of the besiegers had produced some effect; while one of their mines had shaken down a tower, and sorely rent the curtain attached to it. It was Cotterel's first business to repair these breaches; and he accomplished it to such purpose, that the castle assumed once more the appearance which it had worn previous to the siege. It may not be

amiss if I describe in few words what that appearance was.

Pontefract Castle consisted, in its integrity, of two lesser courts and a ballium, which were surrounded by lofty walls, parapeted at the top, and of not less than twenty feet in thickness. There were nine great towers, in addition to the barbican, which covered the western approach. There were four principal gates, looking very nearly to the cardinal points, besides numerous sally-ports. Each of these outlets was strongly fortified with an overhanging machicolation, and flanked on either side by a turret. All the towers were loop-holed, the loop-holes ending in circular orifices called *œillets;* while the keep or dungeon, of which the fragments still remain, constituted a perfect fortress of itself. Moreover, the place was abundantly supplied with water, there being several wells of a great depth in the rock; and its total *enceinte* covered a surface of eleven statute acres. Such a pile of masonry, crowning the ridge of a steep hill, and protected on the only face which looked towards the slope by a ditch, could not fail to be esteemed impregnable while yet the

effects of a concentrated fire of cannon were unknown; and as there was ample stabling, as well as room for stores, together with grass parks or meadows in which to feed cattle so close to the defences as to be in some sort under the very muzzles of the guns, to reduce it, even by famine, that last resource in cases of siege, would be a work of time. In one word, Pontefract Castle fully deserved the character which up to the period of its destruction it seems to have enjoyed; namely, that for all purposes of defence it was inferior to no place of strength within the realm of England, or of the countries dependant upon it.

Such was the stronghold of which, in 1645, Colonel Cotterel was put in possession, and which, with a body of one hundred men, he was required to keep in the name of the victorious parliament. He accepted the trust without hesitation, and made no complaints of the paucity of his garrison; for the spirit of the cavaliers seemed at this moment to be completely broken, and no human being entertained a notion that it would ever be revived. Therefore, though surrounded by Beaumonts, and Beverleys, and

Lowthers, and Wentworths, and others noted, like them, for their devotion to the cause of the monarchy, the stern republican experienced little dread that any attempt would be made to molest him. He believed, on the contrary, that his foot was on the neck of the Philistines; and, to a man, they were taught to feel that the clown treads heavily. Severe fines were imposed upon those against whom no specific charge of delinquency had been brought—now on one pretext, now on another—and large sums of money exacted as a compensation for their estates; while, from time to time, the most obnoxious would be seized in their beds, and carried away as prisoners to the castle. It was not without a struggle that the gentlemen of the West Riding so controlled their tempers as to submit to this treatment. But there are bounds to human patience under all circumstances, and that of the northern cavaliers—at the best of limited extent—was at length worn out.

Cotterel had exercised his jurisdiction unscathed a space of nearly two years, when events took that turn to which allusion was made at the end of the last chapter. The hopes of the royalists began again to revive; and here

and there, in various parts of the country, combinations were entered into, and conspiracies formed. Among other districts, the immediate vicinity of Pontefract Castle heaved as with the quiverings of an incipient earthquake. Men met in secret, to complain of their private grievances, and to communicate their opinions touching the aspect of public affairs; whilst, occasionally, some individual more impetuous than the rest would hint at the possibility of rearing once more the standard under which they had formerly served and suffered. The most forward among those who counselled bold measures were three brothers, William, Thomas, and Richard Paulden, gentlemen of good descent and of some little property, but by their associates held much more in esteem because of their talents and valour than for their wealth: and there is reason to believe that with one of these James Beaumont was somehow or another connected. At all events, it is certain that so early as the spring of 1647 the cavaliers of the West Riding had begun to plot, and that there needed but the promise of adequate support in other quarters to bring their energies once more into operation.

It chanced that there resided at this time, on his paternal estates near Pontefract, a gentleman named Morrice, whose career had been marked by a good deal of levity, if indeed we be justified in using so mild a term in reference to one whose principles seem to have been always made subservient to his caprices. Brought up as a page in the family of Lord Strafford, Morrice served at the commencement of the war in the king's army, where, however, some wrong, real or imaginary, was put upon him, which his outraged vanity would not permit him to forget. He accordingly resigned in disgust, and soon afterwards, accepting a commission from the parliament, was by his new masters pushed forward with great rapidity. In the course of three years he rose to the rank of colonel; a reward to which his daring courage and admirable conduct seems to have fully entitled him.

But, though greatly respected for his military talents, Colonel Morrice was not the sort of person to command the esteem of leaders who valued themselves as much upon the gravity of their manner as upon their gallantry in the face

of an enemy. Free of speech, somewhat dissolute in his morals, and unable or unwilling to put on the mask of hypocrisy, he was continually doing violence to prejudices for which he himself entertained no respect; a line of proceeding which sufficed to satisfy the future protector and his satellites, that however meritorious the individual might be as a soldier, he was no fit instrument wherewith to work out purposes which seem already to have been matured. The consequence was, that at the remodelling of the army, Colonel Morrice was, with every imaginable compliment, sent adrift; and he returned to his own country, there to digest as he best might this fresh outrage to his self-love.

Lord Clarendon has said of Colonel Morrice, that "as he grew older he heartily detested himself for quitting the king's service, and resolved to take some seasonable opportunity to wipe off that blemish by a service that would redeem it." I find by referring to the minutes of his trial, which took place at York August 13th, 1649, that he himself gives the same account of his feelings. It is probable, therefore, that the statement is well founded. But, however this

may be, he seems to have made it his business, from the hour of his return into Yorkshire, to cultivate the good opinion of the surrounding gentry, without paying any apparent regard to their opinions as politicians. He played his cards, too, with such consummate address, that in spite of the prejudices which operated on all hands against him, he forced himself not only into the acquaintance, but into the confidence both of republicans and royalists. The former were taught to regard him as a man ill used by their own party; the latter treated him as one who had seen his error, and longed to make amends for it: and it is a curious fact, that while each faction was aware that he associated much with its rivals, by both he was accounted true only to themselves. Hence, when their projects began to mature themselves, the Pauldens held with him frequent and confidential conferences, of which, without betraying his name, they communicated the substance to their confederates; while, at the same time, Cotterel treated him as one who, in spite of wrongs received, was still devoted in heart and soul to the cause of the parliament.

Morrice had served with Cotterel, and was welcomed by him, on his return home, with the feelings of an old and valued comrade. At all hours, both of night and day, he could command admission into the castle, where it was his custom, not unfrequently, to spend an entire week, eating at the governor's board, and sleeping in the governor's bed. Nor was this all. By communicating to his host just so much information touching the designs and proceedings of the cavaliers as sufficed to interest the listener, without seriously affecting those of whom he spoke, Morrice produced a conviction on Cotterel's mind that there was a spy in the enemy's camp, and that no movement could be commenced, nor any enterprise undertaken, without his being made aware of it in good time. Then, again, he not unfrequently ventured to caution and advise, saying, for example, that a better watch ought to be kept, and that the garrison itself should be closely observed, so as to hinder the malignants from tampering with the people composing it. Indeed, if Lord Clarendon's authority be good, he went still further—causing the most trustworthy of the roundheads

to be, one by one, weeded out, and his own creatures received in their room. "He made himself very familiar," says the noble historian, "with all the soldiers in the castle, and used to play and drink with them; and, when he lay there, would often rise in the night and visit the guards, and by that means would sometimes make the governor dismiss and discharge a soldier whom he did not like, under the pretence that he found him always asleep, or some other fault that was not to be examined; and then he would commend some others to him as very fit to be trusted and relied upon: and by this means he had very much the power in the garrison." Then, again, by passing from town to town, by frequenting all fairs, markets, and other places of resort, he made himself master to a very extraordinary degree of the bearing of the public mind; for he conversed freely with all men on all topics, and, pretending to be without disguise himself, he threw others off their guard. What his original designs might have been it is hard to say; but the results of so many curious arrangements were striking.

CHAPTER II.

How schemes are formed to surprise the castle.

It is not my province either to detail the causes which led to the renewal of hostilities in England, or to account for the motives which operated on the minds of those who made ready to engage in them. Some, ashamed of the parts which they had played in the by-gone tragedy, hoped by appearing now in different characters to throw over their past misdeeds the veil of oblivion; others, disappointed in the expectations which they had been led to form, and repenting of the excesses into which circumstances had hurried them, desired to make amends for errors committed under the influence of mistaken principle; while a third party, true to the opinions which they had all along held, were glad to strengthen their own

hands by such alliances as offered. To the second of these classes the majority of the Scottish nation undeniably belonged. There were among them few genuine republicans; fewer still were genuine independents. To their kirk and covenant they were at least as strongly attached as the most bigoted of the cavaliers to episcopacy: nor did their most sanguine desires extend beyond the securing for these the patronage and protection of the crown. When, therefore, it became manifest to them that kirk, covenant, and throne were alike threatened with destruction, their indignation against those by whom they held themselves to have been dedeceived became very great. No doubt, the king's rejection of the terms proposed by their emissaries somewhat damped their ardour in his cause; but even that procedure was felt to be pardonable in comparison with the profligate inconsistency with which the dominant faction seemed determined to act; and, good use being made of the feeling by those who wished the king well, a rising in his favour was not only talked of, but begun.

There had been a good deal of correspond-

ence between the Duke of Hamilton and the leading cavaliers in London and elsewhere; when Sir Marmaduke Langdale, one of the most chivalrous soldiers of that chivalrous day, set out to mature in Edinburgh some plan of simultaneous revolt. He passed, on his way northward, through the West Riding of Yorkshire, where his influence was deservedly great and his character justly esteemed, and took care to communicate, to such of the gentlemen as could be trusted, a general outline of his intentions. Among others he visited Mr. Beaumont, where the Pauldens met him, and engaged, with several persons of consequence besides, to raise the king's standard whenever the fitting moment should arrive. It was on this occasion that the idea of surprising Pontefract Castle seems first to have been broached. Independently of the wish which the royalists of that quarter entertained to be freed from the restraint which such a fortress put upon them, it was calculated that the parliament would, without doubt, employ a portion of their army in the attempt to recover it; by which means the force opposed to the Scots would be materially weak-

ened. Yet I do not find that any settled scheme was propounded for the accomplishment of this object: on the contrary, the confederates seem to have come only to this general conclusion,—that an attempt upon the place ought to be hazarded, and that as soon as Langdale should advertise them of his movement in advance, they would take up arms and create a diversion in his favour.

Langdale passed on to Scotland, leaving his friends in the vicinity of Pontefract full of zeal and anxiety to begin the fray. They met often in South Kirby; they began to enlist men, and to provide horses and arms, and could by-and-by count on a small but gallant array of three hundred infantry and fifty troopers. Still the main project seemed as far as ever from its accomplishment, for Pontefract Castle continued to frown upon them in defiance. As is apt to be the case with men so circumstanced, the conspirators grew both impatient and careless. One proposed one scheme—another, another; one was for throwing aside the mask at every hazard—another recommended delay; while both parties confessed themselves unable to

suggest any method by which the pledge they had given to their leader might be redeemed. They were in this frame of mind when Thomas Paulden infused fresh vigour into their councils by informing them that the question which had so long and so greatly perplexed them was settled. At their hands, nothing more would thenceforth be required than the exercise of a sound discretion; for the king had friends who, though they had not yet declared themselves, were both able and willing to serve him effectually. Being pressed to explain himself further, he replied—and I give the answer in his own words—"that a gentleman on whom they might rely with the utmost confidence would surprise the castle whenever they should think the season ripe for it." But he would not go further. "No, gentlemen," said he, "of my own secrets I may be careless, for they concern myself alone; but you must not expect me to betray another man's confidence. Without meaning to express the smallest distrust either of your honour or your prudence, I feel that I cannot communicate to so numerous a body the details of this scheme; for a single

rash word might betray it to the enemy—and then where should we be? Content yourselves, therefore, with my assurance that you are in excellent hands, and hold yourselves ready to act with decision at a moment's notice."

The cavaliers might, here and there, grumble at this decision, but they were too much in earnest to take serious offence at it: they, therefore, returned each to his own home, resolute to act upon the hint which Mr. Paulden had given them. But the belief that matters were drawing to a crisis, instead of producing an increase of caution, served but to render many of them more than ever imprudent. So open, indeed, were they in their preparations, and so unguarded in their language, that by the opposite party the alarm was taken. How it came about I do not exactly know, but Morrice himself began about this time to be suspected. Frequent letters were written respecting him, one of which came from General Poyntz, who warned Cotterel to take care of Colonel Morrice, for he had resolved to betray him; yet such was the skill —perhaps the art—of the accused party, that he baffled all the efforts of his enemies. Nay,

it seemed as if each fresh attempt to undermine his influence in Pontefract had but the effect of confirming it; for when Cotterel showed him these letters, it was only to laugh at the credulity of the writers, whom their own fears, as well as their ignorance of the facts, had contributed to mislead;—and to entreat that he would persevere, as he had heretofore done, in collecting information.

Whatever we may think of Morrice as a man of honour, it is impossible to refuse him the credit of extraordinary coolness and courage. While he joined in the governor's ridicule, he yet besought him, for his own sake, not wholly to distrust the intelligence communicated, inasmuch as, were any accident to befal, his neglect of warnings, so often and so solemnly given, could scarcely fail of involving him in trouble. For these reasons it was best that their intimacy should undergo a temporary interruption; he could retire to his own house till the jealousies of the hour blew over. But Cotterel would listen to no proposition of the kind; and Morrice, in consequence of the attempt made to bring him into discredit, was more perfectly trusted than ever.

There were in the garrison two officers, Major Ashby and Ensign Smith, both of whom, as well as a Sergeant Floyd, and a corporal, Morrice won over to his own purposes. These bound themselves by oath to forward his attempt whenever it should be made; and as Cotterel was very careless, permitting a portion of his small force to sleep nightly in the town, there appeared a good prospect of success. Moreover, in proportion as the conspirators within became more and more connected with those from without, the best men belonging to the garrison were dismissed, while Cotterel's mind was kept at ease by Morrice's assurance that, in case of need, he would, with fifty tried adherents, throw himself into the place.

Thus matters continued during the spring of 1648; the royalists waiting impatiently for the promised communication from Scotland—their rivals far from satisfied with their own position, or the excessive confidence of their chief. But when Langdale sent no message, and other parts of England began to stir,—when Kent and Surrey and Essex were represented as in arms, and London itself be-

came the scene of frequent tumults,—the eagerness of the cavaliers proved too fierce for restraint. They resolved to strike a blow at all hazards; and Morrice, now introduced to them and put in possession of their confidence, undertook to render it effectual.

The ordinary guard of the castle consisted of a sergeant, a corporal, and twelve men: the remainder slept, as I have just stated, some within the ditch, others in the town. It was ascertained that the corporal whom Morrice had gained over would be upon duty on the 22nd of May, and on the night of that day all things were directed to be in readiness. The plan of the cavaliers was this:—as near the hour of midnight as possible, the Pauldens, with eighty mounted men, each of whom undertook to carry a foot soldier behind him, promised to be at the foot of the castle-wall with a scaling-ladder. They were to wait there in silence till they heard the relief go round, for the corporal had promised to provide such sentinels as could be relied upon; and then, planting their ladder, they were to ascend with all haste, surprise the guard, and secure the

person of the governor. Meanwhile Morrice was to repair, as usual, to Cotterel's lodgings, whither, as soon as the alarm was given, he would be in a condition to conduct a party; and as not so much as a suspicion prevailed in that quarter, all who heard the plan explained anticipated a full and bloodless triumph. But in war, as those most intimately acquainted with it best know, accidents often occur to defeat arrangements on which all possible care has been bestowed; and of the mode in which these operate, a remarkable specimen was given on this occasion.

In the morning of that day which was to witness at its close the hoisting of the royal standard on the towers of Pontefract, Colonel Morrice, who had purposely held aloof for some time previously, visited Colonel Cotterel. He was welcomed not only with cordiality, but with affection. He was blamed for his apparent weakness in yielding to unfounded clamour, and gently reproached with a disposition to underrate the strength of his host's friendship. To all this he replied in fitting terms, and the day passed, as usual, in social intercourse. Moreover, at the

customary hour the inhabitants of the place retired to rest; and Morrice lay down, according to the usages of the times, in the same chamber with the governor.

Meanwhile there was a good deal of bustle and preparation elsewhere. In a wood not far from South Kirby, the cavaliers began after dark to assemble; and by nine o'clock, Captain Paulden, who was to act that night as their leader, found that his numbers were complete. Still there wanted two full hours of the moment for action, which could not be anticipated; so some slept in their cloaks, others talked apart, and a few kept watch to guard against discovery. Thus the minutes dragged along heavily enough, as they are apt to do when men have some perilous enterprise in hand, and at last the far-off clock of the village told eleven. Now, then, from rank to rank the word passed to the sleepers, and they arose; the horses were unpicketed, the girths were tightened, and each received its double load,—a cavalry man in front, a musketeer behind.

The conspirators had chosen the night well; for it was completely moonless, and a mass of

driving clouds, if they sufficed not to extinguish the brilliancy of the stars, at least obscured it. The wind too was high,—a circumstance much in their favour, more especially as it chanced to blow in a direction from the castle; and they maintained among themselves profound silence. On therefore they went, not perhaps quite free from uneasiness,—who is ever quite at his ease when engaged in such a service?—but confident in the strength of their own right arms, and nowise distrustful of those under whom they acted. Moreover, by skirting as far as possible every hamlet that lay between, and passing over moors and commons, which were then abundant, they contrived to reach the spot where it became the duty of the troopers to deposit their comrades unnoticed. In a plantation, distant about a mile or something less from the castle, the horsemen concealed themselves, while the foot soldiers, in small parties of four and five, made their way to the appointed rendezvous, in the ditch between the west gate and the donjon or great tower. There they lay down flat upon their faces, while the ladder which they had brought

with them was kept ready to be applied as soon as the signal for which they waited anxiously should have been given.

How tardy is the foot of time to men circumstanced as on that night were these daring royalists! Though the castle-bell rang out the third quarter soon after they had taken their stations, it seemed as if midnight would never arrive; and when it did come, then was the relief, for which they waited, as slow in going its rounds. At last, however, the tramp of feet on the battlements above was heard. The sentinel challenged; he was answered in a low tone, the cry "All's well!" passed from point to point, and there was again a profoud silence. For as long a space of time as he believed would be necessary to carry back the corporal to his guard-house and lull him asleep, Captain Paulden continued quiescent. Then, however, he rose from his lair; and as his followers had already received notice that his rising would be the signal for action, all were on their feet in an instant.

Gazing upwards, they beheld the dark outline of a man's figure reflected against the

horizon. It was stationary, and, through the gloom, Captain Paulden was able to distinguish that the attitude was that of a listener. Still he distrusted nothing, for the plan had been fully explained to him, and he did not doubt that the man was acting his part. He therefore gave the word in a whisper, and the ladder was raised. But a cry from the sentry, and an attempt, apparently abortive, to discharge his arquebuse, soon made the assailants aware that as far as secrecy went their scheme had wholly miscarried. An additional motive for exertion was thus presented to them. If they were discovered, the fate of Morrice and his associates could not be doubted; and Paulden, who felt the thing acutely, encouraged his men to dash on. It rarely happens, however, that an operation begun under a conviction that concealment is necessary to its success, can be carried through after all hope of concealment is laid aside; and the present differed not in this respect from other cases. The ladder was planted: Paulden, followed by a few of the most resolute, began to ascend; and the remainder, crowding about the foot of it, seem-

ed anxious to follow; when a fire of musketry opened from the parapet, of which the effect was magical. Those who occupied the ditches turned and fled. His adherents sprang to the ground, and Paulden found that he was alone. It would have convicted him of positive insanity, had he not followed the example of the rest: he leaped down, overthrew the ladder, and making for the place of assembly in the plantation, found that, except by about thirty horsemen, the principal gentry engaged, it was already deserted. With these he retired to the wood beyond South Kirby, where for a brief season they lay in hiding.

CHAPTER III.

How disasters were remedied.

WHILE these things were going on without the castle-walls, the state of things within was not different from what under such circumstances might have been expected. At the first alarm, Cotterel and his guest sprang out of bed; and the latter hurrying to the main-guard, found that his scheme had miscarried through the misconduct of an agent. The corporal, to whom had been entrusted the care of introducing the assailants within the works, had got drunk, and after mounting guard, was relieved. His successor, neither aware of what was going forward, nor inclined, had the case been otherwise, to assist in it, went about his duty after the most approved fashion, and planted near the west gate a sturdy arquebusier, who kept

both his eyes and his ears open. Hence the attempt made to fire on the rearing of the ladder, followed up by an immediate communication of what had happened to the soldiers on duty, who, called suddenly out of their sleep, discharged their pieces at random, without occasioning any loss whatever to the cavaliers. Nay, so abrupt were both the advance and retreat of the enemy, that finding no return of fire from below, the governor refused to believe that the danger had been real, and though he kept his people under arms all night, was still firmly convinced that the sentinel's fears had misled him. When, however, the return of daylight showed him the ladder in the ditch, and he discovered, on a more minute examination, the marks of many feet among the long grass, his incredulity vanished. The sentinel was rewarded for his vigilance, and the necessity of taking precautions against future attempts was felt and acted upon.

It seems impossible to account for the kind of infatuation which, in spite of the occurrence of an adventure so extraordinary, could have rendered Cotterel still incredulous to the tales which

had been told of Morrice's projected treason. He would neither consent to interrupt their intimacy for a season, nor suffer his guest to depart till the whole period of his promised visit had expired; and when he did dismiss him, not only was it done with a total absence of distrust from his own mind, but the advice of the party accused was first of all solicited and obtained touching the best method of rendering Pontefract Castle secure against future attacks. As was natural, the friends came to the same conclusion,—that the leave hitherto granted to the soldiers of spending their nights among their relatives in the town ought to be withdrawn; and as there were not beds enough in the fortress to accommodate even an hundred men, Cotterel undertook to collect by requisition from such of the neighbouring householders as were obnoxious to him, a supply both of bedding and stores of every description adequate to his wants. Morrice highly approved of this device, as well as of the projects which the governor brought forward for re-victualling and otherwise strengthening his post; and having ascertained both the time

and the order in which the necessaries were to be laid in, he took his leave.

The first point towards which Morrice turned his steps was Mr. Beaumont's house in South Kirby; for of late the Pauldens had made him free of that rendezvous, where he had attended several meetings of the king's friends. His next movement carried him into a wood hard by, where, in a ruined tower, which they had fitted up as a sort of depôt, and in the cellars and vaults of which their magazine of ammunition was kept, the Pauldens, with other leaders of the party, received him. They had experienced much anxiety on his account, as well as on account of their confederates in the garrison, from which the reports of their own spies had but partially relieved them; and their pleasure was proportionately acute when they saw him once more safe and sound among them. But Morrice came not to give and receive congratulations. His reputation stood in some degree committed to secure the castle for the king, and he was determined, at all risks, to go through with the enterprise: indeed, his present purpose was to propound a new scheme,

which, though apparently more hazardous, gave even brighter promise of success than that which had failed. It was this:—

Cotterel had been long accustomed to form his estimate of the characters of the surrounding gentry from Morrice's statements regarding them. Just before the latter quitted him, he had consented to levy his contributions, not from the inhabitants of the town, but from certain families in the neighbourhood; and as he would not run the risk of having his people cut off in detail by sending out detachments to escort the necessaries home, he commanded the obnoxious individuals to forward the stores in which they were respectively assessed by their own carts and wagons. Morrice knew all this; for if he did not positively advise the measure, he at least sanctioned it, and now he resolved to turn it to account. He proposed that himself and William Paulden, with a certain number of their companions, should disguise themselves as countrymen; that they should carry pistols and knives under their frocks, and, overpowering the guard, should keep the castle-gate open till the rest of the confederates arrived

to support them. His scheme was highly approved by men who felt, indeed, that they put all upon the hazard of the die, but were not afraid to abide the throw, and preparations were forthwith made to act upon it. Nine trusty men, in addition to Morrice and Paulden, volunteered for the service of danger. Thomas Paulden, with as large a force as could be collected on the moment, undertook to support them, and the next market-day, being the 6th of June 1648, was fixed upon as the season for action.

There were but two days at the disposal of the conspirators in which to mature their plans, and they were not wasted. Thomas Paulden drew together about fifty horsemen, to whom he appointed an hour and place of assembling; while his brother and Colonel Morrice, with their handful of daring confederates, provided themselves with appropriate disguises and opened a communication with their friends within the walls. Accordingly, at dawn on the 6th of June, there appeared before the principal entrance to the castle three wagons loaded with corn, hay, provisions, blankets and mattresses.

The drawbridge was immediately lowered; the wagons, with their attendants, passed it; one got entangled in the gateway beyond, and the others held the bridge down. Meanwhile, money was given to the sentinels on duty wherewith to purchase ale in the town; and the countrymen, declaring that it would be impossible to proceed further till their wagons were lightened, began to unload. To assist them in this operation, the guard came forth from their apartment unarmed. They were instantly seized, and thrust headlong into a dungeon close by. Then were the wagons drawn hastily through the arch, as a signal for Thomas Paulden and his friends to advance; and these galloping from their place of concealment behind some fences passed the ditch without opposition, and drew up the bridge behind them.

Still, though the outer court was thus won, and every hazard of an attack from without provided against, the cavaliers knew too well of what stuff old Cotterel was composed, to feel themselves at all secure so long as he was at liberty. Therefore, William Paulden, with two or three others, put themselves under the guidance of

Sergeant Floyd, and hastened to the apartment in the keep or round tower where the governor was accustomed to lie. They found him in his clothes, stretched at length upon the coverlid in the attitude of one who had just lain down, with his tuck, or long straight sword, lying unsheathed beside him, and every other indication about him of one who watches even in his sleep. They dispersed his slumbers very rudely by announcing that the castle was surprised, and himself a prisoner. But Cotterel was not the sort of man to be deprived of his self-possession under any circumstances. He leaped from his bed, made a desperate lunge at Paulden, which the latter with some difficulty contrived to parry, and continued to defend himself with extraordinary resolution, in spite of a severe wound on the head and another in the arm. At last, while repeating his thrust, his foot slipped, and the point of his sword coming in contact with the bed-post, it broke off at the hilt, just as his former confederate, Morrice, entered the room and besought him to surrender. The old man saw that further resistance would be unavailing; so he

submitted, and was transferred, as a measure of temporary precaution, to the dungeon beside his men. Nor was further opposition offered anywhere. A considerable portion of the garrison was abroad; among those who occupied the place several were traitors; and the remainder, awakened suddenly out of their sleep, without arms, and destitute of a leader, knew not how to act, and yielded without striking a blow.

Such were the means by which Pontefract Castle passed, in the summer of 1648, from the republicans to the royalists; and such one of the exploits which entitled a primitive inhabitant of Chelsea Hospital to the honourable notice that stood appended to his name in the book of entries. It remains for me now to give some account of the manner in which the victors maintained themselves after they became, in turn, the objects of attack; for, as every reader of history knows, the northern expedition led to no results. Langdale and Musgrave, alike objects of jealousy to the Scots, were restrained from attacking Lambert while yet at the head of a very inferior force, till Cromwell himself

took the field and carried everything before him. The fatal battles of Wigan and Warrington put an end for ever to the hopes of the royalists in that quarter, and nothing remained for the brave men who had espoused the cause except to sell their lives (their honour they could not lose) at as dear a rate as possible.

The captors of Pontefract Castle hoisted the royal standard at an early hour on the 6th of June. They were reinforced before nightfall by not fewer than five hundred men, whom the sight of that beloved ensign fluttering in the breeze withdrew from their peaceful occupations. Moreover, as it chanced to be market-day, Morrice took care to replenish his magazine of provisions, as far as the supply brought into the town for a widely different purpose, would allow; while at the same time he distributed arms to such as appeared worthy to be trusted, and minutely examined the state of the fortifications. Wherever these stood in the smallest need of repair, workmen in large numbers were employed upon them; and they laboured with such excellent will, that long before

the expiration of a week, the fortress was put in a far more defensible condition than it had been since the commencement of the civil war.

It is curious to observe the terms in which the principal agent in this enterprise is spoken of by those among his contemporaries who make mention of him at all. The royalists describe him as a perfect hero; the republicans undervalue both his courage and his conduct, that they may dwell with perhaps justifiable indignation upon his selfishness and treachery. I have nothing whatever to do with these disputes, being as little the eulogist as the denunciator of the individual; but the facts of his case abundantly prove, that if at bottom a selfish man, he was likewise a prudent man. Thus, when the country began to rise, and men of acknowledged political weight took the field, he not only set up no claim to be regarded as their leader, but refused to take upon himself the government of Pontefract even when urged to do so by his comrades. On the contrary, he made a point of placing Sir John Digby in that station of trust, and was himself content to act under Sir John as second in command. And it is

worthy of remark, that the sturdy knight put so just an estimate on his lieutenant's motives, that he never undertook any enterprise, nor concocted any scheme, without consulting him. Perhaps, therefore, Morrice's prudence might be, after all, but selfishness double-refined; for it is certain that by him the substance of authority was wielded, Sir John retaining or seeking to retain only its trappings.

The fate of Pontefract Castle created great uneasiness among the adherents of the parliament in Yorkshire. They were quite unprepared for such a blow, and as the small division of the regular army which occupied this county had its hands full in watching Langdale and Musgrove, they could not but entertain some apprehensions for the future. A militia force was in consequence called out by the Committee of Safety, which, under Sir Edward Rhodes and Sir Henry Cholmley, was directed to invest Pontefract,—not so much under the expectation that they would be able to reduce the place, as in order to restrain the governor from making excursions into the surrounding country. Even in this latter respect the re-

publicans were moreover but partially successful. During the space of time that was required to draw the levies to a head, the garrison ranged far and near over the West Riding, carrying off without scruple from towns and villages, and gentlemen's seats, whatever seemed requisite for their own accommodation. And when the militia did arrive, they proved quite inadequate to block up every line of communication between the besieged and their supplies. Sorties were made continually, very seldom without effect; while such was the good understanding that prevailed between those within the fort and those without, that almost all took place at the precise moment when there was the best prospect of reaping advantage from them. Take, for example, the following specimen:

Sir Henry Cholmley had occupied his ground about a week, though his ranks were yet far from being filled up, when information reached the castle, that three hundred head of cattle, escorted by five troops of horse, would pass, on a certain day, southward. Preparations were immediately entered into to make a dash at

them; and thirty chosen troopers, under the command of one of the Pauldens, were told off for the service. These sallied out soon after dark, accompanied by half-a-dozen foot-soldiers, whom, for expedition's sake, six of them carried on the croups of their saddles, and coming upon the convoy in a field near Knottingley, they immediately charged it. While the horsemen kept the enemy's cavalry at bay, the foot-soldiers, who were armed only with half-pikes, paid their attention to the cattle. They collected them together and drove them off, making use of their pikes as goads; and so well was the whole affair managed, that not a hoof escaped them. Neither did the escort venture to cross swords with their assailants. They followed, indeed, and made repeated spurts, as if it had been their intention to charge; but seeing their adversaries firm and prepared to meet them, they on each occasion reined up. Thus by one bold stroke was a supply of fresh meat obtained, which set the garrison for many weeks above the risk of want; and as they had an excellent pasturage

under the muzzles of their guns, they anticipated, with good reason, a long exemption from famine.

The success which attended them in this and other excursions of the kind produced its natural effect on the garrison of Pontefract. They learned to underrate the power of the enemy, and became careless. It is true, that in most instances a daring courage carried them clear of perils into which the absence of due care had hurried them; and that the terror of their name sufficed to obtain, both far and near, a prompt acquiescence in their wishes. But it was not always so; and once or twice they paid dearly for their rashness. On the 3rd of July, for example, a party penetrated as far as the Trent, and took possession of the Isle of Axholm. Not satisfied with this, they pushed on to Lincoln, where several very obnoxious republicans resided, of whom some were mercilessly plundered, others made prisoners, and one, by name Smith, a sequestrator under the parliament, put to death. Now, had the marauders retreated, after accomplishing their object, even from this remote

point, it is probable, so accurate was their intelligence, that they might have reached the castle in safety. But they did not retreat: on the contrary, they wasted three precious days in Lincoln, thereby enabling the enemy to become aware of their situation, and giving them time to take advantage of it. And the consequence was, that the party, being attacked by a superior force at Willoughby, were to a man cut off; their leader was taken, and the rest killed or dispersed. Still the spirit of the survivors continued as lofty as ever, and the period was near at hand when its constancy would be put to the proof.

CHAPTER IV.

How the cavaliers were grievously beleagured, and how they undertook a desperate enterprise.

I ALLUDED some time ago to the disastrous issue of the Scottish invasion, and to the utter ruin of the king's friends at Wigan and Warrington. The effects of these defeats were not slow of being felt at Pontefract. Day by day the investment became more close, while the hope of relief grew fainter; for there was no other army in the field capable of seconding them, and all to which the cavaliers could look was the generally unsettled state of the country. Yet, though repeatedly summoned and offered terms of capitulation, they refused to treat, and continued to defend themselves with equal obstinacy and address. It was still a great object with them to keep open their communications with the country, for which purpose they

seized New Hall, a gentleman's seat distant about a couple of miles from the eastern face of the castle. This they barricaded and otherwise rudely fortified; and placing a garrison in it, they held it as a sort of outwork during many weeks. Moreover, they kept the besiegers continually on the alert, by bold and well-directed sallies, from which they seldom came back except as victors, and with comparatively trifling loss. But there was an end put to this state of things at last. Fairfax, growing weary of the delay, and attributing it to want of skill on the part of Cholmley, directed Colonel Rainsborough to supersede him in the command; and the latter marched northward at the head of twelve hundred foot, two regiments of horse, and a train of heavy cannon.

The garrison had friends without, from whom they received constant intelligence of the enemy's movements; nor was the approach of Rainsborough, with his formidable reinforcement, long concealed from them. The information was not calculated to increase their confidence; yet it led to the formation of a

plan to which, in point of hardihood, I do not know that any parallel is to be found even in the military annals of the seventeeth century. During the brief campaign which put a final extinguisher on the hopes both of the royalists and the covenanters, Sir Marmaduke Langdale, the idol of the cavaliers in the West Riding, had fallen into the victors' hands. There was a rumour prevalent that his enemies designed to put him to death, and that, in order to wound the feelings and work upon the fears of his adherents, the execution would take place within sight of the walls of Pontefract Castle. Nobody paused to consider whether these rumours were likely to be well founded, for there was no atrocity of which the one faction did not believe that the other would be guilty; but a strong desire prevailed to get possession of the person of some parliamentary officer, whose life might be held as a sort of pledge for that of Langdale. To Captain William Paulden belongs the credit of suggesting that Rainsborough might be seized. Perilous the operation would of course be, while to carry it through would require intelligence as well as courage;

but danger had no terrors for the brave men to whom he spoke, and they were all fertile in resources. Under such circumstances, the necessary arrangements were soon discussed, and a selection made of the individuals who should play a part in the drama; after which the council of war broke up, and till dusk no more notice was taken of the matter.

It was the end of October, and during a space of nearly four months the castle had been in a state of siege; yet not only was no breach effected in its defences, but the garrison still had it in their power, with the exercise of common caution, to pass backwards and forwards to New Hall, if not to almost any given point in the open country. To be sure, the besiegers, as they increased in numbers, increased also in vigilance; and taking possession of the town and of the fields and meadows near, they began to render these excursions both inconvenient and dangerous. But the prize to be aimed at now was in all respects so valuable, that the prospect of incurring risk and inconvenience in the attempt gave uneasiness to no one. It was known to Captain Paulden and his friends

that Rainsborough would move upon Doncaster, where lodgings were prepared for him against the night of the 1st of November, and they determined to seize him there, in the very heart of his guards, and bring him back a prisoner to Pontefract. Now, when it is considered that Doncaster is distant from Pontefract full fifteen miles; that in order to reach the former place, it would be necessary to pass through the heart of the enemy's lines; that the town itself was filled with infantry, and the villages near swarming with hostile troopers,—some idea may be formed of the devoted gallantry of those who undertook to follow Paulden on so desperate an enterprise. Of that number my friend Beaumont seems to have been one, and the manner of the procedure was as follows:

A little before midnight on the 31st of October, two-and-twenty men paraded in the castle court, all of them well mounted, all armed with swords and pistols, and all intimately acquainted with the highways and byways for many leagues round the town. I find that the officers in command of the troop were, besides Paulden him-

self, Lieutenant Austwick, and Cornet Blackburn; and I mention their names, because more remains to be told of them. Among the privates I am unable to particularise any except my Chelsea pensioner: but be they whom they might, they waited only till the clock struck twelve, when riding through a gate which was left open for their passage, they emerged into a meadow, at the lower extremity of which two videttes from the enemy's horse were posted. As it was of the utmost importance to prevent an alarm, each trooper was now directed to ride forward alone, so that one by one they might, if possible, pass between the stations of the enemy. Nothing could exceed the coolness with which the order was obeyed. In single files, distant a couple of hundred yards one from another, these gallant fellows ran the gauntlet, and halted to form again, with as much precision as if it had been day, at the place appointed. And now, at least for a while, all difficulty was overcome; they pursued their journey in the highest spirits, and reaching Mexborough just as the day began to dawn, they there halted.

My reader need scarcely be informed that, generally speaking, the dresses and appointments of the parliamentary forces differed in no respect from those of the king's troopers. Both parties wore steel caps, buff coats, cuirasses if they were rich enough to procure them, sharp stout cut-and-thrust swords, and pistols of a most portentous length. A scarf, indeed, worn over the shoulder, was the only badge by which the cavaliers were accustomed to distinguish themselves, and their scarfs, for obvious reasons, Paulden's party had left behind. They were received, therefore, by the inhabitants of Mexborough as a relief from Cholmley's army, and spent the day in quiet. Meanwhile, one of the body was sent forward in disguise, for the purpose of ascertaining whether any alarm prevailed in Doncaster; and he returned towards dusk with the gratifying intelligence that all was perfectly quiet. Neither had he executed his commission by halves. There were royalists in Doncaster as well as in other places, one of whom undertook to advertise them of danger should such arise; and his method of doing so was as simple as it promised to be effectual.

He agreed to meet the party at the village of Conisborough, about two miles distant from Doncaster. If he came empty-handed, then must they shift for themselves; if he carried a Bible, they might go forward—a quaint, but in those days a remarkably safe telegraph, as related both to the bearer and to those who were to profit from it. Thus, all preliminary matters being arranged as far as human foresight could direct them, the individual coolness and courage of the parties engaged must accomplish the rest; and it does not appear that there existed in any of their minds the slightest misgiving as to the result.

Mexborough was at that time a mere hamlet, built upon the margin of the river Don, and the head-quarters of a ferry-boat, which plied regularly from one bank of the stream to the other. Of this, as soon as it grew dusk, Paulden took possession, and passed both his men and horses deliberately to the opposite bank. Both men and horses had refreshed during the day, and were therefore quite fit for travel; and their leader so arranged matters, that they entered Conisborough just as the dawn began to break. To their inex-

pressible satisfaction, the spy met them, carrying his Bible in his hand. They took no notice of him —it had been agreed that they should not; but each man whispered his thoughts to his file-leader as they rode by, and was answered with a smile. And now were the last instructions communicated by Paulden to his followers. He divided the troop into four sections. To six men he gave it in charge to secure the guard at that end of the town by which they must enter; six more he directed to ride on, and overpower the guard at the bridge beyond; four were to penetrate into the inn, and seize Rainsborough in his bed; while himself with the remaining six should patrol the streets, and keep the enemy from collecting in force. Paulden spoke to soldiers, each of whom was capable, from his intelligence and address, not only to follow, but to lead, on such occasions; and they all undertook to execute the tasks assigned them, or to perish.

It was still the grey of the morning when our little troop approached Doncaster, the entrance to which was barricaded, and kept by a sergeant's party of foot. Being challenged, they stated that they were the bearers of a despatch

from General Cromwell, and, as they came from the north, no doubts were experienced as to the truth of the statement. They were thus permitted to pass the barricade unmolested; but no sooner was this done, than they wheeled sharply round, drew their swords, and fell upon the guard, who being separated from their weapons, could offer no resistance, but fled into the open country. This done, the appointed six spurred for the bridge, of which they gained possession without loss; while the four, whose task was perhaps the most delicate of the whole, rode leisurely up the street. They found the inn-gate open; but a sentry was on duty before it, to whom they told the same tale which had deceived the sentinel at the barricade, and with the very same effect. Being admitted into the yard, three dismounted, while the fourth, according to his officer's desire, turned back, and joined himself to a picket which occupied another bridge, on the direct road to Pontefract. Meanwhile his comrades thus disposed of themselves: one held the horses of the other two, while these—namely, Lieutenant Austwick and James Beaumont—mounted the

stairs towards the suite of apartments which the general was represented as occupying. They were met in an ante-chamber by the officer on duty, who conducted them to the chamber in which Rainsborough slept; and they found him in bed, though just awakened by the creaking of the door on its hinges. Immediately, Lieutenant Austwick produced a sealed packet, and delivered it: but before Rainsborough could break the seal, Lieutenant Austwick seized his sword, while Beaumont, throwing himself upon the officer who stood by, bore him to the ground and disarmed him. All this was so completely the work of a moment, that neither Rainsborough nor his subaltern could comprehend more of their situation than that they were both in the power of the enemy. They accordingly agreed to surrender, on an assurance that no personal violence would be offered to them; and the general, rising, began immediately to dress himself.

Thus far all had gone well with the hardy adventurers. Their prize was secured, and it only remained to bear him off before an alarm could be given. Neither did he offer the

slightest opposition to their wishes, inasmuch as he concluded, not unnaturally, that the whole town was in the enemy's possession. He followed them down stairs; but when he beheld, in the court-yard below, only a single trooper, standing with the bridles of three horses over his arm, the spirit of the stern republican revived, and he positively refused to budge a step further. There was no time to argue the point, so his assailants laid violent hands upon him, and a struggle ensued, during the progress of which one of them unfortunately dropped both his sword and pistol. In a moment the pistol was seized by Rainsborough's officer; while Rainsborough himself, shaking off the hold of his immediate adversary, snatched up the sword. What could now be done? A single shot—a single cry—would rouse twelve hundred men, by whom the place was occupied; the escape of the individuals who now fought for freedom must produce the same effect. In either case, the destruction of the royalists was certain; nay, more—the officer by whom the pistol had been obtained took his aim with such deliberation, that had he been permitted to fire, the bel-

ligerents would have been placed, in point of numbers, on a footing of equality. Lieutenant Austwick, who had mounted his horse for the purpose of carrying off Rainsborough behind him, saw this, and hastened to prevent it. He plunged his sword into the republican's breast, and laid him dead at his feet.

Rainsborough saw his officer fall, yet, nothing daunted, continued to defend himself against men whose object it was, not to kill, but to take him alive. He fought, however, with such desperation, that Beaumont, in self-defence, wounded him in the neck, and then closing with him, endeavoured, but in vain, to wrest the sword from his hand. But before this could be effected, the clash of the weapons and the cries of the general had roused the inmates of the hotel, and at galleries and windows naked men showed themselves in great numbers. It was evident that to take the man alive under such circumstances was impossible; while his determination manifestly was, not to give a free egress to his assailants, but to turn the tables upon them, and render them his prisoners. Of course the royalists could not agree

to this: therefore, Lieutenant Austwick, finding that he would not be shaken off, struck at the obstinate man with all his force, and the blow taking effect on a vital part, Rainsborough fell dead.

This was not the time either for deliberation, or useless regret at the issue of the expedition; for a hubbub of voices was already begun, and in a few minutes the whole town would be in commotion. The three cavaliers therefore sprang into their saddles, and dashing through the gateway, joined their comrades, to whom they communicated all that had happened. Like a prudent man, Paulden determined to escape while he could; and, aware of the effect of noise upon persons just awakened out of sleep, he caused his people to set up a shout, and to gallop furiously over the pavement. At the same time, the parties at the north bridge and barricade were called in, and the whole being united, charged the picket which occupied the other, and dispersed them without loss. Then rode they with all speed towards Pontefract, sweeping along with them about fifty stragglers whom they picked up by the way, some exer-

cising their horses, others following such occupations as men are apt to engage in who fancy themselves remote from danger. Nor was the slightest attempt made to pursue them: on the contrary, when the bodies of General Rainsborough and his attendant were seen lying each in its pool of blood, so great a panic seized the troops, that the best exertions of their officers were needed to hinder them from dispersing, in order to escape a danger which was only the more formidable by reason of the mystery which surrounded it.

Great was the joy of Morrice and his people when their gallant comrades returned to them: for though the object of the expedition had in some degree failed, the lives of these brave men were much more highly esteemed than any degree of success, however complete. Moreover, during the brief period of their absence, intelligence had been received in the castle which, had it reached them in time, would have obviated the necessity of the expedition. Sir Marmaduke Langdale had escaped; and as their sole object in seizing Rainsborough was to obtain a competent hostage for the life of their own

chief, it was now a matter of indifference whether the republican were secured or not. Yet was their joy soon afterwards converted into sorrow: Paulden, the heroic leader in the sortie, who had both planned and conducted the expedition with so much skill, sickened and died; the fatigues which he had undergone operating on a constitution naturally delicate so as to produce a mortal fever. They buried him in the chapel of St. Clement's with military honours, and mourned over his grave with perfect sincerity.

CHAPTER V.

How the siege went on, and the cavaliers defended themselves.—Of the results of the siege, and the fate of the garrison.

From the date of this excursion up to the month of March following, the siege of Pontefract Castle went forward; the enemy pressing it with all the science as well as courage of which they were masters,—the garrison defending themselves with their accustomed hardihood, intrepidity, and vigilance. So frequent, indeed, were their sallies, and so unvarying the success which attended them, that the besiegers began by degrees to despond, and there arose frequent quarrels among the officers, accompanied by the inevitable result of such a state of things—insubordination in the ranks. It was at this critical juncture that Cromwell, returning victorious

from his Scottish campaign, appeared under the walls of the fortress. His arrival, while it infused fresh courage into the assailants, was productive of great uneasiness in the garrison,—more especially when the lines of circumvallation became every day more narrowed, and redoubts sprang up on all sides as if by the power of magic. Still, though some counselled a capitulation, and a few went over to the enemy, the bulk of the defenders remained faithful to their principles. The officers, indeed, knew that they had little to hope from submission; and the men were willing to share the fortunes of those whom they obeyed not more from a sense of military duty than out of affection.

Cromwell reached Pontefract early in November, and personally superintended the siege for about a month. During this interval the royalists were driven from New Hall, and the communications with the open country very much impeded by the erection of strong places of arms and enclosed redoubts at different points round the castle. Yet they continued to hold a correspondence with several of their friends in the neighbourhood, and ceased not,

by desperate and repeated sallies, to harass and alarm the enemy. One of these proved very disastrous to themselves. In an attempt to recover possession of New Hall, they were so roughly handled, that out of a hundred and twenty men employed in the service, scarcely one half fought their way back; and the idea of re-establishing the outpost was in consequence laid aside.

Cromwell had largely increased the means at the disposal of the besiegers, and compelled the besieged to act entirely on the defensive; when the state of affairs in London and in the neighbourhood of the Isle of Wight induced him to move upon the capital. The command of the army before Pontefract was in consequence assigned to General Lambert, an officer of considerable talents and distinguished reputation, who was especially directed to accept of no terms which should hinder him from taking ample vengeance for the murder, as it was termed, of Rainsborough. Lambert entered upon the duties of his office on the 4th of December, and pushed his approaches with determined vigour. He threw up batteries for

heavy cannon, opened a breaching fire upon the western tower, sank mines, and adopted all the customary expedients to force a surrender; but he did not succeed, for his fire was returned with overwhelming effect, counter-mines were dug, and more than once his advanced trenches were emptied and his entrenching tools carried away by a sudden rush. Believing, therefore, that famine would do more for him than open violence, he gradually desisted from his attacks, and applied all his care to hinder the throwing in of supplies. I have alluded to the meadows under the guns of the fortress, into which the garrison were accustomed to drive their cattle for pasturage. Towards these he directed his marksmen to turn their attention; and they did their work with such unceasing industry, that neither man nor beast could venture to come abroad. Moreover, his vigilance in observing the movements of suspected persons without was unremitting: several of these he detected in the act of communicating with the besieged, of whom some were women, and two clergymen; and one, the very Mr. Beaumont at whose house the plan of the insurrection had been ma-

tured, he hanged up by sentence of a court-martial within sight of the walls.

It would be tedious to pursue in detail the progress of a siege which not only survived all reasonable prospect of relief on the part of the blockaded, but came not to an end even with the life of the prince in whose name they were in arms. Charles the First died upon the scaffold on the 30th of January 1649, and care was taken that Morrice and his brave associates should not long remain ignorant of the fact. A flag of truce was sent in to inform the cavaliers of what had occurred, and to propose to them once more that they should surrender on honourable terms. But, though sadly diminished in numbers, and reduced by sickness and sorrow to a state of great comparative weakness, they would listen to no proposition which appeared to them to affect their honour: on the contrary, they proclaimed his son Charles the Second by sound of trumpet; they drank his health joyously in water, their wine being consumed, and the same night made a sortie with such fury, that they had well nigh penetrated to the enemy's magazine. Nay, more: it is worthy

of remark, that the first coin struck in England bearing the name of Charles the Second was struck in Pontefract Castle by its devoted occupants. I believe that a few impressions of this medal, for such in truth it was, are still to be found among the collections of the curious; and that my readers may know it when it happens to come in their way, I copy from an authentic source the following description: "The coin is a silver one. Above is the impression of a crown; and beneath, in the field, are the words, 'Hanc Deus dedit 1648.' Round the rim is this legend: 'Carol. II. D. G. Mag. B. F. Hi. R.' The reverse bears the impression of a castle, having on its sinister side the letters '*obs*'; and above, on each flank of the central tower, the two capitals P. C. Round the whole is the motto, 'Post mortem Patri, pro Filio.'"

Time passed, and week by week and day by day the condition of the besieged became more and more desperate. It was to no purpose that they risked their lives continually in the vain effort to reopen their communications with the country—that they husbanded their resources, endured privations of every kind, and exhibited,

from the highest to the lowest, a noble specimen of patience as well as of valour. No relief came, nor could any be expected; while the empty condition of their magazines gave proof that to resist much longer would be impossible. Under such circumstances, and with a bleeding heart, Colonel Morrice proposed that they should capitulate; and his faithful followers only acceded to the proposition because they felt that it was inevitable. Still a bold face was put upon the matter. Thomas Paulden, the brother of him whose loss they deplored, undertook to be the bearer of the message; and he executed his task in a manner worthy of his name. "They were not," he said, "afraid to die. They had still provisions left, and could, unless admitted to honourable terms, hold out some time longer; and if things came to the worst, it was always in their power to sell their lives at a dear rate."

Lambert was himself a brave man, and, like most brave men, a generous one; so that, had he been left free to exercise his own discretion, it seems probable that he would have dealt kindly by the applicants. But he was not left to his own discretion: the orders which he had

received were peremptory, and he could not utterly disobey them; but he believed that he might temper them to a certain degree, and he resolved to do so. He answered the flag of truce by throwing a letter over the wall, wrapped, for the sake of solidity, round a large stone, and addressing himself, not to the governor, but to the troops in garrison, endeavoured to work both upon their vanity and their hopes. "He knew," he said, "that they were gallant men, and was anxious to save the lives of as many as possible; but his hands were tied, and six he was obliged to except from the general promise of protection: neither could he specify the individuals aimed at till the treaty of surrender should have been signed; but with respect to the rest, he was happy in being able to assure them that they might all return to their own homes in peace; for he would undertake to obtain from the parliament an easy composition for their delinquency, provided they would give their parole not again to take up arms against the established government of the country."

The letters were picked up and read by the soldiers; but they produced no unworthy effect

upon their minds. They carried them, on the contrary, to Morrice, who calling his officers together, put the business entirely into their hands, and assured them, that with their decision, whatever it might be, he would be satisfied. To a man, they declared that they would never render up the place except at the command of their chief, and drew up a reply to General Lambert's proposal, which was forwarded immediately. Its substance was this: —"The officers and soldiers composing the king's garrison in Pontefract Castle thanked General Lambert for his kindness and civility, and declared that they would have gladly embraced his offer, had it been consistent with their personal honour: but they could not be guilty of so base an act as he required them to perform, by delivering six of their companions in arms to certain death." Thus was the negotiation brought to a close, much to the regret of both parties, and for some days longer hostilities went on.

Alas! there is no degree of resolution which will enable men to bear up against the combined pressure of wounds and watching, bodily

weakness and famine. Out of five hundred men, the original strength of the garrison, only one hundred now survived; and these were so enfeebled by sickness and the lack of food, as to be, very many of them, unfit for duty. Colonel Morrice felt that it would be cruel to make any farther demands upon their endurance; so he reopened his intercourse with Lambert, and sent six officers with full powers to complete a treaty,—subject, of course, to his own approval, and that of their companions. On the part of the parliamentarians a like number of commissioners was named, and the meeting took place in what was called the Great Barn, midway between the castle and New Hall. Colonel Bright, who represented Lambert on that occasion, had no fresh proposals to make. He gave the same assurances that had been given before, and required the same concessions; so that the single point to be determined amounted to this: "who were to be the victims?" Bright had no authority to particularise on that head; he therefore refused to pledge himself to anything, except "that none of the gentlemen appointed to treat

for the capitulation would be exempted from the amnesty."—"Was the governor one of the doomed six?" Bright evaded this question by saying, "that the general did not take so much account of Colonel Morrice, as of others who had betrayed to him the castle."

I do not know that men in the desperate circumstances which surrounded Morrice's commissioners would have been very much to blame had they consented to treat on these terms: but Henry Paulden was one of them, and the spirit which animated him throughout operated on the others also; — they expressed deep regret that no more satisfactory communication should have been made to them, and withdrew.

While pursuing their progress homewards, they began, as was natural, to discuss both their own prospects and the designs of the enemy. Some were willing to persuade themselves that Bright's evasive reply amounted to an assurance of safety for their commander; others, and of this number Paulden was one, held a directly contrary opinion: but all came to the same conclusion,—that they were bound to state the facts undisguisedly at head-quarters,

and to leave to others the task of drawing from them their own inferences.

In this spirit they came to Morrice, and told him all. Not for a moment does he seem to have misunderstood General Lambert's intentions. Though some endeavoured to persuade him that there could be no design against his life, otherwise the parliamentary commissioner would have spoken out, Morrice himself saw at a glance the true nature of his position, and, with a magnanimity and courage worthy of the age in which he lived, declared himself resigned to his fate. "If I am to be one of the excepted persons," said he, "I will take my chance; for I cannot endure the thought that so many brave men should perish for my sake." There was not a dry eye in the council when this declaration was made, except his own.

Paulden's views coincided entirely with those of the governor in the interpretation which was put upon Colonel Bright's equivocal reply; and as he had determined never to be a party, either directly or indirectly, to the surrender of his friend, he now entreated that another commissioner might be appointed in his room to

carry on the negotiation. It was, indeed a stern necessity alone which drove any of that devoted band to purchase safety for themselves at the expense of a life which was, in some sort, dearer to them than their own: but the necessity was very urgent; and he who felt that it told against himself was the most eager in pressing a compliance with it. Accordingly, the commissioners went abroad again, with plenary powers to sign and complete the capitulation; and their business being of the simplest kind, it was very soon completed. The castle was to be rendered up, with all its munitions of war: the garrison was to march out, and lay down its arms in the ditch; after which the individuals composing it were to depart in safety, each man to his own home, with the exception of six victims who were reserved for military execution. And now the black list was handed to the commissioners, and read with feelings which I cannot undertake to describe; for it contained the names of men whom peculiar circumstances had endeared to them, and of whom they seemed to themselves to be signing the death-warrant. First, there

was Colonel Morrice, a man obnoxious on various accounts to the ruling powers; then, Lieutenant Austwick and Cornet Blackburn, the two surviving leaders in that daring enterprise which had ended in the death of Rainsborough; and last of all, Major Ashby, Ensign Smith, and Sergeant Floyd, the principal instruments by whose means Pontefract Castle had passed into the hands of the cavaliers. It is fair to add, that when the news reached the garrison, one feeling of the deepest sorrow pervaded all classes. Only the victims themselves, who appear throughout to have looked forward to such an end, were composed; and their main desire seemed to be, to communicate a portion of their composure to others.

I am describing a state of society during which, if there was everywhere a great contempt for human life, instances of chivalrous and heroic bearing among enemies occurred not unfrequently. The annals of the period attest, moreover, that the sentiment was as common on the one side as on the other; and the result of this treaty enables me to bring before my readers a remarkable specimen of such generosity. It was

impossible for the garrison to draw back from an agreement into which their commissioned agents had entered; neither indeed were they, physically speaking, in a state to endure the miseries of a siege any longer. But they resolved to make one effort more to save the lives of their comrades, by appealing to the better feelings of the conqueror. Once again the commissioners went forth to entreat, not that Lambert would change his decree, but that he would grant a respite of six days—during which the doomed men might endeavour to escape, their comrades assisting them in the effort. Lambert would not refuse so soldier-like a boon: he readily granted the six days, and consented that the whole of the beleagured garrison should use them as might be judged expedient, exacting only a promise that the place should be given up as soon as the six days expired. There was much rejoicing within the walls when the result of the negotiation was stated, and every man who had strength enough left to carry a weapon made ready to wield it.

The first day after the conclusion of this remarkable treaty, very little was done. Once

or twice the royalists made a demonstration as if they meant to sally out; while the besiegers reinforced the posts which seemed to be threatened, and kept generally on the alert. At daybreak on the second day, a gate at the opposite side of the castle was suddenly unbarred, and seventy men, some on foot, others on horseback, rushed forth. They swept through the meadow like lightning, drove in the enemy's sentries, and found themselves all at once opposed to a force much more formidable than they had expected to meet in that quarter. The fact was, that having unfortunately made choice of the hour when the republicans were accustomed to relieve their outposts, they had both the old and new guard to encounter; so that even in point of numbers the odds were as much against them as the moral effect was in favour of their adversaries. But this was a struggle for life or death, and the cavaliers knew it: on they rushed, sword in hand, in spite of a close and warm volley, cutting and trampling down such as met them, and themselves suffering severely. Neither was the sortie wholly fruitless,—two of their devoted

band burst the enemy's line: Colonel Morrice and Cornet Blackburn cut their way through, and fled for their lives.

By this time the alarm was communicated to the camp, and strong supports both of horse and foot advanced to the scene of action. Before these the overmatched cavaliers gave ground, and carrying four of their devoted comrades along with them in the rout, they retired to the fort. But though very roughly handled, as well as surprised by the degree of resistance offered, they were not yet willing to despair. The escape of two they accepted as a foretaste of the escape of all; and they determined to choose their time, in order to bring about the desired result with greater ease. Having remained quiet therefore during two whole days in the hope of throwing the enemy off their guard, they made, just after nightfall on the evening of the fourth, another furious onslaught. Poor fellows! they gained nothing by this. One, indeed, of the proposed victims met a soldier's fate, for he died fighting gallantly in the heart of a republican squadron; but the other three were, with

their maimed and overmatched friends, driven back again within the walls. It was Ensign Smith who perished on this occasion; and his comrades did honour to his remains, by carrying them through the fight into the castle, and burying them beside the body of Paulden in St. Clement's Chapel. But their capability of exertion was ended; indeed, the three survivors, Austwick, Ashby, and Floyd, would not consent that any more blood should be shed for no other purpose than to preserve them. Still one chance remained, and, as drowning men catch at straws, they agreed to deal with it. Among the extensive buildings of the castle, many of which were now in ruins, a dilapidated sally-port was discovered; into which the garrison introduced the doomed men, with an abundant stock of provisions. They then built up the apertures on both sides with loose stones, taking care to leave ample space for fresh air; and having supplied the prisoners with pick-axes, and other instruments of the sort, they left them to their fate. It was the evening of the 23rd of March when this arrangement was completed, and at an early hour on the following day

the garrison set up a shout; after which they hung out a white flag, and proposed to surrender. The messenger being questioned as to the cause of this rejoicing, stated, that their comrades were all beyond the reach of danger, and that now they were not only ready, but willing and eager, to deliver into the general's hands a place which they had kept for some time back only as a point of honour.

My story is well nigh told; for the consequences of this announcement are matters of history, and the blackened walls and ruined defences of Pontefract proclaim the uses to which Lambert turned his victory. He caused the remains of the garrison to march out the same day, and examined them closely one by one, finding it impossible to credit the statement which had been made to him relative to the escape of his victims. When, however, nobody appeared corresponding to their description, he ceased to search further, frankly admitting that the escape of the brave soldiers was to him a matter of sincere congratulation. And the brave soldiers did escape: the same night, hearing no noise as of searchers, they broke through their

narrow prison, and fleeing beyond seas, found such treatment there as poor cavaliers were wont to receive. Two, indeed, Austwick and Floyd, survived to witness the Restoration, being in that respect more fortunate than those who had preceded them in their flight; for Morrice and his companion, being taken in Lancashire, were transferred to York Castle, where, after the mockery of a trial before judges who brow-beat them, they both died on the scaffold.

With respect again to Beaumont, I am forced to acknowledge that, as I can trace him very imperfectly through the operations of the siege, so, as soon as these come to an end, he eludes me altogether. Whether he too went abroad—whether he fought at Worcester—whether he dwelt quietly at home, or led the life of a wanderer—I cannot tell. I only know that he died an inmate of Chelsea Hospital; and I think that his services, even if they went no further than taking a part in the operations which have just been described, fully entitled him to a home in the old soldiers' asylum.

A LEGEND OF

MAIDSTONE FIGHT.

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CHAPTER I.

Of a tumult in Canterbury.

THERE are few places in the empire—perhaps I might have said, in the world—which stand so little in need of being described as the ancient and renowned city of Canterbury. Traversed as it is from day to day by all who pass to or from the Continent, its streets, its lanes, its alleys, its ruined fortifications, its picturesque gateways, and above all, its magnificent cathedral, are both to Englishmen and to foreigners familiar as the scenes of their early childhood. Who, indeed, that has ever paused upon the top of Harbledown Hill, that he might gaze upon the valley in which Canterbury is planted,—who that has traced the silver Stour in its meanderings, now sweeping through green and open meadows, now lost amid the shade of overhanging

groves,—can ever forget either the exquisite beauty of the panorama, or the remarkable associations to which in his own mind it has given rise? And when, carried forward with the rapidity which marks the progress of modern travelling, his carriage-wheels may have rattled over the pavement of the High Street, or, still more, he has found himself unexpectedly passing under a lofty archway flanked on each hand by a tower of massive strength,—who has not fancied that such a place could not be other than the seat of loyalty and good taste, of attachment to the throne and devotion to the altar, of every feeling, in short, that dignifies the man and elevates the citizen into the rank of a Christian and a patriot? Neither will the stranger who arrives at this conclusion be very wide of his mark. Whatever may be the case now—and even now there are many true and loyal hearts within its walls,—there was a time when to no town or city in the kingdom would Canterbury yield the palm for loyalty and good faith; and as her inhabitants were not afraid to avow their principles even in seasons of more than common difficulty, so have they repeatedly endured for

principle's sake more than common anxiety and hardship.

It was on a fine, clear, frosty morning in the eventful winter of 1647, when the sun was shining bright and warm upon the coat of snow with which all the outward forms of Nature were covered, that there chanced to meet, near the entrance of Palace Street, just as the minster clock had ceased to ring out the hour of nine, two staid and venerated citizens of this ancient and opulent city. Both were somewhat stricken in years, — that is to say, both had considerably passed their prime; and the sober cut of their brown cloaks, their tall steeple hats, and sad-coloured breeches and hozen, indicated that both were men of a religious and grave turn of mind. By neither was worn the usual accompaniment of the gentleman's dress in those days — a sword; but each grasped in his right hand a gold-headed cane, each carried at his girdle a small Bible with silver clasps, and each had large black roses in his shoes. Moreover, their pace was slow and measured, denoting that on the minds of both lay the cares of more than common life; while their general

bearing was that of persons who, conscious of their own importance, and fully alive to its value, are very desirous that it should not be underrated by others.

As they approached one another, these burgesses mutually offered and accepted the salutation which was agreeable to the manners of the age and the customs of the place. There was no doffing of bonnets, no bowing of heads, no light and frivolous mincing of the step,—but a full stop on both sides, a stiff inclination of the back and shoulders, followed by an immediate return to the upright position. "God be with thee, Alderman Savine!" said he whose face was towards the north; "thou art early a-foot this morning. I fear me our good city is not without its troubles; otherwise thou wouldst not face the cold air till thou hadst partaken of thy carnal comforts at noon."

"Truly, Counsellor Lovelace," replied the other, "thy suspicions are not altogether groundless—we have fallen upon perilous and troubled times; may we find grace to endure them!—hum;—and, in this stronghold of prelacy and popery, there is some reason to fear that, between

the sons of God and the sons of Belial there may, ere long, be strife. Knowest thou not that this is what the profane call Christmas morning?"

"Indeed, worthy Alderman," rejoined the counsellor, "I had forgotten that fact; and now that thou hast recalled it to my recollection, I cannot quite understand why strife should arise therefrom. Are not all these vanities set at nought—hath not the abomination of desolation been removed from the land?"

"To speak substantially, neighbour, thou art right; but, I know not how, since the man Charles Stuart hath been rendered up by the Scots,—they were ever a faithless people, the Scots, albeit, in this instance they may have done well,—but, as I was saying, ever since they rendered up that unhappy man into the hands of the parliament, there hath been a fierce fermentation in many quarters, which seemeth to me not unlikely to produce sour beer. Nay, I fear me there will be more than angry words in this our famous city, unless thou and I, and other godly men, interfere to prevent it; so I prithee turn back with me, and lend the aid of thy countenance to repress the tumult."

"What tumult, good alderman?" demanded the counsellor. "I have passed all the way from mine own habitation in St. Dunstan's, yet saw I never the streets more deserted."

"May be, may be," replied the other impatiently, "yet I tell thee there will be strife. Didst thou not hear the great bell of the steeple house rung? and hast thou not gathered from its impure notes that there is a design among the malignants to keep this day with mummery and masses?"

"Yea, by my troth, I did hear the great bell, just as the day began to break; and much I marvelled that there should be one within our walls so bold as even in mockery to send forth the 'larum. But I thought not of mummeries and masses, and even now it appeareth to me that thy imagination hath been too sharp for thy judgment. On what authority are thy suspicions rested?"

"Never thou pause to inquire into that, counsellor, but return with me as thou valuest the peace of the good town, and, what is more, wouldst escape the infliction of a regiment of

horse or foot, which, in case of any outbreak Lenthall will never scruple to send among us."

The counsellor, notwithstanding his firm belief that his neighbour was acting under the impression of some troubled dream, did not know how to resist an appeal thus pressingly made. He therefore consented to go back as far as the precincts; protesting, however, that should these be in their usually deserted state, no consideration whatever should induce him to postpone his own business to any man's fantasies. But they had not proceeded many paces from the spot on which their discussion took place, ere certain phenomena occurred which tended considerably to stagger his incredulity. Not one bell, but all the bells belonging to the cathedral began to toll, while from almost every house on each side of the way poured out men, women and children, arrayed in their best attire, as if to keep holiday. By-and-by, to the utter astonishment of the counsellor, the steeples of the parish churches seemed to catch the infection. The bells rang out, as if the old religion had been in the majesty of its strength, and multi-

tudes of well-dressed persons, obeying the summons, hastened to their accustomed places of worship.

"Was there ever such madness?" exclaimed Alderman Savine, thrown completely off his guard by the excitement of the moment; "the dolts to run their heads thus against stone walls! A nice handle will be made of this up yonder. Oh, we shall have the devil to pay and no coppers, when Lambert comes with his cursed red-coats, and never a man in arms to oppose them!"

"Friend Savine," replied the more cautious counsellor, "methinks thy talk savoureth not of the things which pertain to peace. Did I not know thee to be even as I am, I should assuredly reckon thee among the children of the Amalekites."

"Lovelace! Lovelace!" cried the irritated alderman, "this is not a time to play either the fool or the rogue, but to exert ourselves as far as may be to avert from our misguided citizens the evils which they are labouring to bring on themselves. Run, if there be any good feeling in thee, to the mayor—he's a sour le-

veller, but thou hast some influence with him—while I call out the town guard, and then go thou in one direction, and I in another, that we may throw ourselves between the people and those foolhardy cavaliers; for I am no true man if the people fail to interfere, in which case we shall have more broken heads than there may be plaister to heal."

The counsellor, who, like his friend the alderman, was suspected of being at least half a royalist at heart, did not wait either to receive a repetition of these instructions, or to rebuke the worthy magistrate for the tone in which they were delivered. Away he sped to the lodgings of the mayor, with a degree of haste which in after times frequently astonished himself; while his companion, turning sharp round, rushed into St. Alphage Church, already well nigh filled in all its crevices with worshippers. The first spectacle that met his eyes was the curate standing in full canonicals in the reading-desk, and, as it seemed, making preparations to commence the service. But, before a word was uttered, the alderman, holding up his hands, required with a loud voice that he might be

heard. "Nay, worthy Mr. Chalice," cried he, "thou knowest, and ye, my fellow-citizens, know right well, that in me dwelleth no spirit of persecution. What is it to me if ye delight in a piece of white linen, or seek nutriment from a mess of sapless pottage? These things are between you and your own consciences; and were not the day of trouble and anguish nigh at hand, not by me should ye be drawn away from your profitless garbage. But bethink ye, friends, that all these abominations have been abolished by authority of parliament, and that even in this our ancient and renowned city, the power of parliament is supreme. Depart, worthy citizens, depart each of you to his own home, ere worse come of it; for assuredly, if ye persevere, there will be strife; and woe to him through whom the calamity shall be brought on!"

The alderman spoke warmly, and he was listened to for a while with great patience, for his demure deportment was a thing of very recent assumption, and his fellow-citizens gave him credit for more of prudence than of principle in the change which he judged it expedient

to make. But his advice was not followed. On the contrary, a wild cry burst from the congregation, which not only drowned his voice, but left him no reason to doubt that his arguments were quite thrown away.

"Let the roundheads come—we're prepared for them!" shouted one. "Down with the parliament—long live the king!" cried another. "No Jack Presbyter—no canting hypocrites—the Church for ever!" exclaimed a third; while here and there expressions were used of still less dubious import. It was to no purpose that the alderman lifted up his voice and spread out his hands in order to obtain a second hearing. "Go home, old Savine," cried several voices at once; "thou art a good fellow at bottom, albeit too much afraid of thine own hide. We would not have thee come to hurt, so go to thy mash-tubs, and leave us to bide the brunt of the storm. When the sun shines on our side of the wall, thou wilt come round again, and no one shall reject thee."

"Nay, friends, but hear me!" exclaimed the alderman; till suddenly his eye fell upon an object which seemed at once to arrest his whole

attention. There stood upon a bench, close to the reader's desk, a young man of perhaps five-and-twenty, with a fine, fair, open English countenance, and a frame which, considerably surpassing the ordinary height, appeared capable of almost any feat, either of strength or agility. He was not shouting like the rest, neither did he exhibit any symptom of excitation, but over his features there played that sort of smile which indicates for the most part a keen sense of the ludicrous, not unmixed with a loftier feeling. It appeared, too, as if he had been watching the alderman ever since he entered the church, for as soon as the latter observed him their eyes met, and the youth nodded his head familiarly.

"What!" cried the Alderman, endeavouring to push his way through the throng, "art thou too here? Boy Joe, thou wilt never rest till thou bringest disgrace upon thyself and upon every one connected with thee. Depart, and leave this ill-assorted meeting. Go home, I say. Others may refuse to take advice, but I charge thee, as thou art my lawful nephew,—would that thou wert the nephew of anybody

else!—to obey my commands, and come forth from this devoted assembly."

"Not one whit devoted, uncle," replied the young man cheerfully, "except so far as we mean to devote ourselves this day to the Church's service: ay, and we defy all the crop-ears in the place to hinder us."

"Now, by the mother that bore me!" exclaimed the alderman,—but he had no time to conclude the sentence, for already there were heard in the street sounds of tumult, which became every instant more alarming. Yells, shouts, and cries, mixed with the tramp of many feet, told that round the building a mob was assembled. Nor did any length of time elapse, ere convincing proof was afforded of the sort of spirit by which it was actuated. Those within the church had ceased to brawl, and the clergyman was beginning to read the sentences introductory to the morning prayer, when a volley of stones came pouring through a broken window, and created great confusion. —"Down with the temple of Baal!"—"Put Baal's worshippers to the sword."—"Hew them in pieces before the Lord, and cast

the dust of them into the brook Cedron." Such were the extravagant cries which, passing from among the crowd, seemed to operate as signals or words of command in directing their fury: for as each was uttered, some fresh attack took place, now upon the windows, now upon the doors of the edifice. At last a cry was heard, which seemed to dispel at once the stoicism in which the church party appeared anxious to encase themselves. "Away with them, away with them; hang them up before the Lord; let them die the death." These were words of which the meaning could not be misunderstood; for those who heard them received an immediate impression that the lives of some of their friends were in danger. Now the meeting this day had taken place with a perfect conviction in the minds of such as attended it, that not without the risk of a personal collision with the puritans could the service be carried through. Therefore, the young men had agreed among themselves, that let happen what might, they would be true to one another; and that in the event of violence being offered,

by violence on their side should the attack be repelled. It was clear enough from the shouts which now fell upon their ears, mixed with the shrieks of women, that the moment for action had arrived. Accordingly young Savine started to his feet.

"Follow me, brothers," was his brief address. "They are murdering our friends without, and we have no business here. Follow me, and let us to the rescue."

There was not a single sword in the church, for it formed part of the plan to leave such weapons behind; but as the young men sprang up to obey their leader, each drew from beneath his cloak a stout bludgeon, which he brandished in his right hand. It was to no purpose that Alderman Savine again threw himself in the way. He was swept aside like a feather, while forth from the great door rushed about a hundred and fifty youths, each resolute to do his best, and glad of the opportunity of striking a blow. For the outrage offered that day to the religion of their fathers was not new. The respectable citizens had been repeatedly in-

sulted when going about a duty which from their childhood was dear to them, and, though they had borne with the wrong patiently enough for a while, their patience became at length exhausted. Forth, therefore, they rushed, each eager to do his best; and in five seconds the street became the scene of an affray such as it would defy the power of ordinary language to describe. Young Savine's suspicions were not, it appeared, unfounded. The mob had seized several persons, whom they were treating very roughly when the furious charge from the church-door, gave a novel turn to affairs; and clubs, and bats, and fists came into collision, while the captives escaped. Many a broken head and bloody nose bore witness to the zeal with which the rufflers laid about them; and the crowd, broken and dispersed in all directions, made it manifest how the victory had gone.

It is a matter of history that there was in Canterbury that day a very serious tumult; that the mayor, instead of exerting his authority to allay men's passions, did his best to inflame them; that being, as Alderman Savine

described him, a sour puritan, he railed loudly against surplice and hood, leaving the combatants to fight or flee at will; that he went about ordering the tradespeople to open their shops, and otherwise to desecrate the festival, which was to him an abomination. Nay, it is even told of him, that being remonstrated with by a royalist cutler, he smote the man of forks and scissors in the face, and otherwise so deported himself, as to cause that which began in a mere ebullition of popular feeling, to end in something not far removed from a political movement. For the churchmen, deserted by the legal authorities, took the matter of self-defence into their own hands, and, muskets and pistols being by and by produced on the opposite side, they too stood to their weapons. The result was, that several lives were lost; that the puritanical faction sustained a signal defeat; that the city guards were either disarmed, or joined the episcopalians; and that the arsenal was taken possession of. Finally, when darkness set in, parties of armed men patrolled the streets, and guards were regularly mounted at the city gates; while there were not

wanting voices, which from time to time cried aloud, "Long live King Charles!" But I must not dwell upon matters which would carry me far beyond my proper limits; so I here bring my chapter to its close.

CHAPTER II.

Showing how the royalists of Kent began to muster.

As I am not now writing either a history of the Kentish insurrection, or a tale founded on the progress of that remarkable movement, my reader must be content to overleap with me a period of nearly five months, during which events had occurred affecting the interests both of the public and of individuals to a degree which, in these times of peaceful agitation and passive resistance, we should find it hard to conceive. In Canterbury, Alderman Savine and his friend Counsellor Lovelace, having called in the assistance of Sir Horace Mann, contrived, by pledging themselves that no hurt should come to any one on account of the part which he had played in the Christmas-day riot, to restore order. But the pledge thus kindly

given, was not only disregarded in the gross, by the marching of a regiment of foot into the city, but the very men who had succeeded in re-establishing the authority of the parliament, became the first victims of the parliament's jealousy. They were arrested, together with others of inferior rank, and committed to Leeds Castle, where, cut off from all intercourse with their friends, and very scurvily treated by their gaolers, they spent some time in close confinement. They were then formally arraigned on a charge of fomenting a rebellion, and brought to trial in the place where their offence was asserted to have been committed. But in calculating on the docility of a Kentish jury, the friends of the usurpation had erred. Twelve good men and true refused, in defiance of a judge's charge, to return a verdict of guilty, and for once the blood of individuals obnoxious to the ruling powers was not poured out.

Meanwhile throughout the whole of Kent, from Eltham and Dartford, down to Romney Marsh and the Isle of Thanet, there arose a strong feeling in favour of the ill-used monarch. The same grand jury which had returned a bill of

ignoramus in reference to Alderman Savine and his friends, drew up a petition to the two houses of parliament, in which they required that the king should be restored to the exercise of his just rights, and the ancient constitution in church and state re-established. The petition was not only denounced as inflammatory and seditious, but the Committee of Safety received instructions to hinder its presentation; while a few troops of horse marched out of Westminster, and took up their quarters at Gravesend. But the spirit of the men of Kent was not to be put down. Large meetings were held on Barham Downs and elsewhere, armed associations were entered into, and a second address to the two houses was voted, many degrees more spirited than the first. Finally, one regiment of infantry and another of cavalry having been enrolled, a protest was circulated through the county, and the determination of such as signed it avowed, of forcing their way to London, in case they should be opposed, with the petition in one hand, and their swords in the other.

It is not my business to describe how this

insurrection was brought about, to what enterprises it led, or by what means it was fostered. The mutiny in the fleet tended much, as is well known, to mature it; and the extraordinary zeal of such men as Hammond, Hatton, and one or two besides, enabled those who embarked with them in the same cause, to overcome all obstacles. They drew to a head at length in force, and securing Canterbury, they marched upon Sandwich, of which, after some little delay, they obtained possession. The next attempt was upon Dover Castle, which proved too strong for them, though in the town they had many friends; so they left it in a state of blockade, and pushed for Walmer, Deal, and Sandown, all of which fortresses opened their gates. Then followed a series of operations, of which the grand results were to render the cavaliers masters of the whole county, as far as the Medway, and to force back upon London the detachments which had been sent out, as well as the most zealous, and therefore the most obnoxious of the parliament's friends. Yet it is worthy of remark, that all this was brought about without any communication

with the heads of the king's party in London. Neither the Earl of Holland, nor the Duke of Buckingham, nor the Earl of Peterborough, nor any others of the chiefs, who held at this time frequent and undisguised consultations concerning the king's affairs, was aware of the spirit that prevailed in Kent, till the county was in arms; and when they did come to a knowledge of the truth, they scarce knew how to deal with it. As it is with the issue of this enterprise that my tale is mainly concerned, I shall at once set my reader down in such a situation as may enable him to obtain of it at least a tolerably accurate survey.

The Minster clock had struck nine. It was a fine clear balmy morning, and the season being an early one, the horse-chesnuts which surround St. Stephen's Green, were all in full bloom; the silver Stour poured his waters peacefully along, and from time to time in his deep pools and lins the trout were leaping, when three persons emerged from the back-door of a house, which, close to the St. Stephen's road, still occupies, though in a somewhat altered form, its original position. The persons in question were, an

elderly man, of a grave and settled aspect, and a very peaceful demeanour; a beautiful girl apparently about eighteen years of age, and a young man arrayed in buff and bandoleer, with an iron cap or helmet on his head, and a huge broad sword by his side. The girl walked between her male friends, and lent affectionately, as it seemed, on both their arms; though her fine hazel eye was turned chiefly towards the countenance of the younger man, who gazed on her tenderly. And though they did not speak, he must have been a very careless observer indeed who would have failed to surmise, that some strong tie of kindred or affection was between them. In fact, the individuals composing this little group, appeared to be equally affected by melancholy; for they strolled on, with a slow and unsteady pace, in silence.

Passing across a gravelled terrace, and traversing a long straight turf walk, on either side of which were flower-beds laid out in all manner of fantastic shapes, the three friends made their way towards a green bank, by the edge of which the river flowed, with a soft and

tinkling noise. There they sat down, being sheltered from the public gaze by a high wall, which interposed between them and St. Stephen's Green, and there for a minute or two their silence continued unbroken. But theirs was manifestly a situation over which strong feelings exercised an influence, and where feeling is strong it will not always be withheld from finding utterance. The old man was the first to speak.

"Woe worth these evil and unhappy times, and woe to the restless and ambitious spirits whom they have produced! How are domestic quiet, and rational liberty, and freedom of conscience sacrificed, that the beggar may rise from the dunghill, where he was born, and take his place among princes. Oh unhappy and misguided monarch! much evil have thy mistaken views of prerogative and kingly right brought upon thyself and upon thy people. From the pinnacle to the foundation the great building of the state is ruined; and what right have we, poor citizens of a mean city, to expect that we shall go without our troubles? Yet I reared this orphan lad tenderly; I re-

garded him as the last of his race; and I hoped to perpetuate mine own name, and that of my beloved brother, by giving this my sole and darling child to be his wife. And now all these dreams are ended; and he goeth forth like a doomed man to the battle, fighting for a cause which shall not prosper; for the Lord hath pronounced judgment against it."

"It's no use grieving, uncle," replied the young man. "What must be must. The dice are cast, and we can but abide the issue of the throw; and as to complaining of the times, and denouncing those who mould them to their own purposes, credit me, there is no more profitless employment, nor any that brings with it less satisfaction. Give me thy blessing, dear uncle, and accept all that I have to offer in return; my best and warmest thanks for that unvarying kindness which has treated me, a portionless child, thrown wholly on thy bounty, as if I had been thine own. Give me thy blessing, dear uncle, and let me go. And you, Harriet, one kiss.—If we meet again, and meet in peace—Nay, do not weep, dear girl. Not in tears ought these last and precious mo-

ments to be spent, but in considering that in God's hands are the issues of the future; and that though appearances be against us now, He who ever upholds the right, may, even in despite of our own follies and imprudences, give prosperity to the cause in which we are embarked. One kiss, Harriet, here in thy father's presence, and then farewell!"

"Oh! not yet, not yet," cried the poor girl, dissolved into tears; "my father has much to say to you, and I too would fain try the force of a last appeal, even though I may hope little from thy obstinacy. Joe, thou hast thyself admitted that the cause is ruined; thou hast said that all chance of success is taken away—why then go farther in this business—why not withdraw even now, ere a blow has been struck, while my father may have it in his power to ensure thy freedom. Joe, do not leave us!"

"Harriet," replied the young man in a deep but settled tone, "thou knowest that when I pass beyond these gates, all that I love on earth will have been left behind. But not even for thy sake would I now refuse to share my comrades' fate, be it for good or for evil. Rashly

we may have heretofore acted—without counsel we may still act, and over our heads certain destruction may be hanging: but we have taken our ground, and we must keep it till the last shot has been fired, and the last blow has fallen. No, Harriet, I should be contemptible in mine own eyes, and utterly unworthy of thy esteem, were I to listen to entreaties which come not, I am sure, from the heart, but originate in a disordered fancy and the feeling of the moment."

"Yet it had been well, Joe," interposed the alderman, "hadst thou never cast in thy lot with them. We got thee out of the Canterbury scrape with difficulty, on the distinct understanding that at least thou wouldst be quiet; yet no sooner was the king's standard hoisted, than thou must needs join it. And under such a leader too! Why, man, were there twenty thousand of you,—as I warrant me there are not seven,—how could ye expect to prevail, being, as ye are, under the management of a giddy boy?"

"So far, uncle, you are mistaken," answered Joe; "Hales is our general no longer. When the plot began to thicken, and difficulties to

increase, he discovered, poor fellow, that he had no talent for command; and his friend L'Estrange has long fallen into disrepute with the whole of us. Hales quitted the army two days ago; his grandfather, I believe, had threatened to disinherit him, and his wife's mother was furious; so he made a merit of necessity, and resigned, after having, as he said, brought the insurrection to such a point, that there needed but a stout heart to carry it through. Hales is now, I believe, at his own home, and Lord Norwich acts as general."

"Lord Norwich is a noble fellow, winning and popular in his manners, a jovial companion over the bottle, and brave as his own sword; but as far as the talent for command is concerned, I doubt whether ye have exchanged leaders for the better. And what if ye do succeed? Are we to have back again our courts of Star Chamber and Commission? Is the throne to be rebuilt upon the ruins of public liberty?"

"No, Sir," answered Joe, "nothing of the sort. Humble as my station in the army may be, I know enough of the spirit that pervades its ranks to testify, that for such an object not

a man among us would wield a sword. We are in arms simply because the little finger of the parliament has proved thicker than the king's loins; and if we succeed, it is our determination to reduce the power of both to its proper limits. But this is not the season for such discussion; so once more your blessing, dear uncle, and then I go in peace."

"Thou hast it, Joe. May He who covered the psalmist's head in the day of battle, cover thine alway, and send thee back, whether victorious or defeated, to be the prop of thine uncle in his declining years, and the protector of thy cousin when I am taken away from her!"

The young man took off his helmet and bent his head, while his relative laid his hands solemnly upon his brow, and pronounced this blessing. He then rose, and receiving in his embrace the fragile form which threw itself in a passion of grief into his arms, kissed the cheek and lips of his beautiful cousin, and pressed her to his heart. No further conversation passed between them. They were too much affected to speak; but Joe, gently disengaging himself, laid the half-fainting girl upon her father's neck,

and hurried away. He did not once pause to look behind, but passing through the house, flung himself on the back of a powerful charger which a lad was leading backwards and forwards in the lane, and set off at a furious pace in the direction of Sittingbourne.

CHAPTER III.

How the plot thickened, and the cavalier pursued his journey.

WITH a heavy, yet not a fearful heart, Joe Savine pursued his journey, his pace gradually slackening, as his composure returned and thoughts of the future began to mix themselves up with the memory of the past. The tone of his conversation in the garden may have sufficed to prove, that though in arms as a royalist, Joe was little sanguine of success; while his education had not been of such a nature as to imbue him either with extravagant notions of loyalty, or a belief in the superior valour and conduct of the men who professed loyal principles. His personal history, as far as I have been able to trace it, was this: Joe Savine was the only child of his father, the elder brother of the alderman. His mother died when she

brought him into the world; and his father did not long survive the event, for his affairs went wrong, and, being unable to endure the change in his condition, he destroyed himself. Joe's father, it appeared, was many years older than the alderman, whom he had materially assisted to establish in business, and who was devotedly attached to him. When, therefore, the little orphan came into his uncle's family, he experienced no change of treatment from that which had previously been awarded him, being brought up to regard himself as the son of his protector, and the heir, if not to his savings, at all events to his flourishing business.

Like his brother, Alderman Savine became a widower on the same day which made him a father; but there was this difference in their fate, that the alderman lived to watch over the ripening beauties of his daughter, and to rejoice in them when they were ripened. And in truth Harriet Savine was a girl of whom any father might be proud. Beautiful she was, both in form and face, more beautiful still in temper and disposition,—a happy creature, whom Nature seemed to have formed for the purpose of

diffusing happiness around her. Nor was there in East Kent a little family more justly content with their position than that of which she was a member. The alderman, a careful and industrious man, found his means accumulate from day to day. He was a brewer on a large scale; and even in the seventeenth century the citizens of Canterbury held good beer in its proper estimation. Moreover, he had a mill, which ground the chief portion of the flour that was consumed in the neighbourhood; and he built himself a snug house beside the mill-race, where he dwelt. Thus, with the wind steady in his stern, he pursued his voyage through life till his nephew had grown almost to man's estate, and his daughter was old enough to sit at the head of his table, and to exhibit a growing attachment for her cousin, which the young man fully returned.

Alderman Savine, though in heart a royalist, was too cautious to take any decided part in the dispute, which first of all split the society of England into angry factions, and then arranged these factions one against another in civil strife. It was his business, and his policy, to preserve,

as far as possible, concord at home; and he succeeded to such an extent, that not till the recent tumult had the peace of the city, of which he soon became a leading magistrate, been disturbed. No doubt there were in Canterbury persons who called themselves cavaliers and roundheads, and it is equally true that individuals belonging to both factions buckled on their swords and went forth. But within the walls of the city there were no hostile movements—the alderman holding it as a maxim worthy of universal acceptance, that it was a wise thing to pay obedience to the powers that be. The consequence was, that while the royalists believed that he would never do them an injury, their rivals gave him credit for keeping the place quiet, and shut their eyes at various irregularities of speech and conduct of which, according to their narrow views of things, the good man was guilty.

Joe Savine was trained by his uncle to hold the same convenient opinions in political matters which he held himself; but the instruction, however zealously communicated, produced but half the results expected. It was not very easy

to curb a temper naturally sanguine, or to hinder that which was at first a mere prejudice from growing into a principle; for Joe was even from his infancy a royalist, and continued so to the end. But this much at least was accomplished;—he gave to the questions which then agitated the public mind more attention than was usually bestowed upon them, and came forth from the enquiry what we should now describe as a steady friend to a limited monarchy. It is probable, indeed, that but for the tumult on Christmas-day — an explosion which occurred not suddenly and without previous maturing—he would have walked in his uncle's steps, and succeeded to his brewery and civic honours. But Joe was a sincere disciple of the Church of England, and, like others in the metropolitan city, had suffered frequent outrage while seeking to worship God after the manner of his fathers. Heartily, therefore, he entered into a scheme which, according to his belief, had no other object in view than to secure to churchmen the same liberty of conscience which every fanatic claimed, but the working out of which, like that of many other de-

vices, took a far wider range than its contrivers intended it to have. The Christmas-day tumult in Canterbury led, indeed, to the arrest of many persons—the arrest of those persons brought on a trial—the trial produced a verdict of acquittal, and the acquittal called forth the famous petition, on which all after proceedings were grounded; and as Joe had narrowly escaped his uncle's imprisonment, and longed to avenge his uncle's wrongs, he was one of the first to append his name to the list of persons by whom the remonstrance was subscribed. Finally, when others began to arm, he would not be restrained; and now, having borne his part elsewhere, he was returning from a week's leave to Rochester, where the royalists lay in force, under the command of the Earl of Norwich, and in daily expectation of a battle.

Joe dashed from the door of his uncle's house with the impetuosity of one who labours under violent excitement, and strove to forget, in extreme rapidity of movement, the personal cares and anxieties which afflicted him. As has already been mentioned, he gradually succeeded in this effort; and, conquering those softer

emotions which to one in his circumstances were both natural and unavoidable, he began to turn his thoughts into a different channel. He reviewed the past and speculated respecting the future, and became as little satisfied with the prospects that were before, as with the scenes which he had left behind him. When he quitted the army, there prevailed nothing like a fixed plan among its leaders, and Joe filled a situation which enabled him to ascertain that fact fully. Though he bore no commission, his influence with the Canterbury troop was such as to place him on a familiar footing with the officers, and his knowledge of the country, as well as his general intelligence and courage, soon brought him into contact with the heads of departments. If orders were to be conveyed from one point to another which it required more than common address to convey, Joe was sure to be employed; and he never failed to manage matters so well, that by degrees a greater and a greater degree of confidence was extended to him. For in those troublesome times, when no man knew where to expect an enemy, it would have been exceed-

ingly inconvenient to commit to writing delicate communications from one chief to another; so that he who came to be esteemed a trustworthy messenger came also to be treated as a confident by such as made use of him. Hence Joe was, perhaps, as well acquainted with the real state of the Kentish insurrection as any individual engaged in it; and it cannot be said that the glances which he was, from time to time, permitted to cast behind the scenes, had the effect of increasing his confidence touching the issue.

It was Joe's intention to reach Chatham that night, between which and the adjoining city of Rochester he had left the army in quarters; and as the distance to be traversed fell somewhat short of thirty miles, there was in the way no natural obstacle which he might not calculate on surmounting. He purposed likewise, by dealing fairly by his horse, by baiting at a convenient interval, and moving throughout at an easy pace, to carry him in fresh and fit for work, being well aware that nobody could tell how soon the mettle both of men and horses was likely to be put to the test. But he had not ridden far ere certain accidents befell, which

threatened to interfere with those intentions. There was at that time no village—there was scarcely a solitary habitation—between Harbledown and Faversham. A huge forest, of which the remains still continue, covered the entire face of the country, and the road that traversed it was both rough and narrow—now scaling the brow of a steep hill—now passing sheer and abrupt into a valley. Joe was deep in the heart of King's Wood when his horse cast a shoe, and he found it necessary, in order to save the animal as much as possible, to dismount. Now, a trooper of the middle of the seventeenth century, in his cuirass and huge jack-boots, was not exactly the sort of personage to whom a progress on foot could be acceptable; indeed few would have thought of venturing upon such a service at all. But Joe Savine loved his horse too well, and put too just an estimate on his importance, not to encounter for his sake a more arduous trial. On, therefore, he trudged, taking care so to lead the animal that his footing might be, as much as possible, on the turf, while he himself took from time to time

the precaution to ascertain that no additional damage had been done to the hoof. His progress was of course very slow, and the fatigue of walking proved excessive, for the day chanced to be unusually sultry, and there was not a breath of air stirring to relieve it. Still he continued to press forward, till a sharp flint struck suddenly into the tender part of the foot, and the poor beast shrank and reeled, and became dead lame.

"A murrain take the smith that shod thee, and the clumsy hand that put this flint stone in thy way!" cried Joe, perceiving that his horse was rendered totally unserviceable. "A pretty scrape is this into which I have run. Here am I a score of miles and more from my quarters, with a lame horse and a pass that expires at six o'clock in the evening, and never a human habitation in sight, where one might look for aid in the hour of need. Zounds! 'twere better I had taken Harriet's advice, and staid at home altogether, for to-morrow they move upon London; and Fairfax is near enough, I know, to find them in work ere they get far on the way.

If I fail to join them before they come to blows, it may be difficult to make them believe that my absence was not intentional."

He looked anxiously round him as he gave utterance to this soliloquy, and saw—or imagined that he saw—a wreath of blue smoke curl up from the bottom of a ravine at no great distance from the road side. There was a convenient bough at hand, over which he threw his horse's bridle; then gathering up his huge broad sword under his arm, he began to push through the underwood. He was soon at the edge of the ravine, where he found himself in such a position that without being personally liable to observation, he could command a full view of all that might pass beneath. There was a fire burning in the hollow, around which half a dozen armed men were collected, while at a stone's-throw apart from them six horses were picketed, one of which appeared to be an animal of great power and beauty. The curiosity of Joe was excited by what he witnessed. It did not fail to strike him, too, that the party in the ravine were in very earnest conversation; and with a pardonable curiosity

he determined, if possible, to make himself acquainted with the subject of their discussion.

Joe had a soldier's eye, and was therefore quick to observe that a brief *détour* to the right would carry him into a ravine at right angles with that on which he was now gazing, and that by creeping along its edge he might approach within ear-shot of the strangers, without exposing himself to their notice. He withdrew, therefore, as he had advanced, with great caution, and following what seemed the bed of a dried-up rivulet, or water-course, was soon in a position still more favourable to his purposes than he had anticipated. Between him and the strangers there was, indeed, but a narrow ledge of soil, overgrown at the summit with thick bushes. This he carefully ascended, dragging himself upon his belly, and holding on by the roots of a tall tree that grew out of the side of the mound, till he had gained the ridge, and was enabled to look down upon the fire and those who sat round it. They wore no badge, consequently might be either friends or foes, but he saw that they were stout men, and well accoutred with buff-coats and bandoleers, while their

long carabines, piled up against the stem of an oak, showed that they were prepared to fight at a distance, not less than hand to hand. Moreover, two appeared to be of a rank superior to the rest, for they sat apart and held converse exclusively with one another. In all this Joe discovered only an additional motive for caution. Give him fair play, and he imagined that he should have little to fear, because if his hand were unequal to protect his head, he might match himself, in speed of foot, with persons so cumbrously accoutred. But leaden bullets travel very fast, and Joe had no particular fancy to be pursued by them. He therefore moved aside the foliage with as much tenderness as if he had been brushing the wing of a butterfly, and applied both eye and ear to crevices as narrow as would permit each to exercise their respective functions.

"We are well out of the scrape, Ditchley," said one of the troopers to another. "The bubble has burst, you may rely upon it. Lord Thanet's desertion ruins all in West Kent; and at Rochester they seem to be at sixes and sevens among themselves. I doubt whether Norwich

will have a thousand men left by to-morrow at this time."

"Yet I had my scruples in abandoning them too," replied he to whom the first speaker addressed himself. "My heart was in the cause, and had I seen even a chance of success, my hand would have struck a blow for it likewise. But I believe you are right. The thing is hopeless; and they are the wisest men who soonest withdraw from it. What are your intentions? whither mean ye to go?"

"I am for France," replied the first speaker. "Depend upon it, there will be strict search after malignants; and he who is known to have taken up arms, no matter how innocently, will be treated with as much harshness as his comrade that used them. The parliament has been too much frighted this bout, to forgive the authors of their terror."

"Is it certain that Fairfax is on the move?"

"You know the authority on which my conviction rests, and you are aware how lightly my remonstrance was treated at head-quarters. He will cut them up in detail, you may rely upon it; and that ere they credit their danger."

"You said that he proposed to attack our people in Maidstone to-night."

"I did so; and I told Hatton of the fact; but either the old fellow disbelieved me, or he was too much occupied with schemes of his own to pay attention. I am sorry for them, too; they will be cut off to a man."

Joe was much struck with the conversation to which he had so strangely become a listener. He gathered from it, indeed, that the speakers were not enemies, however faithless and fickle they might be as friends; and it gave him just so much insight into the situation of the army, as to create an irresistible inclination to acquire more. He determined, after an instant's deliberation, to show himself; and if he could not prevail upon the deserters to return to their colours, at least to obtain from them all the information of which they might be possessed. There was, doubtless, some personal risk in this act; but Joe cared not for that. So he let himself quietly down into the dry water-course; and clearing the elbow of the little height, stood before the strangers. They sprang to their feet, grasped their weapons, and demand-

ed his business. Joe told them. He told them also that he had played the eavesdropper, and entreated them to clear up the doubts and misgivings that had rushed upon his mind.

There was no reluctance on their parts to comply with his wishes. Like himself, they had followed the king's standard at the outset zealously; but recent events had revived in them a quality which is ever an enemy to valour, particularly when the cause which may have appeared at first to flourish, begins to grow desperate. Nay more: while they positively refused to return, they advised him to adopt an expedient which was already in general use, and to provide, while yet the opportunity offered, for his own safety. Finally, they explained to him the circumstances attending Lord Thanet's defection, the unskilful manner in which Norwich had disposed of his troops, and that nothing short of a miracle could save from destruction the whole army.

Joe heard them out.

"You will not then go back with me, and warn the general of his danger," said he.

"Go back we never will," replied the de-

serters in one breath; "and as to warning, depend upon it that would now come too late. Norwich has let slip his hour of grace, and nothing will save him."

"Well, then, do me at least this kindness," answered Joe. "My horse has cast his shoe. Bating that accident, I would not accept the best pair that I see yonder in exchange for him. Let me leave him with you, and give me one of yours, by which means I shall be able to continue my journey. The love you once bore these doomed men must lead you to desire their preservation. I will warn them yet once more, if you will furnish me with the means."

Joe's proposal was agreed to; upon which he selected out of the six the animal which appeared to be the best, and sprang upon its back. It was fresh and newly baited, and appeared full of life and spirit. A brief salutation at parting was all that followed; for Joe soon regained the road, and he did not spare his new charger in pursuing it.

CHAPTER IV.

Showing how the cavaliers fought and suffered.

WHATEVER might have been the nature of Joe's personal feelings when he began his journey in the morning, these ceased, so soon as he had held his interview with the deserters, to hold over him the slightest dominion. His whole soul was thenceforth engrossed with considerations of a weightier nature; with speculations concerning the state of his party, and the condition and prosperity of his fellow soldiers, in reference to the great struggle which could not be far distant. Were they aware of the real nature of their position? and if so, had they made dispositions to grapple with it? These were the thoughts which crowded into his mind, bringing with them no common load of anxiety; while with a frequent application of

the spurs he urged his new charger to fresh exertions as often as he began to slacken his pace, and exhibit other symptoms of weariness. Nor, to say the truth, were other evidences wanting of the growing unpopularity of the king's cause. The nearer he approached to the quarters of the army, the greater was the multitude of stragglers that met him ; few of whom admitted that they had abandoned their colours, though the faces of all were turned in a direction where no royal standard waved.

Joe was by far too anxious to think of his own wants, or of the wants of the animal that bore him. He never drew bit till he reached the brow of the hill, in the valley beneath which lie the three towns, overcanopied even then, though in a less degree than now, by a perpetual cloud of smoke. His horse, covered with foam, and labouring for breath, reeled beneath the rider, who, supporting him with the bridle, had used the spur without mercy, when suddenly there crowned the height a brilliant cortege of officers, among whom Joe recognized the Earl of Norwich, with many more of his personal acquaintances. The young man pulled

up, and awaited their approach. The distressed state of his charger attracted their attention, and more than one seemed anxious to enquire the cause why he had ridden so furiously; but Joe declined answering their questions. He rode directly to the commander-in-chief, with whom, after respectfully saluting him, he entered into a long, and, as it seemed, serious conference.

Lord Norwich's attendants, as in duty bound, kept aloof during the progress of the interview, which terminated at last in a manner not a little calculated to sharpen their vigilance and excite their surprise. The general, dismounting, gave his horse, with all its gorgeous trappings, to the stranger, who quitting his own jaded beast, sprang into the saddle, and galloped off. My authorities do not enable me to state how the staff conducted themselves on the occasion. Doubtless they did, as in a like situation others would have done, put to each other questions which nobody could answer; while, following their chief, they suddenly faced about, and returned to the town, whence they had recently emerged. But, however this may

be, Joe neither paused to watch their proceedings, nor wasted a thought upon them. Away he sped, as fast as his horse's heels could carry him, in the direction of Maidstone. And time it was, that he, or some other intelligent messenger, should take this route; for the day was already far spent, and should he fail to reach the place of his destination ere night, it was more than probable that his arrival would come too late.

On sped Joe, regardless both of highways and byeways; for the whole face of the country was familiar to him, and he rode a horse to whose progress neither hedge nor ditch offered any serious obstacle. Keeping the river on his right, and dashing through corn-fields and over downs, he did his best to narrow the distance, hoping, almost in the teeth of hope, that he might reach his goal before the twilight, which was fast deepening, should have closed in. But there are limits to human exertions, and Joe found that even his could not pass them. The sun was setting when he halted on the hill above Chatham; the evening star had risen ere he turned his face to the south; and long before the

lights in Maidstone glared under his eye, the worst fears that had agitated him during his progress were realised.

There came back upon the wind a sound of firing, broken indeed, and scattered, as if the outposts of two armies were engaged, but sufficiently rapid to make the listener aware that the detachment of the king's troops which occupied the place was about to sustain an attack. Joe insensibly slackened his pace, and, dashing his hands together, gave utterance only to this ejaculation: "It is too late!"

That my reader may understand why the hero of this tale should have been so much affected by what he heard at that moment, it will be necessary to remind him of the relative positions of the royal and parliamentarian forces at the time. When the Kentish insurrection first broke out, neither the friends nor the foes of monarchy counted greatly upon it. The former, uninformed of any intention to move, would scarcely credit that a movement had taken place —the latter, thinking lightly of the spirit of men who had not heretofore taken any prominent part in the civil war, flattered themselves that

they would be suppressed without difficulty. When, however, the snowball enlarged itself from day to day—when their own friends fled to them for protection, and their detachments of horse were driven in, the Commons perceived that it was high time to deal with the insurrection as with a thing of importance, and they commissioned Fairfax, at the head of a powerful and well-disciplined army, to restore peace to the troubled outskirts of London. Fairfax hastened to obey the orders of his masters, and crossed London Bridge much about the same time that General Hales gave up his command to Lord Norwich. But there was this striking difference between the characters of the two men, that while the one would neither take rest himself, nor suffer those under his charge to repose, till the object which he had been appointed to effect should have been accomplished, the other seemed willing to enjoy himself, and to make others happy, even on the brink of a volcano. Nobody has ever called in question the bravery of Goring; but of his capacity to command a force which, from its very nature, if not perpetually pressing forward, could not fail of

falling to pieces, the most ignorant in such matters may, without presumption, judge. The troops which Norwich commanded consisted of the gentry and yeomanry of Kent, with their servants and personal retainers. They were well armed, and amounted in all to about seven thousand men; and had they pushed upon London, while the panic there was at its height, it would be a rash thing to say that they could not have succeeded. But Norwich, instead of marching upon the metropolis, talked of defending the course of the Medway, a river which is fordable in twenty places, even below Maidstone, and which, had the contrary been the case, could not be observed by a force ten times greater in amount than that of which he was at the head. Nor is this all: instead of keeping his little corps well in hand, he permitted the men to straggle in search of quarters, stationing in Maidstone a brigade of a thousand men, while the rest occupied, in the worst possible manner, Rochester and the places near. Such a disposition, in the face of a skilful officer like Fairfax, was unwise in the extreme; and the laxity of discipline which it created in his own camp

proved fatal. The men, separated from their officers, soon began to grow tired of soldiering, and by whole sections stole away, and returned to their homes.

When Joe Savine met his general, as has been described a short time ago, he communicated to him the substance of the conversation which he had held with the deserters in King's Wood. To his inexpressible astonishment he found, that few of the statements which he made were not already within Lord Norwich's cognizance. Of the disaffection of Lord Thanet the Earl was already aware; and he knew that Fairfax was moving. But till Joe Savine suggested that in all probability Maidstone would be the first point of attack, the necessity of uniting his army seems never to have struck him. Now, however, there came upon him a conviction that his dispositions had hitherto been faulty; and Joe was instructed to convey to the officer in command an immediate order of retreat. And as orders issued under the pressure of sudden alarm are for the most part precipitate, Lord Norwich gave his with the tone of one who believes that life and death are on

the dice. Hence Joe's anxiety to prevent the night, as if it had been quite a settled thing that by night, and not by day, Fairfax would attack. Hence the urgency of the general's command that Joe would use all diligence, which the latter, as has just been related, took care to obey; and hence too the extreme anxiety of the messenger, when his ears were first saluted with the sounds of battle. For it immediately occurred to him that the place was attacked, and that a retreat, if now undertaken at all, must of necessity be both confused and disastrous. Still he had a duty to perform, and he would not neglect it. Having mastered his feelings, he again pushed forward, and in a short time his horse's hoofs rang on the paved streets of the town.

When he entered Maidstone the sound of firing had ceased. The deserted state of the streets, indeed, to the north and east of the town, informed him that the garrison must have been called away in an opposite direction, and that fear, or some worse feeling, kept the inhabitants within doors; but, except in this particular, no symptoms were manifested of the progress of hostilities. He was willing, therefore,

to flatter himself that there had been some false alarm at the outposts; and that he might yet be in time to withdraw in good order a corps which, if left much longer where it was, must be cut off. But he was not long permitted to indulge this happy delusion. Just as he was turning the corner of Market-street, a mounted officer met him, whom he requested to conduct him to the commandant's quarters.

"The commandant lives at the mayor's house, which you will easily discover by inquiring for it. I cannot stop to be your guide," was the answer.

"I bring him orders from Lord Norwich," replied Joe.

"Aha!" answered the officer, "I was on my way to demand them. We have met in good time. I will conduct you to head-quarters."

He turned his horse round as he spoke, and they rode together up High-street. But they had not proceeded many paces ere a furious discharge of musketry warned them that the play was begun.

"Is there any support at hand?" demanded the officer.

"I fear not," replied Joe. "My instructions were to move you off with as little delay as possible; and to unite you with the main body at Rochester."

"Then you come too late, friend," was the reply. "Our advanced posts were driven in just before dark; the enemy have won the bridge, and nothing remains for us now but to maintain the town till Norwich shall send or come to relieve us. Hark! the struggle waxes warm."

And it did wax warm. The firing which had at first been sharp, but of limited extent, seemed now to spread itself over a widely-extended surface. Every street and lane from the left bank of the Medway to the extremity of the town appeared to be contested, while the shouts that from time to time arose, as here and there a momentary lull took place, told of some furious onset at push of pike as furiously resisted.

"O that you had reached us four-and-twenty hours sooner!" exclaimed Joe's guide. But both the speaker and he to whom he addressed himself knew that this was not the moment for regret; so they struck the rowels into

their horses' flanks, and were soon in the midst of the *mêlée.*

Joe and his guide advanced along High-street. It was narrow, flanked on either hand with high houses, and had, late in the day, been stoutly barricaded at its extremity with wagons, barrels filled with earth, and piles of stones. One of the barricades was by this time carried; and the young men met its defenders retreating in disorder towards the market-place. "Courage, my lads! courage!" shouted Joe. "Stand to it like men. The whole army is supporting you. Hark! don't you hear the clatter of horses' feet on the pavement?" The fugitives saw that that he who spoke was a stranger. They therefore believed his assurance, and turned furiously to bay; and so desperate was their onset, that Fairfax's people, veterans as they were, could not withstand it. They were borne back beyond the barricade, and once more in this direction was the battle that of musketeers against musketeers.

The promise of support which Joe had given to the handful of brave men in Maidstone, was destined, contrary to his expectation, to be fulfilled.

Norwich, with the customary weakness of one incapable of directing the movements of an army, would not move with his whole force to bring off the threatened division, but detached eight hundred horse, a number totally inadequate to carry effectual relief, should it be wanted, yet sufficiently large to swell, fatally for himself, the amount of his own casualties. These gallant fellows reached the town just as the roundheads had established themselves in its outskirts, and by a resolute charge drove them back beyond the farthest barricade. But the odds were fearfully against them. Nine thousand men, inured to battle, took it by turns to wage the attack; whereas, after the arrival of these jaded succours, there were but two thousand in all to sustain and repel them. The result is well known, and could not for a moment have been doubtful. Beaten from their first defences, the men of Kent fought valiantly from house to house. They sold their lives very dearly; indeed, there were moments when even Fairfax hesitated, while his best and bravest troops fell by sections around him. But wave after wave came up, the reserves taking the sta-

tions of those who had been roughly handled, till at last the market-place was won, and all beyond it in possession of the assailants. One point, however, was still maintained with inflexible gallantry. The officer in command, followed by about three hundred men, threw himself into the church, whence the utmost efforts of the enemy could not throughout the night dislodge him. At last, however, morning dawned; and the total wreck of the king's cause, as far as it depended on the defence of Maidstone, became evident. The streets were crowded with dead bodies; the republicans were everywhere the victors; and the king's general accepted a capitulation, and laid down his arms.

CHAPTER V.

Showing how the insurrection ended, and what was its effect on the cavaliers' fortunes.

It was on the evening of the second day after the fatal battle of Maidstone, that Alderman Savine and his daughter walked forth to take the air, and to converse, as they went, on topics which engrossed at the moment all men's attention—the existing condition of the hostile parties, and probable fortunes of the country. The range of their speculations was not indeed very wide, for Harriet's hopes and fears were directed exclusively to what might concern her cousin; while her father, if he did occasionally hint at the probable effects of the defeat on the nation at large, was almost immediately reminded that they had their own grounds of uneasiness nearer home. "O that we were informed of Joe's safety!" was her frequent exclamation. "Un-

kind, ungenerous, to leave us as he did, and now to maintain a silence which he cannot but be aware is a thousand times more distressing than a knowledge of the worst. Why has he not written?"

"You do your cousin injustice, Harriet," replied the alderman. "It might be rash his first mixing himself up in this unhappy movement, which never promised to effect anything except the destruction of those concerned in it; but he could not, in honour, desert his friends at the very moment when they needed every arm to help them. And as to his silence, that, you may be sure, is not voluntary."

"It may be so, sir," answered Harriet, "yet I think that had our circumstances been reversed, he would have found me more true to my first vows than to contract other engagements which must necessarily interfere with them. Joe was unkind to leave us as he did, whatever may be the occasion of his silence."

They were traversing at this time a narrow path on the left bank of the Stour, which led through one or two rich meadows towards the skirts of the great forest, which then came down

at many places to the water's edge. They entered the wood, and were preparing to penetrate into its recesses, when something that looked like a bundle of clothes thrown carelessly along the root of an ash tree, attracted Harriet's attention. She pointed it out to her uncle, who immediately suggested that possibly a gipsy encampment might be near; and, as the gipsies stood not at that period of English history in high estimation among persons of more settled habits, he added apart that no time ought to be lost in regaining the open country. It is not always possible to account for the impulses which lead us to act in opposition to what our more sober judgment might advise; at least so Harriet must have admitted, had her uncle desired her to explain the cause of the reluctance which she expressed to act upon his suggestion. Curiosity might perhaps have had some share in the feeling, yet, even with woman, curiosity is seldom so weighty as to overbalance a well-grounded apprehension of personal danger. But whatever the motive was, Harriet refused to go till they had ascertained the real nature of the object that had startled them. Accordingly,

they drew towards it; and if their hearts beat fast while yet a good way off, the more near they approached the object of their curiosity, the greater reason was there for misgiving. Now they ascertained that it was a cloak, such as horsemen were accustomed to wear in bad weather. Now it seemed as if the cloak had been cast over some bulky object; and now a man's hands and feet were seen to protrude from beneath it. Harriet trembled excessively, and her uncle's arm shook also while it supported her; yet they both determined to go through with the adventure.

"It is some straggler from one or other of the armies," whispered the alderman; "and he seems asleep;—'twere a pity to awake him."

"He may be a fugitive from Maidstone," whispered Harriet, "and in distress. But he lies very still." They were, by this time, close to the object of their curiosity, which, having its features entirely concealed by the folds of the cloak, continued perfectly motionless.

"There is at least the movement of one who breathes," said the alderman in a faltering voice. "He can't therefore be dead."

Harriet uttered a low cry, which, however, produced no effect upon the object before them, and with a desperate hand seized the cloak. She withdrew it hastily from the face, and beheld, pale and motionless, and stretched upon his back, her cousin Joe. His lips were black and parched,—his eyes were half closed, —he breathed, but it was slowly and with much labour,—and there was blood upon his cloak. She screamed aloud, but not for a moment did her presence of mind desert her. She seized his cold hand; she rubbed it in her's, and the operation revived him, for he opened his eyes, cast upon her a look of recognition, and moved his lips as if in the effort to speak.

"Water! water, my father!" cried she. "Oh, fetch some water;—or stay, I will run faster than you. Support his head while I fetch some from the river."

She seized his iron head-piece, and ran with it to the stream. She plunged it in, but there was a cleft in its side, through which the element poured, and she took it up empty. "Oh, my God!" shrieked the poor girl, "forsake me not." So saying, she tore the handkerchief from

her neck, and thrusting it into the aperture, stopped the leak. Then, with the helmet full to the brim, she hastened back, and began to lave the lips and forehead of the wounded man. And it was wonderful to see the effect of the application; for no sooner had he swallowed a mouthful or two than his strength appeared to revive, and his eye recovered a portion of its brightness.

"Angel of light! Harriet! my own, my well-beloved! God has heard my prayer, and sent thee to close mine eyes."

"Oh no, no, Joe, not to close thine eyes!" exclaimed she eagerly, "but to tend thee in thy sickness, to nurse thee till thou art recovered; to be to thee all that ever woman was to man. Thou shalt not die, Joe; thou must not die, for my sake and for my father's."

Joe could answer only with a smile, but it was so soft, so radiant, so like those with which, in happier days, he had been wont to greet her, that the maiden's hopes gathered strength as she beheld it, and she believed that she had spoken the truth. Neither had she deceived herself, so far, at least, as his recovery was concern-

ed. Having been removed to his uncle's house, it was found, indeed, that he was grievously wounded, for a ball had so shattered his right arm as to render amputation necessary, and a sword had penetrated his cap; but no vital part having been touched, Joe bore the operation well, and every new day brought him an accession of strength. His story, too, was not different from that of other fugitives from a disastrous battle. Dismounted in the *mêlée*, during which his horse was shot under him, Joe continued to fight on, till a musket-ball took effect in his arm, and rendered him helpless. He looked round then, and beheld that all was lost. The cavaliers, borne down by overwhelming numbers, were everywhere in full flight; and he, joining with the stream, was, happily for himself, swept beyond the church. He could render no assistance to those who still resisted; he was weak from loss of blood, so he determined to shift for himself. It is strange with what power the thought of home comes upon us when we are suffering in mind or body, or both; how our most ardent wish amounts only to this—that we could reach the scene of our

childish happiness, as if the happiness of childhood could be restored by a return to its haunts. So, at least, felt Joe Savine on that night of disaster and defeat, when, hastily binding his sash round the broken limb, he turned his steps, not towards Rochester, but in the direction of Canterbury. Nor is this all: with the timidity which is apt to obtain the dominion over him who has escaped from a defeat, Joe avoided as much as possible every frequented path, trusting that his knowledge of the country would enable him to penetrate through the woods, and to reach St. Stephen's without attracting observation. Poor fellow! he did not calculate on the inevitable effects of exhaustion and loss of blood. He held his course correctly enough, and had approached within a league of home, when his strength failed him. He then sat down under a tree, and, perceiving his senses fail, wrapped himself in his cloak and made up his mind to perish. For many hours he had lain thus, sight and hearing and touch all growing dull, while through his mind there passed dreams of running water which he was not permitted to approach. But Providence at last sent those to

his relief, from whom, more than from all others, it was pleasant to receive acts of kindness; and he was carried, as has just been described, to St. Stephen's.

Of the remainder of Joe Savine's history I can speak only in very general terms. Notwithstanding the severity of his wound, he was not permitted to spend the residue of his days at home. A marked man in the beginning of the disturbances, and spoken of as peculiarly active during their progress, warrants were early issued out against him, to avoid the execution of which he fled, being as yet imperfectly cured, to the Continent. How he supported himself there, during a space of some years, I cannot tell, for his uncle became involved in misfortune, through no other cause than that he had sheltered a malignant in trouble. Fines were imposed upon him so severe as to reduce him very nearly to want, and his flourishing business passed into the hands of strangers. When it came to this, the old man withdrew from his native city, and, hiring a small cottage in the Weald, endeavoured to reconcile his habits to his fallen condition. He was not altogether unsuc-

cessful in this, for Harriet went with him; and in his daughter's society he endeavoured to forget that he had ever seen better days. And it may almost be said that he was happy, when, the violence of persecution having passed away, Joe returned to share with his relatives their fallen state. But the marriage of the cousins, which in due time took place, proved fatal to the peace of the family. Harriet, a delicate woman, died, as her mother had done before her, after bringing a dead infant into the world; and her father's head was, not long afterwards, laid beside hers in the grave.

From this time, during a series of many years, Joe Savine appears to have been a sort of dependent on the bounty of one or other of the loyal families who found it convenient to conform to the government of the day. His story was well known, and his personal merits acknowledged; yet, somehow or other, no opportunity offered of establishing him in any line of business by which he could earn a livelihood for himself. At last the Restoration took place, and among many others Joe ventured to bring forward his claims. They were

long neglected, for Joe had no court patron to speak for him, and in Charles the Second's time merit constituted a claim to court favour which was very little recognised. But they did prevail in the end. He who had sacrificed a comfortable independence, and fought and lost a limb in defence of the monarchy, was admitted, after one-and-twenty years of poverty, into Chelsea Hospital. He was rated as a light-horseman, and as a light-horseman he died.

A TRADITION OF

TANGIER.

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CHAPTER I.

Showing how Tangier was first occupied by a British garrison.

It is well known that the town of Tangier, wrested about half a century before by the Portuguese from the barbarians, passed, on the marriage of Charles the Second to the Princess Catherine, under the dominion of the British crown. Situated upon a bay in the Straits of Gibraltar, and at the mouth of a creek navigable at least for barges, Tangier was accepted in 1662 as a very valuable acquisition, as well because it promised to afford a shelter for English vessels, in the event of a war with Spain, as that it opened out a ready means of access to the trade of the East of Europe. For Gibraltar had not yet ceased to form a portion of the Spanish monarchy, and the sea-ports on the African shore being in the hands of avowed

pirates, to pass to and from the Bay of Biscay and the Mediterranean was at all seasons a service of danger, if not of difficulty. Under such circumstances, the occupation of Tangier was regarded by the mercantile classes as a matter of vast moment, and great was their rejoicing when a fleet and army quitted the British shores to take possession of the prize.

It is not possible, owing to the imperfect accounts that have come down to us, to give an accurate description of the jewel thus transferred to the British crown. In its origin a Gothic town, though enlarged, if not beautified, by its Moorish conquerors, it is described as displaying, at the period of which I am now speaking, a good deal of magnificence, intermixed with an excess of squalor. There was a cathedral, with twelve parish churches, the former large and well supplied with lodgings for the canons. There was a bazaar or market-place, and a great plaza or square, but the streets seem to have been narrow—the quays inconvenient—the harbour perfectly useless, except for vessels of a low draught of water—and the fortifications altogether contemptible. A wall begirt the town,

so narrow that three men could scarcely march abreast under cover of the parapet, and its flank defences were round towers built at a time when artillery was but little trusted to even in sieges. A ditch, to be sure, there was, but it was neither deep nor wide, and had not so much as a vestige of a glacis; and all beyond its outer face was an enemy's country. For the Moors had rigidly guarded against the acquisition by the Portuguese of a rood of open land, and fought many a bloody battle to hinder them from erecting even an outwork. Accordingly, to the eyes of the new comers, the settlement appeared by many degrees less inviting than it had done to their imaginations. Neither were they more gratified by the results of the investigation which was instituted into the sort of intercourse kept up between the town and its neighbours. They found, for example, that the commerce carried on laboured under many restrictions; indeed that, as such transactions generally are, when an isolated band of Christians are forced to trade with powerful hordes of barbarians, it was exceedingly vexatious to the former. Thus, while the Moorish authorities

would permit the strangers to buy only from dealers appointed by themselves, who of course exacted for their goods enormous prices, their own traders claimed the privilege of entering the town, and purchasing wherever they might find the best market. In like manner there was an old treaty which bound the Europeans to pay to the Moors an annual amount of powder and muskets, as a sort of ground-rent for their colony; and in the exaction of this the Moors were exceedingly rigid. Then, again, the piratical vessels of the Moors were committing constant depredations on the trade of the Christians. They would even push up the estuary in row-boats, board a vessel lying under the guns of a battery, carry off the crew, and either reduce them to slavery, or exact heavy ransoms, while the representations made to the alcaide or governor of the district were uniformly treated with neglect. In short, the English had been but a brief space in possession ere they began to be aware that their lot was not an enviable one, and that the estimate which had been formed in London, touching

the value of Tangier as a colony, was in many respects exaggerated.

The body of settlers who removed to the coast of Africa with their families, fortunes, and trading propensities, went under the protection of two regiments; one English, the other Irish. The first, or Tiviot's regiment, consisted of fifteen companies, varying in strength from forty to one hundred men each; the last, called Fitzgerald's, after the name of the colonel, contained six companies. Both were made up, according to the usage of the times, partly of musketeers, partly of pikemen, in the proportion of one-third of pikemen to two-thirds of musketeers. Of the pikemen, who were invariably selected from among the tallest and stoutest soldiers in each regiment, the appointments were as follows: a pike, having an ash handle, not less than sixteen feet in length; a back piece and breast-plate, an iron head-piece, and a sword. The musketeers were armed either with firelocks, called snaphances, or with matchlocks; for the latter, though getting out of fashion, were still used; indeed, so late as 1690, a book

of exercise for that arm was published by authority. Only the grenadiers, of whom one company was attached to each regiment, carried bayonets, and these not fixed, as is the case now, with a socket, but screwed by the handle into the muzzle of the piece. In like manner, while the musketeer had for close quarters a sword and a dagger, the grenadier carried over and above a hatchet, with which, at the word "fall on," he was accustomed, after discharging his missiles, to rush upon the enemy. Both wore, in Charles the Second's time, pouches, and both loaded with cartridges; the bandoleer having been laid aside soon after the close of the great civil war. Finally the grenadier, over and above the rest of his weapons, carried slung behind him a bag of hand-grenades, to the use of which he was trained, and from which, indeed, he derived his designation. With respect, again, to the clothing of the infantry, it seems to have consisted, for each man, of a grey coat and breeches, a hat, shoes, shirt, neckcloth and stockings, all contracted for by the officer in command of the several regiments, and all furnished out of allowances granted for the purpose by Go-

vernment. And it is worthy of remark, that as such allowances were made in the gross, so it was not deemed necessary to institute the smallest inquiry into the mode of applying them. If the commanding officer was an honest man, and had the zeal for the service which his station required, then would the regiment be well clothed and appointed; if otherwise, the commandant was sure to grow rich, while the poor soldier went half naked, and very imperfectly equipped.

The first who held office as governor of Tangier was the Earl of Tiviot, the colonel of the English regiment which went by his name, —a fine old soldier, full of courage, quick of temper, tinctured not slightly with stubbornness, and accustomed to carry through whatever he might take in hand, without much regard to the obstacles moral and physical which might oppose themselves. He was not slow in perceiving that there existed at home a very mistaken opinion as to the condition of the place; which could never be rendered available either as a naval station or an emporium of trade, unless its harbour were greatly improved, and its territory inland extended. Moreover,

he saw with regret that his instructions contained not a single clause which he could interpret into an authority for removing these evils. He therefore determined on returning home, a project which he carried into execution, as soon as he had established his subjects both civil and military in their respective places, and carried into effect certain arrangements with the Portuguese bishop and clergy, for which the treaty of cession had provided. This done, he hied him to London, where the necessities of his case were laid bare; and he received from the king's government full powers to act in the matter as should seem best for the public good.

Lord Tiviot hastened back to his colony, well pleased with the result of his application, and bent upon effecting his proposed improvements, not only without delay, but in defiance of opposition either external or internal. There was at this time an angry feeling on the part of Spain towards England. The Portuguese connexion on the one hand, and the French alliance on the other, alike displeased her; and

she affected extraordinary jealousy of this new settlement, so near, as was pretended, to her coasts, and so likely to interfere with the right, to which she laid claim, of controlling the navigation of the Straits. Lord Tiviot availed himself of this well-known jealousy, and made it the groundwork of an application to the Bey, that he would concede to the English just so much territory without the town, as might suffice for the construction of a line of outposts. The application was met, as perhaps Lord Tiviot expected, by a direct refusal. He was told "that by a decision of the Elders and Rabbis, their law would not permit them to give libertie to Christians to fortifye in Africa;" and that any attempt to do so would be resented and opposed. At the same time it was intimated to those within the town, that in the event of a quarrel, the Moors "were willing to give quarters as in the Portuguese tyme, and rate the prisoners at such a pryse." The stout governor seems to have fired up at this announcement. "I told them," says he in his official despatch, "I would either have peace

with the sayd conditions, or else war without them;" and he kept his word. On the very day after the return of his commissioners, he marched forth at the head of his whole garrison, drove back the Moorish guards that observed the town, seized upon a new alignment about two miles in advance, and began to fortify.

It is very probable that the war, if not begun by Lord Tiviot, would have been forced upon him sooner or later by the insolence of the Moors; yet is it past dispute that the English were the aggressors. They conceived that an extension of territory was requisite for their safety, and being refused it on application, they won it with their swords. 'Tis the good old rule, doubtless, of which Wordsworth speaks in commendation; but it does not always lead to good, and in the present instance its purpose was defeated. For the space of two-and-twenty years from the date of this transaction, there was continual war at Tangier. From time to time, indeed, a truce would be patched up, as one or other of the bellige-

rent parties grew tired of the pastime of fighting; but never from that hour, till the day when the settlement was abandoned, were its tenants at peace. Of some of the most stirring of the encounters which occurred during that war I propose to give a short account; and as such tales are never so well told as by persons who have witnessed the transactions which they describe, I will on all occasions where the opportunity offers, take advantage of the privilege that has been afforded me, by extracting from the mass of papers and letters which, bearing upon this isolated portion of our history, have been preserved in the State Paper Office. Should there appear to be in some of these, a deficiency of interest, I cannot help it. The subject is very closely connected with the fortunes of Chelsea Hospital, which may be said in some sort to have arisen out of the struggle at Tangier; and were the case otherwise, there are probably few persons who would not desire to know something of the merits and services of such men as Fairborne, Kirke, and others. For

though their monuments are upon the walls of Westminster Abbey, and lie open to the inspection of all men, the legends which they bear must be altogether without meaning, if all record of their exploits be forgotten.

Among the brave men who perilled their lives in this tedious struggle, there was none stouter of heart, or more resolute of purpose than Lord Tiviot. He had taken his line, and he resolved to keep it, let come what might; and as he exposed his own person as freely as that of the meanest of his followers, he never found among his men the slightest inclination to desert him. Day after day a portion of the garrison was engaged in skirmishes, which at once taught them the art of war, and, being successful, gave them confidence in themselves, while the remainder wielded spade and pickaxe with such effect, that a semicircle of redoubts soon crowned the heights by which the town is at a long gun-shot's interval surrounded. Continued success is, however, in most cases, the parent of rashness, and rashness in war universally leads to disaster. Take, for example,

the following extract from a letter addressed by Major, afterwards Sir Tobias Bridge, to the Secretary of State, in which an account is given of the first serious check which the English army had as yet sustained. The despatch bears date May 5, 1664, and runs thus:

"RIGHT HONOURABLE,

"After our noble governor, my Lord of Tiviot, by his prudent conduct and industry, had done so great and worthy actions against the Moors, his success wherein being to all men's admiration, having not only resisted and beaten off their whole army when they attacked our lines, sallying out upon them, and took the standard of Guyland, but gained ground on them every day by making new lines, and being upon the erecting of two forts at a considerable distance from the town for their preservation, the which, though not perfected, yet a little time would have brought them to a condition of defence. And for the security of his workmen, himself in person did every morning with all his horse and considerable numbers of

foot, make ample discoveries of all the grounds about to a considerable distance, and afterwards placed guards and scouts to the greatest advantage imaginable; by which practice we were not of some considerable time molested by the Moors ambushes, which before they frequently laid, only showing themselves sometimes each day in small parties at a good distance, neither did they for five or six days so much as show themselves to us in any party. This gave my lord encouragement to march over the Jews' river, into a thick bushy wood opposite to the hill on the westward the sea, and went there with a party of foot, more than three miles, without any resistance made, when they only found one house built with stone and lime, the which was by them quitt upon my lord's approach, leaving therein some kettles, hooks, bills, and other necessaries, which our souldiers, upon their return, brought away. Upon the third of this instant, my lord having made early in the morning a further discovery with his horse, than ever he had done at any time before, to the south-east, and after placing

his centinels and guards, judging the country, for a great distance at least, to be clear of any enemy, ordained all the horse to forage there, directing some foot to lye near them, for the making good the retreat, if any thing unexpectedly should happen. And he himself took a resolution to goe into the wood with some foot to cut wood, and immediately went over the valley to the west hill towards Fort Charles, and took with him seven battalions (companies) of foot, all fire-locks, the best and choicest of our men, and the principal and chief officers of our garrison to command them; he himself being accompanied with several gentlemen volunteers and reformed officers, marched over the Jews' river into the wood, and went up three several ways, they being all appointed to meet at some particular place some distance above the hill. But so it was, notwithstanding his far discovery before made by the horse, which, I fear, produced more than ordinary confidence, before they came up to the middle parts of the hill in the wood, several ambushes of foot discovered themselves, with which our

men skirmished and drove to a retreat; but presently they rose up on all hands, and appeared in such great numbers, that they immediately had surrounded our men. At the same time the horse started up round about in the valley, and on the hills to the south-east, not less than two thousand came pouring down, not only upon our horse, but took the advantage in a moment to fall between the wood where our foot were and the hill, that although it was evident our men fought as resolute, and gave as good fire as men could do, they being thus surrounded by their army of horse and foot, our worthy general, the officers and gentlemen with him, and all the whole party of the souldiers were cut off; not thirty of them, as I can find, that ever came back. There is lost in this action his excellency the Earl of Tiviot, our general, with nineteen commission officers, and fifteen gentlemen and volunteers, the doctor, together with three hundred and ninety-six non-commission officers and private souldiers, the particular of which and other things is sent. This sad misfortune and great breach hath filled us

all with sorrow and distraction; yet are all willing to contribute our utmost for the safety of the place, and, if possible, to preserve those forts which already hath cost so much care and charges. The officers remaining here have, with joynt consent, been pleased to command me at present to manage the governor's concerns, which I shall, with all faith and loyalty, endeavour to discharge, according to my capacity, until his Majesty's pleasure be known."

The loss of the governor, and so large a portion of the garrison, was severely felt in Tangier. Independently of the great diminution of strength to a force originally feeble enough, the moral effect was of the worst kind; for the troops, relieved from the tight grasp of a veteran's hand, began to mutiny for want of pay, and desertions became frequent. It was discovered, too, that there were traitors within the walls, who kept up a correspondence with the enemy, and the firmness and conduct of Sir Tobias Bridge were put sorely to the test. He seems, however, to have been a man of courage, and

he acted on the occasion with equal decision and judgment. One Wilson, a merchant, was arrested. The ringleaders of the mutineers were tried and put to death, and order was restored. This done, the completion of the works sketched out by Lord Teviot was vigorously pressed; and within a month the advanced line became defensible.

On the 13th July 1664, Colonel Fitzgerald, who was in England on leave of absence at the time of Lord Tiviot's death, arrived to take command of the place. Some reinforcements came out about the same time, which enabled him to muster once more seventeen companies; but his provisions soon ran short; and the Moors not only kept a large armed force in a posture to threaten him continually, but began to build a town within a league and a half of his outposts, and otherwise permanently to occupy the surrounding districts. No acts of hostility occurred, however, during many months. It seemed, indeed, as if the Moors were unwilling to break entirely with England unless Spain should join them, and that Spain,

though disposed to blow up a flame between the rival powers, felt reluctant herself to draw the sword. Accordingly, the preparations on both sides continued to be merely defensive. Colonel Fitzgerald applied for more men, and obtained them, while Guyland pushed forward his system of colonization indefatigably.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY SAMUEL BENTLEY,
Dorset Street, Fleet Street.

CHELSEA HOSPITAL,

AND ITS TRADITIONS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"THE COUNTRY CURATE,"—"THE SUBALTERN,"
"THE CHRONICLES OF WALTHAM," &c.

Go with old Thames, view Chelsea's glorious pile,
And ask the shattered hero whence his smile;
Go view the splendid domes of Greenwich—go,
And own what raptures from reflection flow.
Hail! noblest structures, imaged in the wave,
A nation's grateful tribute to the brave—
Hail! blest retreats from war and shipwreck, hail!
That oft arrest the wandering stranger's sail.
Long have ye heard the narratives of age,
The battle's havoc and the tempest's rage;
Long have ye known reflection's genial ray
Gild the calm close of valour's various day.

ROGERS.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LONDON:
RICHARD BENTLEY,
NEW BURLINGTON STREET.
1838.

CHELSEA HOSPITAL.

BOOK II. *continued.*

CONTAINING GRAVE MATTERS OF MILITARY HISTORY.

7

A TRADITION OF

TANGIER.

CHAPTER II.

In which is shown how Tangier was defended.

Between the date of Colonel Fitzgerald's assumption of the chief command, and the year 1668, various events befell, of which it is not necessary for my present purpose to give any detailed account. The dreaded breach with Spain did not occur. For a while, indeed, the Spaniard seems to have dealt covertly with Guyland, the chief of the Moorish tribe whose territories lay contiguous to Tangier; and Guyland himself ceased not to maintain the threatening attitude which the first movement in advance by Lord Teviot had induced him to assume. But no acts of positive hostility took place. On the contrary, the Moors were content to carry forward the building of their new town, and otherwise to bring

the country adjacent into a state of cultivation; while the English busied themselves in strengthening and enlarging the works, by means of which they expected to render Tangier one of the most valuable of the foreign possessions belonging to the British crown.

But though the Spaniard overcame his jealousy so far as to abstain from any aggressive operations against Tangier, the garrison was not on that account permitted to relax its vigilance. There was war between Great Britain and Holland; and the Dutch navy was then no despicable rival for the British fleet to contend withal. Moreover, the ill-assorted alliance which had subsisted for a time between England and France suffered interruption; and France, espousing the cause of the Dutch, turned her arms against her former associate. On more than one occasion, therefore, the anxiety of the Tangierine authorities was kept upon the stretch by the appearance of a hostile squadron in the bay, while a broadside or two directed against the mole taught the gunners to work their guns under the fire of an enemy. Nevertheless, the colony conti-

nued to thrive. As a place of trade it does not indeed appear ever to have been of much value, for the harbour was defective, and the neighbouring coast swarmed with pirates; while, according to the miserable policy of the times, it was often left without necessary supplies from home. Yet the population increased; and the establishment of regular courts of law and record gave consistency and form to the whole machine. Neither can it be said that a better school for the formation of soldiers was at that period to be found throughout the compass of the British empire. Patience, vigilance, endurance of fatigue, contempt of danger, and promptitude to obey—these were the habits which a sojourn of months and years within this African fortress taught men to acquire; and that they were not carelessly taken up, may be inferred from the fact that both Marlborough and Peterborough, the most illustrious warriors of the age, first acquired a knowledge of their duty in Tangier.

The post of governor, though both honourable and lucrative, seems to have been little

coveted; at least the applications for recall by the several individuals who from time to time obtained it were frequent. Of these gentlemen it is not worth while to transcribe even a list. Enough is done when I state that Major Sir Tobias Bridge gave place to Colonel Fitzgerald; that Colonel Fitzgerald was temporarily succeeded by Colonel Norwood; that Colonel Norwood gave place to Lord Bellasis, as Lord Bellasis did again to Colonel Sackville. By all of these, and by others who came after them, the same, or nearly the same, system of policy was pursued. They were continually on the alert. They emptied the town of multitudes of Jews who had found an asylum there, and were very shy how they permitted foreigners to establish themselves within the walls. They had spies in all the Moorish cities far and wide, as well as in Cadiz, Gibraltar, and the principal Spanish stations near; and they exerted themselves to counterwork the proceedings of suspected persons, many of whom, in spite of their utmost vigilance, lingered within their own lines. They desired peace with their neighbours, yet never seemed

to shun war; and they caused themselves to be upon the whole respected. As the works increased in extent and importance, moreover, they found it necessary to apply for constant reinforcements; and, straitened as the resources of the supreme government were, these applications were not absolutely disregarded; for the two regiments of infantry were recruited to two thousand men, and three troops of horse, of one hundred each, were added. Thus, being prepared for any event, they were the better able to take advantage of a change which gradually occurred in Guyland's disposition; who, finding himself suddenly attacked by a neighbouring African prince, and deserted by many of his own subjects, was glad to throw himself for support and protection on the English. These were of course afforded, though sparingly, and at a rate as favourable as might be to the settlement; and for some years the hostility of Moor against Moor ensured to the successive governors of Tangier an armed peace.

So stood affairs up to the month of July 1668, at which time Colonel Norwood held

the office of governor. A change was, however, at hand; of which, in one of his letters addressed to Lord Arlington, at that time principal secretary of state, the following statement is made:—"Since my last by Colonel Fitzgerald, the revolutions of Barbary, from north to south, have been so violent, and all in favour of the King Taffaletta, that the whole interest of the country does at present seem to be declared unto a certain point, nothing of consideration remaining to give check unto the conqueror on any part; for Guyland, having gotten notice about the beginning of this month that (his only hopes) Rembooker was defeated, his army not only scattered into all quarters, but his person captivated and sent in chains to Fez on a mule, began to think it high time to meditate his proper safety, and resolved to place no further confidence in those about him, who, to his knowledge, contrived daily to change their course of life, and to make their peace at his ruine and the price thereof." This was not a satisfactory condition for affairs to have assumed abroad, inasmuch as the conqueror, indignant at the support afforded to his

rival, soon evinced a disposition to carry his arms against Tangier itself; while within the lines there proved a deficiency of provisions so lamentable, that the arrival of four hundred good soldiers from Portugal was felt as a source of weakness rather than of strength. Colonel Norwood, however, being possessed of a resolute mind, did not scruple to lay an embargo on all the vessels in the port, and to apply to the wants of the garrison certain cargoes of flour, which, being private property, had been designed for a different market; and though the mayor espoused the cause of the merchants, and complained of the violation of chartered rights, he treated such complaint with perfect indifference. It is indeed curious to observe in his despatches how delicate it was, even then, for a military governor to set himself in array against the civil power. But Colonel Norwood justly held that cases of necessity must be dealt with after a fashion peculiar to themselves, and does not appear to have received rebuke from the home authorities for acting up to his theory. Thus, by the exercise of a bold discretion, all hazard

of immediate disaster was removed; and in spite of a long arrear of pay, no money having been issued to the troops for nine months, the soldiers were kept in good humour, and the safety of the settlement ensured.

The apprehensions which had been entertained of Taffaletta's hostile views were not groundless. The Moors began again, from time to time, to lay ambushes, making frequent efforts to cut off the reliefs as they passed from the body of the place to the outworks, and sustained some stout skirmishes at the advanced line. As the country was deep, and much tangled with wood, affording admirable opportunity for this species of warfare, Colonel Norwood conceived the notion of fighting the enemy with a new weapon. He procured from Spain a number of large dogs, whether bloodhounds, or the sagacious sheep-dog still common in the country, I have not been able to ascertain; and not only kept them within his intrenchments to give the alarm when the Moors moved by night, but hunted the woods and glens near with the very best effect. Take the following specimen of good

service performed by these noble brutes. The governor writes to Mr. Creed, under-secretary of state, from Tangier, July 16-26, 1669. After acknowledging the receipt of stores, and complaining that the cannon sent were not of the required calibre, he says, "This day I hope to finish the parapet of the left-handed bastion in Fort Charles; a work I was necessitated to fall upon without asking their lordships' permission, which I was in duty, and in conformity to their lordships' commands, obliged unto. But it falling out that in this case a sudden decay of the parapet, made in half by my Lord Teviot with cased deals filled with earth, discovering itself in a ruin, that left our men naked on the rampart, (which also was but thirteen foot from the ground,) I had not time to solicit their lordships' directions, but now have reason to ask their lordships' pardon. The preparations of stone carried to the place several mornings by three hundred soldiers gave the Moors no small jealousy, and so alarmed the country round about, that they flocked in great numbers in sight of our forts to see the consequence of that our

labour; but finding no occasion given them to excercise their valour by our salleys upon them, they had recourse to their usual practice of dressing ambushes, as in the second visit we had felt too sensibly, had not the doggs ordained to make discovery of the hollow places by the western cone-fort performed their part according to the highest expectation. For although the guard of that redoubt has not been relieved for these many months in any certain method, whereby the Moors might hope to cut them off in passing or repassing, it fell out accidentally, (but in order to another discipline we have observed these two years,) that this ambush happened upon the same day that the captain of the watch is obliged to visit all the forts, to take the fifteen days' account of expense of the stores, and to see that nothing is wanting in case of an alarm. Captain Daniel's turn was to make this visit, and he was humanely preserved (as has been said) by employing the dogs to make the first discovery; who raising from certain holes some forty of the enemy, our men were ready to salute them, making them pay their retreat with the

loss of two men within our stockades, many others wounded, and carried off with difficulty enough." Thus were skirmishes continually maintained; while the hot season beginning to set in with violence, sickness prevailed within the walls to a considerable extent.

Towards the end of this year Colonel Norwood was recalled, not, as it appears, without some slur upon his character. Indeed I may state, once for all, that while the valour of each was more conspicuous than that of another, the grossest jobbing seems to have been systematically carried on by all the authorities in the place. He was succeeded by the Earl of Middleton, who patched up a truce for six months with Guyland, and had the address to get it confirmed by Taffaletta. The latter, indeed, with the instability of Barbarians in general, became reconciled at this time to his tributary; and being assured of two hundred barrels of powder from the Christian stores, granted them a suspension of arms, with the right of traffic in the interior. The neglect of the authorities at home, however, rendered the last-named privilege of little real value. For

twenty months not a farthing of pay had been issued to the troops; and though it was well known that a second Dutch war impended, the utmost indifference towards their condition prevailed. Still there was comparatively little murmuring. Indeed, the condition of South Africa, subject to perpetual revolutions and convulsions, sufficed to keep men's minds too anxious to leave leisure for complaints.

The death of Taffaletta, which occurred in 1672, brought on a great civil war, in which all the provinces and districts of this vast continent took part. There were two rivals for the imperial throne,—one the brother, the other the son of the deceased,—of whom the first was proclaimed at Morocco, the last at Fez. The English were induced to connect themselves with the adherents of Muly Hamet, the son; and so became exposed to the implacable hostility of Ishmael, with a portion of whose forces, on the 19th of September 1675, they fought a somewhat unfavourable battle. Misled by false information, they ventured, to the amount of five hundred foot and thirty horse, to make a night-march up the country; and

being attacked at dawn, were driven back with some loss.

This expedition occurred when the Earl of Insequin was governor, and was managed, sorely against his will, by Sir Palmer Fairborne, a brave officer, on whom, when the earl returned home, the command of the place devolved. The affair was not only unfortunate in itself, but it led to many subsequent misfortunes. The Moors gathered courage, and, having closed round the outworks, rendered it impossible to pass from point to point, except by dint of hard fighting. Thus the war became from thenceforth fiercer than before; and being waged with very little intermission, presents, more than it has hitherto done, materials for connected military narrative.

CHAPTER III.

Which shows how reverses may begin.

I AM not going to try my reader's patience by laying before him a minute account of every little skirmish and affair of posts which marked the progress of hostilities. He will have learned enough when I tell him, that from 1675 up to 1678, that is to say, during a space of almost three years, Tangier sustained a continued blockade by land, with frequent insults to its commerce by sea. Throughout the whole of this extended period, however, not a foot of ground was lost. Though taught by the Christians to become excellent soldiers, and supplied with cannon and military stores from Spain and elsewhere, the Moors could not force so much as the outer line, but stood at bay before a chain of redoubts, connected

by a palisadoed trench and a low and feeble breast-work; and it is worthy of remark, that all this while the usual grounds of complaint were afforded to the lieutenant-governor. Money he had none; his provisions were scanty; few reinforcements reached him, and those of the worst kind;—in a word, he had nothing to rely upon except his own determined courage, and the honour and gallantry of his officers and men. It was impossible, however, in the nature of things, that a contest so unequal could be maintained for ever. A check came at last; and, as I am dealing with facts, and not with fiction, I think it best to describe the affair in the language of him who was most deeply interested in its result.

In 1678, the command of the troops at Tangier had devolved upon Colonel Fairborne; and he writes, January 7, to the following effect:

"Last night, about nine o'clock, I was alarmed by the continual firing of Charles, Henrietta, Kendall, Poll, and Anne Forts, and found, by the firing and hallooing of the Moors, (the season being extraordinary dark,)

that there were great numbers within our lines, and that the forts above mentioned were attacked on all sides. I had ordered our men to march out to their assistance, but was persuaded to the contrary,—first, because of the darkness,—next, because we certainly saw by the firing of the enemy they were very numerous, and in all probability had laid an ambush for me, expecting it.

"After half an hour's conflict in the nature expressed, I saw Kendall Fort blown up, and soon after a-fire, and the enemy still very hot against Charles and Henrietta. On a sudden I perceived off the castle wall the door open, and a great light in Henrietta; by which I concluded it lost, which proved accordingly. For after about three hours' conflict, the enemy withdrew out of shot. This morning I was abroad with my horse, and about two hundred foot, commanded by Captain Leslie, and marched them directly to Henrietta, whence the Moors, before I could get, departed. I have taken possession, and found most of the things in; especially a small falcon, which I was fearful they might have carried away.

They had found a way for stink-pots, which, upon its breaking, make a sudden flame, and from thence proceeds such a stink, that men are suffocated with it. This fort was tyled, and about twenty foot high; so, to make room for these pots to get in, they had long forks, and, as we suppose, stood upon one another to get the tyles off; which done, with great force they break the door, and entered. We found in that fort but two killed; so conclude the other eight, being ten in all, were carried away alive.

"I had no sooner made myself master of that fort, than I marched to Kendall Fort; where, after placing my foot in such advantageous posts as would always be able to make my retreat, although they had five hundred horse lodged in the valley underneath it, undiscovered, (which I much suspected,) I advanced with my horse and six file of foot, when we found all in a ruin, the men burnt to ashes, the pallisades pulled, and a small falconet of brass, which had been plant under the fort ever since it was first built, carried away by the enemy. So all I could do there was to

carry in the pallisades to Charles Fort, I mean as many as was pulled up; and must leave the rebuilding till we are better stored with lime, provisions made of stone, and fair weather to work in. The blowing up was, as we conceive, by those pots; finding two of them by the fort, all bloody; so suppose the party that was to make execution with them were killed. When I came into town, Mr. Shore and I made trial of their operation, and found it to be as I have related. They are made as big as a large hand-grenade, match to be lighted at both ends, which, upon its fall, kindles the combustible matter within it. There were also ten men in this fort, who were all killed and burnt, amongst which was a most admirable officer and serjeant, that had commanded it from the first. I have now all hands employed in fitting up Henrietta Fort, and in securing the rest of the forts from the danger of those fire-pots, which is a very hard task; but, if the enemy give me time, I will do my best. We apprehend they have got among them many Turks that were bred in the wars of Candi, and knows the nature of such at-

tempts; for, since we knew them, nothing of the like nature had ever been attempted; and without doubt this will encourage them to such a degree that they will not remain so satisfied: so that I most humbly beseech you to represent to his most sacred Majesty, as well the well fortifying of the town, the building substantial forts abroad, as also the increase of militia, for the one cannot hold out without the other; and this to be timely considered before the mole comes to such a perfection as may make them not value the loss of four or five thousand men to acquire the place."

I do not know how far it may be necessary to remind the reader that Southern Africa, though nominally attached to the empire of Morocco, is, and for many centuries past has been, portioned out into a great number of petty principalities. Of these the chiefs or princes are, within their respective districts, supreme; so much so indeed, that, unless the emperor be a man of more than ordinary resolution, the obedience which they pay to him is much more nominal than real. At the period concerning which I am now writing, the impe-

rial throne was, however, filled by a resolute and able monarch. Ishmael seems to have inherited a good deal of his father's talents, and prevailing over his rival, and reannexing Morocco to Fez, he became to the English, who had unfortunately declared against him, an implacable enemy. Hence his tributary potentates, though long accustomed to live at peace with their neighbours, were compelled to continue the hostilities; which were at best interrupted from time to time by a short truce, to the full as perilous to the Christian settlers as open war.

Time passed; and, though there occurred a constant change in the persons of the governors, I do not find that the condition of the settlement was at all improved. Within the walls there was little good understanding between the civil and military authorities, who mutually accused one another of peculation and injustice. The garrison, likewise, evinced occasional symptoms of relaxed discipline; and both officers and men quarrelled, fought, and became mutinous. Without, again, the Moors continued to press them. Having pro-

cured the assistance of European engineers, and drawing supplies of arms and ammunition from Cadiz, they pushed their approaches with such vigour, that by the spring, 1680, the British advanced posts were all in a state of close blockade. In the end of April this year, Colonel Fairborne reports that there was very little chance of holding Forts Charles and Henrietta longer, because the enemy had drawn their works between them and the town, and were in such force as to render all attempts at relief hopeless. Indeed, despite of the devoted gallantry of the brave men who held them, both forts offered to capitulate on honourable terms. But the Moors were elated with their past successes. They would listen to no proposition, except that of an unconditional surrender; by which both officers and men would, of course, be reduced to a state of slavery. Henrietta Fort being further removed than Fort Charles, and in a state of absolute dilapidation, opened its gates. The troops who occupied Fort Charles adopted a nobler resolution. I again leave Colonel Fairborne to tell the tale.

"Tangier, 14 May, 1680.

"RIGHT HONOURABLE,

"Toward ten o'clock at night, the 12th instant, they called from Fort Charles (it was within reach of a speaking-trumpet) that we should be ready to assist them on Friday morning, the 14th instant, about seven o'clock; in order to which we got four hundred and eighty men in the night to the castle, because we could move no way in the morning without being discovered by the enemy from the sand-hills. But ere this was done, the 13th, in the morning, my Lord Insequin called a council of war, to whom he gave account of the resolution of those in the fort to fight their way through: so the number above specified was agreed upon, and how far they should advance to facilitate their retreat. They were divided in five several bodies, the whole being commanded by Major Boynton; the forlorn consisting of seventy-two men, whereof twelve was grenadiers, commanded by Captain Hume, two lieutenants, and one ensign; the main body by the major, Captain John Gibbs, Captain George Wingfield, Captain Ely, with

Lieutenant George Talbot, three other lieutenants, and four ensigns; the reserve, commanded by Captain Moncrief, Captain Barber, two lieutenants, and two ensigns. Captain Lofty, with one lieutenant and one ensign, commanded ten files on the right flank, or to Fort Charles; and one Lieutenant Clerke, with six files, to the left, and the horse upon the left. My lord condescended to my request over-night that I should command the party abroad; but the next day signifying it to the council of war, it was opposed by them all, and all that ever I could do prevailed nothing, my Lord Insequin absolutely commanding to the contrary: so was forced to submit, and stay at the battery on Peterborough Tower with his excellency.

"The 13th, in the morning, Henrietta Fort surrendered; and about four o'clock in the morning they blew up their mine, which carried away about half the fort; and a little before six we saw from the castle near one thousand foot march up from Jews' River, with the English soldiers of the fort, amongst whom there was an Irishman, who understood

all that was said in the speaking-trumpet over-night; and being come, as supposed, to the alcade's tent, where they were examined, and without doubt discovered what Charles Fort intended that morning; for, immediately upon it, we saw all the field covered with them, running to their trenches with all speed; which Charles Fort perceiving,—having already spiked up all the great guns, broke their arms, and put all the ammunition into the countermine they had made, and laid a train,—they sallied out of the fort; Captain St. John, as youngest captain, leading the van, and Captain Trelawney bringing up the rear, and the last man out of the fort. Ensign Richard Roberts, a nimble, stout young man, staid to put fire to the train, which took so good effect, that, ere our men got to the enemy's trenches, the south-east bastion blew up. In the mean time our men advanced with what speed they could up to the trenches, (I mean the forlorn), commanded, as I have said, by Captain Hume, of the Earl of Dunbarton's regiment. Our men being come to the enemy's trenches, found a quadruple trench, deep and broad. Not-

withstanding, they got over three; but that which was next to the town being deeper and broader than any of the rest, there only got over forty out of near two hundred; Captain St. John, Lieutenant Clause, a brave officer, and Ensign Roberts, who set fire to the mine. All the rest cut to pieces, excepting thirteen and a boy taken prisoners, as the alcade signified by a flag of truce about four hours afterwards. Brave Captain Trelawney being shot climbing up the last trench, and there left dead.

"In the mean time the enemy issues out of their trenches, endeavouring to get between the forlorn and the main body; but Captain Hume behaved himself so bravely, that he put them to stand. But one of their prime men, being more valiant than the rest, pushes into the lane with his horse, overturns Captain Hume at the head of his party, but falls off his horse, when he was killed by the captain and his men. The main body, consisting of one hundred and twenty-four men, being in the rear of him, without being attacked, betook themselves to flight; and likewise the reserve, who

gave way to the main body till they came near our counterscarp, which gave the enemy more encouragement to persist in destroying the forlorn; but they were so well commanded by Captain Hume that he made his retreat; and our men, facing about, facilitated much their retreat. In this action we lost, of those that sallied from the town, fifteen private sentinels, and one lieutenant, Bayley, of the forlorn, mortally wounded, Captain Ely, Moncrief, and Captain Hume shot in the leg, and several soldiers wounded. Captain St. John, after he got over the fourth trench, faced about to help his companions, and staid whilst he got together what was brought off; but in his retreat was shot through the shoulder, under the plate-bone, which makes us fear very much his recovery."

The result of this affair gave as much courage to the Moors as it tended to depress and dishearten the English; yet the governor resolved to put a bold face upon the matter. He accepted the alcade's offer to bury his dead, but would hearken to no proposals for surrendering the rest of his outposts; even

though there accompanied the proposition an assurance that no attack would be made upon the town, but that all things would be left in the state in which the English first found them. Alas, it was a brave, but an untenable resolution this! The enemy gathered strength every hour. The guns taken in the captured redoubts were turned against such as still held out; some of the shot even struck the town wall, and passed through it; upon which Lord Insequin, at length convinced that peace was necessary to the existence of the colony, accepted it on the terms proposed by the Moors. Thus, after years of hard fighting, and a prodigious expenditure of money, the British dominions at Tangier were reduced to their original narrow dimensions; while the government at home was warned that if they desired to retain even these, large supplies both of men and munitions must without delay be afforded.

The Moors never contracted in those days treaties of *peace* with the Christians. The utmost that they would concede to Lord Insequin was a truce of four months by land; and his lordship's necessities compelling him to

accede to it, he returned to England. Colonel, now Sir Thomas Fairborne, assumed, in consequence, the chief command; and ventured to urge his own claims, and those of his companions in arms, upon the home authorities. They were admitted with great reluctance, and acceded to grudgingly, so that his letters, throughout a large portion of the truce, are all of the gloomiest kind. Fortunately for him, however, there arrived in the harbour, on the 23rd of September, "the Swiftsure; with several stores of war and provisions, and one hundred and thirty-five horse in three troops;" a scanty supply, doubtless, yet such as sufficed to put him in a condition to answer, as became a British officer, the threats of the enemy; for, within the space of a week, the alcade had sent to announce that in eight days' time the truce would terminate, and Fairborne, though he met the announcement with a bold front, was far from feeling at his ease. Now, however, he thought himself comparatively safe. His infantry had from time to time been enlarged; he had good engineers, particularly one Colonel Brock-

man; and he had the promise of seven hundred firelocks, and one thousand matchlocks. No sooner, therefore, had the enemy begun to fire upon the sentries, than he assumed the offensive; and once more established posts upon the ruins of the old forts. These he strongly stockaded; and, setting a large portion of his people to work, had in a short time the satisfaction to find that Pole Fort, as it was called, might once more be counted upon, as partially covering the town from insult, and affording shelter to the shipping in the harbour.

CHAPTER X.

Which shows how reverses may be remedied.

The reluctance which the home authorities had so long exhibited to treat Tangier as a settlement worth preserving, seems by this time to have worn away. A battalion of guards came out to reinforce the infantry of the place, the admiral on the station sent a strong body of seamen, the cavalry was increased to three troops of fifty men each; besides which, permission was obtained to take into pay two hundred Spanish horse, which the king, then in alliance with Charles the Second, had professed himself willing to lend. All this had the effect of sharpening the governor's zeal, and enlarging his courage. Sorties from the town became more frequent and fierce than ever: the Moors were perpetually

harassed in their lines; every inch of fresh ground which the English seized was fortified, and the war raged with a degree of vigour which had not hitherto been displayed. Once more I betake myself to an official source,—namely, to the journal of Mr. Shore, who, holding office in the town as commissioner for the government at home, kept up with the secretary of state a constant correspondence. The following is his account of a series of operations, to which (I use his own language) "history can scarce furnish us with a parallel."

"Thursday, Sept. 23, 1680.—This day, Admiral Herbert's people, as before, had the advance post at Monmouth Fort, the horse being posted as formerly; and so, by advance parties on the several advantageous lines from whence the enemy might molest us, we preserved our people quiet at their work about Pole Fort, where we had begun a trench for the better security of our stockade; which being likely to be a work of time, and the stockade being low in several places, our commander-in-chief thought it wisdom, for the preventing

any sudden effort of the enemy in the night, to plant another stockade at convenient distance without our ditch; which work was prosecuted with great expedition, planting our stockade pointing inward at an angle of forty-five degrees, by which means the enemy could very ill get over it, and, when over, had no way possible to get out; which would, in case of any attempt, greatly expose them both to our shot and hand-grenades. This, besides the additional cover it gives our work, is a great cover to our people at their labour in the ditch, where they might securely prosecute the same, though the enemy should force our advance parties to retire. We sustained little damage during the day's service; only a lieutenant of the king's battalion was shot in the thigh. It is remarkable, and ought to be mentioned in favour of our service, that in our advance we forced the enemy from several lines from whence they galled us, levelling such as gave them any advantage upon us.

"Friday, 24.—This day we possessed the ground as formerly, the enemy still retiring as we advanced. We prosecuted vigorously our

new stockade, and wrought hard upon our traverses, coverings, and other works within Pole Fort, the rain beginning to molest us; and concluded this day without much loss or action.

"Saturday, 25.—This day our new stockade being very nigh finished, and our people working in pretty good covert, our commander-in-chief forbore to send out parties so far advanced as formerly, having always so prudent a regard for the preservation of the soldiers as might consist with the safe prosecuting our fortifications at Pole Fort. Hitherto we heard no news of the enemy's cannon, whereof we knew they were provided, which was wondered at; but about noon, having made a battery in the bottom betwixt Charles and Kendall forts, as much in covert from our artillery in the town as was possible, they saluted us with their great guns, when the shot killed us one man and wounded another. This put us on labouring all we might in raising a battery on that side of Pole Fort, purposing to mount some cannon thereon with all possible expedition to oppose to theirs.

They fired but very slowly, and about three or four of the clock discontinued; discouraged, it is to be presumed, from two or three lucky shot we made with a brazen saker we mounted this morning at Pole Fort. Besides the damage we received from the enemy's cannon, we suffered some from our own people by accidents. Our commander-in-chief ordered the retreat pretty early this evening, which cost little or no dispute, ordering our carpenters, &c. to prosecute night and day the battery we had begun at Pole Fort.

"26.—This day, being Sunday, was a day of rest, saving that we continued working on our battery aforesaid, the enemy giving us little or no molestation. We also continued the use of our cannon from the castle, where, unfortunately, a demi-culverin split, killing one of our gunners and wounding another.

"Monday, Sept. 27.—This morning (it having rained hard all the night) our commander-in-chief thought it not advisable to march out as formerly, the ground being very slippery, and the weather so incommodious that it would have been a greater harassing and

discouragement to our souldiers than could be recompensed by the benefit we might propose by their service, the weather not being fit either for fighting or working. Howbeit, we continued making of shelter in our new work, to preserve the garrison dry; and prosecuted, as far as the weather would permit, our new battery, endeavouring likewise to perform something in our ditch within our new stockade; but the weather continuing bad, and the enemy, by reason of our not marching out, advancing to our outposts, much discouraged us at our work, killing one of our carpenters and wounding another; so that they were ordered to retire, and such only to work as were in covert, and a party of commanded men to carry up materials, which by the old line of communication they might do without hazard, being guarded only by a small party of horse.

"Tuesday, Sept. 28.—This morning our commander-in-chief called a council of the principal officers, when it was debated whether it was needful to take the field as formerly, the weather still discouraging us; and being all of opinion that we might carry on several neces-

sary works within the fort without any great hazard, (several blinds being made to shelter our workmen from the enemy's shot,) it was resolved that we should proceed vigorously within the said work, with only a small guard of horse to sustain our people marching up to the fort with materials, by which method both our horse and foot would be the better enabled to perform their duty when occasion should require; which practice was to continue till we should be pressed to another resolution by any extraordinary operations of the enemy, which hitherto have given us no manner of jealousy by approach.

"Wednesday, 29.—This day we continue our method of working as yesterday. In the morning we discovered from the castle a new work of the enemy upon our old line to the right of Pole Fort, composed of fascines and such like materials, with three openings or embrasures, representing a battery; which being exposed to our cannon from the castle, several good shot were made thereat. This work is within musket-shot of Pole Fort, which, it is to be presumed, discourages the

enemy (if they intend it for a battery) from making use thereof; but from their old battery by Charles Fort they made several shot of various sizes, but without any execution. We received very little damage this day from the enemy's shot at Pole Fort, an officer and a private soldier or two being only slightly wounded. Out of Admiral Herbert's party,—whose post, as I have formerly observed, is to the south-east of the town, by Cambridge Fort,—upon whom the enemy fired very briskly, we lost one gentleman, who, being shot in the body, died in the evening: he had been formerly a page to his Royal Highness the Duke of York. The enemy, whether to possess us with an opinion of the increase of their numbers, or to welcome the alcade, or for some other reason which we cannot divine, fired three volleys, beginning upon the right at Monmouth Fort, continuing quite round our old line as far as Fort Charles. About seven o'clock this morning happened an earthquake, which, to such as were in their houses or upon the walls, gave much apprehension, it not being usual here; but to others

that were in action it was not so perceivable.

"Thursday, Sept. 30.—This day we marched out with our workmen, and proceeded according to the former method. We cannot discover any extraordinary works of the enemy, saving that at Monmouth Fort they have cast up a little line or breastwork, from whence they might fire with more shelter than they could before; as also several remote lines towards Anne Fort, which we consider to be in order to their marching in better covert of both horse and foot from our cannon. Our having forborne now for four or five days from taking the field, hath a little emboldened the enemy, who, approaching nearer than ordinary by small parties, mortally wounded our master carpenter, killed a private sentinel, and wounded an officer in the Scotch regiment, with six or seven more private sentinels, all within our wall at Pole Fort. Howbeit, in my opinion, our loss is not so much as in great probability it would be should we take the field; and whilst we can prosecute the carrying on our works in Pole Fort without

impediment, and the enemy gives us no more provocation by their proceedings, I see no reason for their marching out.

"Friday, Oct. 1.—This day we hold our method of working at Pole Fort as formerly. Though we were of opinion they would hardly make use of their new battery, by reason of its lying so nigh exposed to our shot at Pole Fort, yet this day we find they are resolved to put it in execution, making several shot with their great guns from thence at Pole Fort without any effect. Several balls grazing short, and coming into the town, fell there likewise without doing us the least damage. The enemy plied also their other batteries near Fort Charles, from whence they killed us one man, and ill-wounded another. With their small shot, likewise, they killed us a private soldier, and wounded us five or six more.

"Saturday, Oct. 2.—We continue vigorously to prosecute our fortifications at Pole Fort without taking the field, according to our former practice, hoping in a few days to have it cannon-proof in all quarters where we

conceive the enemy may molest us from their batteries, which were silent all this day. It is to be presumed they received some damage at their battery from our small shot from Pole Fort, from whence our people continually plyed them. This evening happened a very ill accident. Our commander-in-chief, Sir Palmer Fairborne, Admiral Herbert, Colonel Sackville, Major Hackett, myself, and sundry other officers being present on the battery at Peterborough Tower, from whence we were endeavouring to gall the enemy with our cannon at their new battery, at which we made several very good shots; at length one of our guns (a fortified whole culvering) brake in pieces in the midst of us, killing two men outright, and wounding seven or eight more, whereof some mortally. Captain Fitzpatrick received a very ill hurt in his groin; another officer had his arm break; receiving myself a hurt on the leg, which, I thank God, is not dangerous. God be thanked, our commander-in-chief and the rest of the principal officers that were present escaped miraculously without hurt, though all equally exposed.

"Sunday, Oct. 3.—This morning we discovered the enemy at work upon the sand-hills in several places, which they soon gave us to understand were lodgments for their cannon, from whence they fired at the shipping in our port, with little or no effect. Also several of their shot came from their other batteries into town, without doing us the least damage. They are so ill gunners, and so tedious in their firing, and I presume so ill provided in proper stores for that service, that we have conceived but a very slender opinion of their power to hurt us this way. They have likewise drawn down a line from the declining of the sand-hills, which looks towards the admiral's party, on whom they fired briskly all the day, wounding three or four of his men. We had this day an officer of the Scotch regiment wounded at Pole Fort, and one private sentinel killed. We continue to work night and day on our new fortifications, and trust in a few days to be in very good security against all attempts."

In this manner the journal proceeds, giving an account of the transactions of each day as

it came, and of which it is unnecessary to say more than that very little is described that would repay me for the trouble of transcription, or my readers for that of perusal. Both sides acted cautiously for a time; the English being content to push forward the works at Pole Fort, the Moors striving to interrupt them only by a distant firing. At last, however, more active operations on the part of the besieged were determined upon; with the commencement of which I resume the thread of my history.

"Sunday, 24.—From the 7th to this day," (says Mr. Shore,) "being Sunday, there was little or no action; the enemy, howbeit, approaching our new works by numerous trenches on all sides, they seeming to have received encouragement in their progress, through our not marching out to possess the outposts, according to our former practice, which was not done for the reasons already mentioned. In the interval, likewise, two hundred Spanish horse arrived, and we with all possible diligence prosecuted our countermine, batteries, and other works within Pole Fort; also a new and strong

line of communication betwixt the town and it, enlarging the stockade before Catherine Fort, for the more commodious drawing up of our men, and fortifying that post. Colonel Talmash was likewise employed to treat with the alcade of Tituan, (who in the absence of the other commands in the field,) touching a cessation of arms till his majesty's ambassador (who is daily expected) shall arrive. But the alcade declaring he had a power of the king to treat of a peace, seemed to incline rather to treat. Accordingly Colonel Talmash was furnished with propositions, which were debated and adjusted by a council of war; but, upon mentioning liberty to prosecute our fortifications at Pole Fort, the alcade fell into so great a passion, that the treaty brake off abruptly. This morning, about seven of the clock, Sir Palmer Fairborne, our commander-in-chief, who had all along demeaned himself with the prudence and bravery as became a man of his post and special abilities for the service, was, from a line of the enemy, unfortunately shot in the body as he was giving directions for breaking of ground on a little eminence to the

left of the spur, near Peterborough Tower: by which work he designed to amuse the enemy, by putting them in apprehension we intended something extraordinary on that ground, where indeed they expected we would make our first attempt. This misfortune we permitted not to hinder our proceedings; but accordingly, after the engineer had traced out the works, our people fell to breaking of ground, being sustained by about fifty Spanish horse and about one hundred and fifty foot. But whether the enemy took encouragement by the fall of Sir Palmer, or out of contempt of the small guard that was drawn out, they made a very bold sally out of their old trenches, by which they had environed Fort Charles; which the Spanish officer at the head of the horse observing, very bravely charged them, and forced them back into their trenches, pursuing them to their very line, from whence in his retreat they much galled him, killing him both men and horses, and making a second sally with a greater number, some of their horse being come up likewise to reinforce them; which so little discouraged the Spaniards, that they re-

newed their charge, and forced them a second time into their trenches, and returned and drew up upon the ground where they were first posted; by which time they were reinforced by our English horse and some foot, which the enemy perceiving, thought not fit to attempt anything farther. So we continued our work till we had finished it, and marched off in good order. In this action was killed and wounded eight or ten Spaniards and many horses, a captain in the Scotch regiment mortally wounded, and six or eight private souldiers mortally wounded.

"Monday, Oct. 25.—This day was perceived the enemy had brought a trench so very near our stockade at Pole Fort, on that side towards Anne Fort, that they had taken encouragement from thence to begin a gallery in order to a mine, the ground being very commodious for that purpose, and had likewise brought their cannon to our old place of arms, which is but pistol-shot from the fort; which progress and bold proceeding of theirs put Colonel Sackville (who succeeded Sir Palmer in the command) upon calling a council of

war of the principal officers, to consult upon what was fitting to be done, inasmuch as it appeared to us all, that without some extraordinary action our new work would in a very short space be in some distress. In which council of war it was resolved that on Wednesday the 27th, at break of day, we should make a general sally out of the town with the entire strength of the garrison, which, being at present very sickly, would not afford one thousand five hundred fighting men, with the addition of Admiral Herbert's seamen, whose counsel and personal assistance on all occasions of service hath been all along of signal use to his majesty's service.

"Tuesday, 26. — The day was spent in making all necessary provision for to-morrow's action, an universal diligence and alacrity appearing in all people, which was interpreted a presage of the success which, through God's mercy, ensued.

"Wednesday, 27.—By three of the clock this morning the garrison was in arms, wherein such care was taken, that as well in drawing together our men, as in their march out of the

town, so great a silence was observed, that although the enemy had had sentinels under our very walls, they could not have taken the least alarm. Our force was disposed into six battalions, whereof one was composed of the seamen, under Admiral Herbert's command. The officers commanding them were Major Halket, Major Boynton, Captain Giles, Captain Bowes, Captain Spott, and Major Barklay; the whole party of foot consisting of about one thousand five hundred men. The horse, being seven troops, amounting to about three hundred, were commanded,—the English by Captain Neatby, Captain Cay, Captain Langston,—the Spanish by Don Salvador de Monforte, Don Manrique de Nannia (who commanded two troops), and Don Fernando Penatolo. To amuse and divert the enemy, the horse belonging to the mole, amounting to about fifty, were ordered, with riders and a trumpet at the head of them, to march to the spur at Peterborough Tower, where was pitched several colours, and had drums appointed to beat a strong alarm, Captain Makenny with the town horse marching at the head of them.

On the other side, in the bay, where the enemy had a battery of eight or nine guns, Admiral Herbert had appointed all the boats of the fleet, with waist clothes and colours, to make show as if they intended to attempt their cannon: both which designs, especially the latter, took very good effect; drawing a good many of the enemy from their trenches, which appeared by their pitching their colours all along the coast, and firing at the boats. Besides the general attack by the parties aforesaid, a particular attack out of Pole Fort was ordered, consisting of about one hundred and fifty men, commanded by Captain Lundy and Captain Hume, and who were of the number of the officers that were at that time upon the guard at the fort. This attack was to be upon their nearest trenches, where they had begun a gallery in order to the mining of the fort; in which sally was present myself, not being yet so well in my foot, wherein I received a hurt some time before, as to march with the rest. The horse marched first out of Catherine Fort, and drew up in the stockade just before it. The foot then marched out, and drew up

according to the division of Colonel Edward Sackville, our present commander-in-chief. All which was performed with so great silence, that the whole party was almost drawn up before the enemy took the alarm.

" The disposition of the several divisions, advanced parties, and reserves of both horse and foot, was ordered in the most proper and soldier-like manner the ground would permit, and the several posts to be attacked required. When the party was ready to advance, Colonel Sackville gave the signal to the fort, from whence the attack aforementioned on the enemy's gallery was to be first made; the engineer, Major Brockman, likewise marching out with them, to give fitting directions about demolishing their works and stopping their mine. The attack proved a very hot and bloody piece of service, as well by reason of the enemy's having a greater guard than their ordinary, as through the slow march of the parties that were appointed as our reserve. The two captains which commanded were immediately carried off ill wounded, as were most of the other officers, among which Lieutenant Ro-

binson, a very brave young man; and had not the reserve come timely to their relief, that party had run a great hazard of being all cut off. By this time the whole party was engaged, the enemy very stubbornly disputing every line and trench wherever we attacked them, coming to push of pike and hand of blows in several parts. The particularities of every action that occurred is hard to set down; but, after we had beaten them from their new trenches, and were advanced to the old line whereon our forts formerly stood, (which was attained with great loss on our side,) one of the battalions of my Lord Insequin's regiment having not above fifty men left upon the spot; at length, by levelling the trenches, we made a passage for our horse, (without whose assistance nothing memorable would have been performed,) through which Captain Neatby with his troop advanced upon the enemy, as did likewise Don Salvador de Monforte and Don Manrique de Nannia with theirs, who found a passage a little more to the right; upon which the enemy turned their backs, and betook themselves to flight from all quarters, being

pursued by both horse and foot, who made very great slaughter amongst them. Many of the horse performed very daringly for the rescue of their foot, amongst which several of their principal men likewise fell. We pursued them, scattered like sheep on the mountains, at least a mile into the country, killing several of them in their very camp among their tents.

"In this action we took two pieces of cannon, five colours, several prisoners alive, and had taken many more had they not refused quarter, and killed them, in computation near 500 men. Colonel Sackville, who had the honour and good fortune to conduct in this action, performed the part of a very brave and prudent officer; shunning no hazard where his duty called, and omitting nothing that became the wisdom of a general officer. After our horse and foot were retreated within our own line (which we possessed from James to Monmouth Fort), we fell to filling and levelling their trenches, where we buried many of their dead, who very bravely fell in the defence of them. We also took in an advantageous spot of ground to our own fortification, which we

fortified with a grand stockade, from whence we discover the bottom where the enemy before lay in covert from the fort, and where they had begun their gallery in order to their mine, which about three of the clock was finished; and then we retreated and marched into the town in very good order, the enemy, contrary to their custom, permitting us to retire without any dispute."

CHAPTER V.

Which shows how this War came to an end.

THE journal from which I have made this long extract goes on to say, "Sir Palmer Fairborne, poor gentleman! lived to hear the relation of our service, at which he gave great marks of satisfaction." He did so; but his expressions of delight were like the last flash of an expiring taper, for he died the same day. He was succeeded in his office by the gentleman who had so well planned and carried into execution the sortie just described,—a gallant soldier as ever buckled on sword, and a thorough-paced jobber. The first act of the new governor had about it an air of clemency, which even on the Moors produced some effect. He gave them leave to bury their dead, and caused his own people to collect together and

hand to them across the line of demarcation upwards of forty bodies. Of these all were headless, for it formed a remarkable feature in this savage warfare that by both parties the dead were mutilated; by the Moors in accordance with their usual habits, by the English out of revenge. It appears, moreover, that of the forty who perished in defence of the advanced works, a large proportion were men of rank; at least, Mr. Shore describes the Moorish soldiers as wrapping up their heads in fine linen, and carrying them off with every demonstration of sorrow.

The effect produced upon the enemy by the results of this action was such as, if rightly improved, might have fully re-established the affairs of the English; but unfortunately it was not improved. Colonel Sackville, indeed, accepted a proffered truce on terms sufficiently advantageous to himself, which the sickly state of the garrison, in consequence of a long disuse of fresh provisions, rendered necessary. But whatever the valour of the warrior had gained, the improvidence of the diplomatist cast from him. An ambassador

from the King of England to the Emperor of Morocco had long been expected; and he came at last in the person of Sir James Leslie, a gentleman who, without being deficient in talent, seems to have grievously fallen short in the qualities of temper and discretion. This personage, with whom it rested either to confirm or abrogate the truce, refused to adopt the one course, yet abstained from venturing upon the other. Like all who cannot go straight to their object, he hoped to win by finesse what he despaired of obtaining openly; and so, without alluding to the right of fortifying, demanded from the Moor an accession of territory. The answer of the Moor was characteristic. "I would as soon part with my religion as with a plot of ground on which the Christians might build forts." Nor was this all. The English ambassador having ventured a demand which he lacked either hardihood or authority to enforce, ceased to take the high ground in the negociation; and a peace was concluded at last, in every respect unworthy of acceptance by men who in war had acquired so decided a superiority.

Out of this treaty arose a disagreement between Colonel Sackville and Sir James Leslie, which led to the recall of the former. He was succeeded by Colonel Kirke, who soon found that his situation was not an enviable one, inasmuch as he must either maintain the peace at the expense of his own honour and that of his country, or renew the war, and so incur the censure of his own government; for not only was he prohibited from fortifying the ground which his predecessor had won so gallantly, but he was subjected to humiliations much more galling than any to which others had submitted. The payment of a sort of tribute in gunpowder, cloth, and muskets, is not to be ranked in this class: that could scarcely be said to jar against men's feelings; for it had been paid from the outset, and was balanced by a free market and other conveniences. But when he found it settled, that the garrison should not presume to assist even an English vessel in distress, unless she came ashore within gunshot of the walls, and that not so much as the recreation of walking into the country was to be enjoyed by indi-

viduals, except under Moorish surveillance, his spirit boiled within him; and he was not sorry when the Moors, with their accustomed absence of good faith, began to encroach on their own stipulations. Still there was a strong hand upon him; and he did not venture, on grounds less secure than an act of positive aggression, to renew a war which had become avowedly unpopular with the king's government.

Colonel Kirke administered the affairs of Tangier about fourteen months, throughout the whole of which the worst feeling prevailed on both sides, though the sword was kept in the scabbard. The Moors, who had promised to set their Christian captives at liberty, demanded without scruple a large advance in the ransom; while Kirke gave an asylum to more than one man of rank, who fled from the vengeance of the emperor. Among others, the nephew of Ishmael sought shelter in Tangier, and neither threats nor remonstrances availed to obtain his surrender. Unfortunately, however, for his own renown, Colonel Kirke was prevailed upon to yield to political considerations that which apprehensions of danger

never could have wrung from him. In the hope of winning from the emperor the fulfilment of his pledge relative to the Christian slaves, he gave up the young man to his fate; without exacting any other security for his life itself, than a promise that no violence would be offered to it. It does not appear how far this promise was or was not regarded; but it is certain that to the English settlers no benefits accrued from the act by which it was purchased.

It is not worth while to describe the endless intrigues which were all this while carried on both in Tangier and elsewhere. Spies and traitors gave what information they could to both parties, and each threatened and maligned the other as a fitting opportunity seemed to offer, but no important results ensued. Meanwhile, within the colony itself, subject to almost all the evils without the excitement of a state of war, disunion and jealousy largely prevailed. The governor accused the corporation of being turbulent and seditious, the corporation charged him with tyranny and oppression, while both stood equally open to

the suspicion of sacrificing the public good on all occasions to their private advantage. These recriminatory charges were not without their effect in hastening forward a determination which must, as the case stood, have been sooner or later come to; for the parliament would grant no more supplies, and the king's exchequer was empty. It was now that the courtiers began to doubt whether their master's honour was at all engaged in the maintenance of so worthless a colony; the mercantile classes likewise discovered that to them it was of no value; and the common people exclaimed against it as the grave of their countrymen. Under such circumstances it was determined to evacuate Tangier altogether, care being taken so to manage the affair as that it might seem to be the result of an entreaty on the part of the individuals who had established themselves as colonists in the place. Now this was a difficult card to play,—at least, so it was believed to be in London; and a skilful tactician was nominated to play it, in whose hands it proved both safe and easy. Having written frequent

letters to Colonel Kirke, from which no other inference could be drawn than that the sole object of his coming was to put the town in a thorough state of repair, Lord Dartmouth sailed from Portsmouth at the head of a numerous fleet. He reached Tangier fully impressed with a persuasion that the king's counsels had been kept;—his first interview with the authorities there showed him that the case was not so. Not only to the people of Tangier, but to the Moors without the walls, it was known that the colony was about to be abandoned; and both were on the alert, the one to secure their own safety, the other to take advantage of whatever confusion might occur in the conduct of so weighty an affair. Lord Dartmouth expressed his surprise at all this in his despatches to the chief secretary; as a man of the world he might have known, that such state secrets cannot well be kept in a free country like England.

The new governor's instructions directed him not only to abandon, but to ruin the colony utterly; by demolishing the mole, on which prodigious sums of money had been ex-

pended, and levelling the fortifications with the earth. He called a meeting of the principal inhabitants on the 4th of September 1688, and made known to them his design; yet he so represented matters as still to keep up the semblance of a strong disinclination on the part of the king to adopt so disastrous an expedient. He proposed that committees should be formed for inspecting the works, and making an estimate of the charges necessary to complete them; and he actually employed on this business men who could not but be aware that the whole was a farce of the first magnitude. In like manner he judged it expedient to overawe the Moors, who had come down in great force to the vicinity of the town, by admitting the king to an interview at a moment when he had not fewer than four thousand men under arms. In both cases his policy was successful. The Moors withdrew, thoroughly convinced that this was not the season to break with the English; while the burghers found that to render the town convenient, or even habitable, an outlay of nearly five millions sterling would be necessary. Now, who

was to advance this? The king could not; the parliament would not. Either, therefore, they must be content to hold on, at the risk of becoming slaves to the Moors when their slender resources failed them, or they must petition government to be withdrawn. They adopted the latter expedient. All their valuables were registered and carried off; the families passed in succession on board of ship; the Portuguese bishop and clergy, who had sojourned among them throughout, departed to their own land; and on the 5th of November the town was emptied, except of soldiers. By and by the outworks were one by one blown up; and, last of all, the city itself became a heap of ruins. I cannot better describe the catastrophe, than in the words of an eye-witness. A Mr. Frowd, writing to his brother from Cadiz, on the 10th of February, 1684, thus expresses himself:

"This serves only to acquaint you that on the 5th instant, about twelve of the clock at night, my Lord Dartmouth quitted Tangier, having first levelled it with the earth. There are none of the walls standing, except some of

the bottom of Peterborough Tower, which did not blow up; there being fifty or sixty barrels of powder under it which did not take fire. My lord is very well; and the garrison came off without the least molestation, though the Moors were by in the evening, and saw the walls blown up. There was one of the batteries which did not take fire so soon as was expected, which the Moors were advised of by my lord; but they gave no heed to it, but came into the town, and after it blew up, and killed eight Moors."

Such was the memorable war of Tangier, of which I have judged it expedient to give an account,—not only because there exists not, as far as I know, any thing of the kind elsewhere; but because out of it, as has already been stated, arose the foundation of Chelsea Hospital. For it was the return of this army, and its subsequent reduction, that forced upon the king the necessity of doing something for his decayed soldiers, many of whom wandered about the streets of London maimed and penniless. And the books of the establishment still retain the names of several who received

their hurts, and established their claims, in Africa. Therefore I conclude this tradition by giving the following extract:

"Richard Stanley, of my Lord Dumbarton's regiment, lost a leg at Tangier.—Admitted 16th of June, 1690."

A TRADITION OF

MARLBOROUGH'S WARS.

A TRADITION OF

MARLBOROUGH'S WARS.

CHAPTER I.

Showing the relative positions of two belligerent parties before they begin to fight.

THE thirty years that followed the demise of Charles the Second, added very much, as every reader of history is aware, to what would now be called the *dead weight* upon the resources of the country. James's short and unhappy reign proved, indeed, peaceable enough; but those of William and Anne passed amid a constant succession of wars and revolutions, the necessary consequences of that great political movement which interrupted, for a time, the line of regular succession to the British throne. It happens singularly enough, that, from the records of Chelsea Hospital, a register of entries during the reign of William the Third is wanting. However interesting, therefore, the military operations of that period may have

been, I am debarred from describing them; inasmuch as by no visible link can they be connected with the Hospital, or its traditions. But of Queen Anne's worn-out soldiers, multitudes found an asylum in the place; of whom some had served with Marlborough in Flanders and Germany, some in Spain with Peterborough and Stanhope, and some in the intestine struggle which, during the years 1715 and 1716, threw both England and Scotland into alarm. It is not very easy to deal with subjects already so often and so fully handled, more especially as there exist few traces of what may be called personal adventure wherewith to enliven my details. Still the nature of my subject seems to impose the task upon me, and I must endeavour to go through with it as lightly as may be consistent with a due regard to the truth of history.

I find the following in the book of entries for the year 1715-16.

"4 February.—Orkneys regiment,—Robert Chambers wounded in the belly at Hockstedt."

Who this Robert Chambers was, — where born,—how added to the strength of the Eng-

lish army, or by what acts of valour distinguished, I cannot tell. Of an individual so humble not a legend has survived; for the brave heart, and the strong arm,—ay! and the generous spirit too,—must be content, if tied down to a lowly state in society, to be forgotten almost as soon as they cease to play their parts among men. But the campaign which ensured to this individual his right of admission within the walls of Chelsea Hospital was by far the most remarkable of that remarkable period, and I am therefore tempted to describe it, even at the risk of going over ground with which few that take an interest in their country's glory can be absolutely unacquainted. I entreat my readers, however, not to be alarmed: I am not going to draw upon the resources of my own imagination; neither is it my design to follow implicitly in the path which others have trodden. On the contrary, I shall endeavour to use, as far as I find them applicable, the materials which the leader of the campaign himself supplies, and to an examination of which the kindness of the noble lord, his Majesty's secretary for the home de-

partment, has given me access. The battle of Hockstedt, or Blenheim, was, beyond all question, the most decisive affair in which, till the day of Waterloo, a modern English army had been engaged; and, never, except in the case of Waterloo, has the victor in a mighty field described his own successes in terms more modest and unpretending.

The campaign of 1703 had ended upon the whole disadvantageously to the allied arms. In Italy the French were everywhere victorious, and the Duke of Savoy, now an adherent to the league, was reduced to the brink of ruin. In Germany, the Elector of Bavaria was master of Ratisbon, Kempten, Kaufbeuren, and Gravenbach, which commanded the country between the Iller and the Inn; of Augsburg, which afforded a passage over the Lech; of Ulm, into which he had thrown a strong garrison; and of Paussau and Lintz, the two keys of Upper Austria. Meanwhile his field force, which, including Marshal Marsin's corps, came up to forty thousand men, occupied quarters in the vicinity of Ulm, whence a communication both with the French on the

Rhine, and with the rebels of Hungary, could be opened; and from which he was prepared, as soon as the season of the year would permit, to penetrate through the defiles at the sources of the Danube, and threaten Vienna. To support him in this grand undertaking, Louis the Fourteenth seemed willing to expend freely both the blood and the treasure of France. Marshal Tallard, with forty-five thousand men, occupied such a position on the Upper Rhine as enabled him to threaten at once the circles of Swabia, Franconia, and the Rhine, and open out a passage for himself into Bavaria. From the side of Italy, too, the empire lay totally exposed, for the Tyrol was denuded of troops, and the whole country between Dauphiné and the Cottian Alps was well nigh bare; while the Duke of Savoy, ill able to defend himself, was quite incapable of effecting a diversion in favour of others. On the other hand, there seemed to be neither energy in the Emperor's counsels, nor vigour in the parties whom he had appointed to carry them into effect. Twenty thousand men, under Prince Louis of Baden, constituted very nearly the

total amount of disposable forces on which he could rely. Militia and armed peasantry were the defenders of the passes of the Black Forest, supported by a few battalions under General Sturm. Twelve battalions of Dutch were at Rothweil, to cover, as far as they could, Wirtemburg; and some Hessians and Prussians were extended along the edges of the Rhine below Philipsburg. But these could not offer any effectual opposition to a combined movement of French and Bavarians, which was all that seemed necessary to reduce the Emperor to submission. Though, therefore, Marlborough had won many fortresses, and established a secure and defensible barrier on the side of Flanders, and though the King of Portugal, declaring himself at last, had opened his ports, and promised his soldiers to Charles of Austria, the result of the war at the close of 1703 was not favourable to the allies. It remained for the consummate genius of Marlborough, and the valour of his troops, to give a different aspect to the face of affairs; and it is my business to tell how that great end was accomplished.

Prince Eugene, in his Memoirs of himself, seems to claim the merit of having been the first who suggested the march of the Anglo-Dutch army from the Maese to the Danube. The same assertion is hazarded by the French biographer of Marlborough; at least the writer says, "Prince Eugene, at this crisis, advised the Austrian Emperor to implore the assistance of the Queen of England." But from other and more authentic documents I collect that the assumption is groundless. To the capacious mind of the British general the project appears to have occurred so early as the month of October 1703; whereas Count Wratislaw, the envoy extraordinary from Vienna, did not reach London till the 2nd of April 1704. But the design was a great deal too gigantic, as well as too delicate in its nature, to be entrusted to many confidants. Even to Godolphin, Marlborough opened out his views only in part; who, again, took partially into his confidence only the Queen and Prince George of Denmark; while the rest of the cabinet were urged to nothing more than increased exertions in forwarding the business

of recruiting, and obtaining from the parliament such funds as might be requisite for the services of the coming year. The ministry were not slothful in forwarding this matter; so that the commons not only voted an increase of ten thousand men to the army in the Netherlands, but agreed to furnish liberal subsidies both to the Portuguese monarch and the Duke of Savoy.

Whenever we are tempted to speak disparagingly of the Dutch authorities at this period, we should be very careful to except from our censure the pensionary Heinsius. He was from first to last the friend and supporter of Marlborough; and when the latter passed over to the Hague in January 1704, he lent all the weight of his influence to win from the States the adoption of whatever measures the English might suggest. Even to Heinsius, however, there is reason to believe that Marlborough did not entirely unbosom himself. He spoke, indeed, of the necessity of saving the empire at all hazards, and hinted at the possible transference of the seat of war from the country of the Maese to some theatre more

remote: but he did not explain himself fully; while to the States nothing more was communicated than a proposition to act from the Moselle with the British and auxiliary troops, while Overkerke, their own commander, should maintain the defensive in the Netherlands. It was well for Marlborough that he exercised this prudent reserve; for not without the greatest difficulty were the States prevailed upon to assent to this, or to grant to the Prince of Baden a supply of two hundred thousand crowns, without which it would have been impossible for him any longer to keep the field.

Such were the consequences of Marlborough's visit to Holland in January, which had this beneficial result in addition, that the King of Prussia, who had begun to waver, was confirmed in his good faith, while the Elector Palatine received a portion of the arrears which were due to him. Neither was this other Wellington inattentive to matters of apparently minute importance, when entrusted with the management of cabinets, and the bending of princes and nobles to his own purposes. He had been required to detach some

thousand British troops to Portugal, which circumstances had heretofore prevented him from attending to. He now exerted himself to remove these obstacles, and reviewed and saw on board of ship a force which left him by so much the less able to accomplish the design which he had in view. For, however open to censure in other respects, Marlborough possessed one quality which is essential to a really great mind: he was not to be cast down by difficulties; and, being engaged heart and soul in the war with France, he was willing to sacrifice himself, should less sacrifices prove inadequate, rather than forego to his country the assurance of success in the struggle. He then returned to England, where changes in the constitution of the cabinet soon afterwards occurred, every way favourable to the advancement of his wishes. Harley became secretary of state in the room of Lord Nottingham; the Earl of Kent succeeded Lord Jersey as chamberlain; Sir Edward Seymour gave place to Mr. Mansel in the office of comptroller-general; and Mr. St. John, afterwards Lord Viscount Bolingbroke, was appointed secretary at

war. From all of these ministers he received for a time the steadiest support; and the business of raising recruits and providing stores went forward throughout the country with the greatest alacrity and effect.

All this while, Prince Eugene and the Duke were in close and constant correspondence; and the Prince's letters show, that to him, and to him alone, the Duke made a full disclosure of his intentions for the ensuing campaign. It is a mistake, however, to suppose that the *plan* of the campaign was, at this early period, arranged. That, like all other plans of campaign, underwent frequent modifications during the progress of hostilities; so that, unless the settlement of the one point, that Marlborough should march upon the Danube, be regarded as the arrangement of a plan, no such arrangement took place. But the two chiefs fully understood one another, and soon began to prepare for such a series of co-operative movements as might either bring them into connexion, or enable them to destroy in detail the armies by which the capital of the empire was threatened. It was in consequence of

this understanding that the Emperor was induced to write the letter to which Prince Eugene, in his Memoirs, alludes; and that Count Wratislaw came as an ambassador extraordinary to the court of London. Nor was the application made in vain. Without betraying his own secret, Marlborough so far turned the circumstance to account, that on the 4th of April he obtained from the cabinet a letter of general instructions, which directed him to repair to Holland and consult with the States as to the best means of relieving the Emperor, and reducing the Elector of Bavaria. He desired no more. Holding at nought the factious outcry of the Jacobites, who exclaimed against the extravagance of offensive wars, Marlborough proceeded to Harwich, where, accompanied by his brother, the Earl of Orkney and other officers of rank, he embarked.

The 21st of April saw the English general at the Hague; the 22nd found him busy with the pensionary and his friends in making arrangements for a speedy conference with the States. The conference took place on the 2nd of May, and proved

upon the whole a stormy one; for the States had their own scheme as well as he, and it was purely selfish. "The measures they are willing to take here," says Marlborough, in a letter to Lord Godolphin, "for the campaign, in my opinion, are very wrong; for they would have an army on the Moselle of only fifteen thousand men, and the rest in Flanders, without any design but that of taking such advantage as the enemy should give." By dint, however, of strong reasoning, aided by a threat of withdrawing the English contingent altogether, he at length prevailed upon them to consent that he should move upon Coblentz with forty thousand men, and make the Moselle the base of his future operations. By these means he calculated upon delivering himself in some sort from the restraint which the presence of the field deputies had heretofore imposed upon him; though he still kept his secret, except from Godolphin, to whom an outline of what was passing through his own mind was now at length communicated. "My intentions," says he, "are to march all the English to Coblentz, and to declare here that

I intend to command on the Moselle; but, when I come there, to write to the States that I think it absolutely necessary for saving the empire to march with the troops under my command, and to join those in Germany that are in her Majesty's and the Dutch pay, in order to take measures with Prince Louis for the speedy reducing of the Elector of Bavaria. If I should act in any other manner than what I now tell you, my design would be immediately known to the French, and these people would never consent to let so many troops go so far from their frontier."

In this manner the preliminary difficulties that beset his great undertaking were overcome. The States, deceived to their own profit, beheld him set out on the 5th of May to put himself at the head of forty-six battalions and sixty squadrons, fully persuaded that the most remote point from which he could venture to act was Coblentz. "I reckon," he says, "to be with the English troops at Mentz on the 6th of June, this style; and to join the Hessians and Lunenburgers about Philipsburg, and then to take

my measures for joining the twelve battalions of the Dutch that are on the Danube. I have it also in my power to have the seven thousand Palatines and four thousand Wirtemburgers that are paid by the Dutch. Before I come to Coblentz, I intend to send an officer to Prince Louis of Baden, to concert such measures as may enable us to act as soon as I shall come on the Rhine. I shall also send to Prince Eugene, who is to command on the Danube. I think the States have given me sufficient power to act all this without acquainting them with the particulars. In the conference I had yesterday with them, they assured me they should be satisfied with whatever I should think right for the public service." Not, however, without having personally superintended the embarkation in barges of his stores and cannon, did Marlborough quit the Hague. He saw provisions shipped on the Rhine for Coblentz, and everything else in train that seemed necessary to the formation there of a complete magazine; while several bodies of recruits, which had recently come from England, were all marched

off towards the general rendezvous, after having been minutely inspected and carefully provided with equipments requisite for the campaign. This done, he departed.

The 10th of May, Marlborough was at Maestricht, where he passed a large portion of the Dutch army in review. He then put his different columns in motion, but delayed himself in the town till the 16th. This interval was occupied chiefly in directing the formation of a bridge over the Meuse,—in communicating the final instructions to the officers commanding at Mentz, Rothweil, and other distant parts, — in bringing up the arrears of his correspondence with London,— and in settling the amount of garrison that would be needed to hold the town, and keep open his communications. Six British regiments of infantry, chiefly fresh arrivals from home were, with four squadrons of cavalry, allotted to this service; after which, it being now the 16th, he resumed his progress. On the 18th, he was at Friburg, the place of general rendezvous, where his brother Churchill, with sixteen thousand English, was waiting him;

and he found that, over and above the forces which he proposed to pick up by the way, he was at the head of fifty-one battalions and ninety-two squadrons.

The movements of the allied armies had not been overlooked by the French, who began both to experience and to display excessive jealousy. They believed that Marlborough was going to reduce Treerbach, and penetrate along the course of the Moselle into France; and they endeavoured to alarm him for his rear by giving out that Huy was about to be besieged. But Marlborough paid to this threat as little regard as he did to a pressing message from Overkerke, imploring him to return. He knew that the French had greatly weakened their army on the Meuse, and were turning all their attention to other quarters, with a view of co-operating with the Elector of Bavaria in his grand push upon Vienna; and he rated at their just value the demonstrations which Villaroy might be induced to make from his head-quarters at Namur. It was more alarming to be told, as he now was, both by Prince Louis and Count Wratislaw, that Tallard

was preparing to cross the Rhine, and that the position at Stolhoffen was in danger. Still he never wavered in his purpose of interposing himself between the Elector and his prey, though he so far yielded to the fears of the Margrave as to direct the troops of Hompesch and Bulow to draw towards Philipsburg. He himself kept his course unruffled. Accordingly we find him on the 19th at Kalsecken, in close correspondence with the States, to whom at length he judged it expedient to disclose his plan of operations.

Marlborough's letters from this point are very curious, and would well repay the trouble of perusal, but they are foreign from the design of this my present sketch. I must be content, therefore, to state, that they describe the attention of the enemy as riveted almost exclusively upon the English army, and the extreme improbability there was, that they, while fearing for their own country, would think of carrying on active hostilities in the Netherlands. At the same time the writer shows that Villaroy will probably move upon the Moselle; and argues that, so far from re-

quiring a portion of his army back, Overkerke should be directed to detach to his support, in order to hinder him from being overwhelmed by superior numbers. The anticipations which he had formed — for such, when he wrote, they were — furnish ample proof of the Duke's singular foresight and military sagacity. So confident was the French government that the English would burst in upon them from the Moselle, that they directed either Villaroy to march in person, or to detach twenty-five thousand men to that river; and the march was actually begun, and carried far towards its accomplishment, ere the real point of danger became known.

The Duke continued to press his troops forward, making them pass by Merkheim and Senzeg, towards Coblentz. He reached the latter city with his cavalry on the 25th; and such was the effect of his coming, that the Elector of Bavaria suspended his movement on Vienna, not knowing what to anticipate. Still there were portions of the general plan of campaign which had not been rightly attended to. Prince Louis of Baden

had not only failed to strike at the Bavarians when an opportunity of all others the most favourable presented itself, but M. Tallard by his superior address had baffled the defenders of the Black Forest, and joined the Electoral camp with such a reinforcement as rendered it unsafe for Prince Louis to risk a battle. It will be necessary to a right understanding of what is to follow, that I should explain how these things came to pass.

CHAPTER II.

Showing how easy it is for a great man to bamboozle his inferiors.

In describing the relative positions of the contending parties at the close of the campaign of 1703, I stated that the Elector of Bavaria, to whose army a French contingent under Marshal Marsin was added, occupied an encampment near Ulm. His communications with France were, however, very uncertain; for the Rhine, guarded by some Hessians and Dutch troops, separated him from Tallard in one direction; and the passes of the Black Forest, blocked up with entrenchments, were between him and his allies in another. It was the business of the French to establish these communications; it was the business of the allies to hinder them from

being established; and each party manœuvred to gain its own end, and to frustrate that of its rival. The Imperialists, as has elsewhere been shown, had intrusted the keeping of the difficult country between the Danube and the Lake of Constance chiefly to corps of militia. These were, indeed, supported by the fortified position of Stolhoffen; while such pains had been taken in adding to the natural difficulties of the roads, that all, except that of St. Pierre, were impracticable. Moreover, the passage of St. Pierre led under the very guns of Friburg, so that Prince Louis was perhaps justified in regarding himself as tolerably secure so long as a proper degree of vigilance should be exercised by the officers under him. But Prince Louis was opposed to a far more skilful tactician than himself. To carry the war to the gates of Vienna, was with the King of France an object of the first importance; and Tallard received orders to force his way through every obstacle, in order that there might be at the disposal of Marsin and the Elector troops enough to

remove all his misgivings in entering upon so bold an enterprise.

Tallard no sooner received his instructions than he applied all the resources of his active mind to the task of fulfilling them. He gave out that he intended to march through a portion of the Helvetic territory by the route of the Red House; and felt assured that his scheme had succeeded, when the Swiss began to protest violently against so gross a breach of their neutrality. He fostered the delusion by assuring the deputies, in reply, that the utmost discipline would be preserved by his columns while in march; and thus induced the Imperialists to draw off largely from the other passes, in order to secure that of the Red House. This done, he alarmed Prince Louis from the side of Alsace, by making preparations at Landau, as if it were intended to throw a bridge across the Rhine and take Stolhoffen in reverse; while at the same time he began to rase the fortifications of Neubourg, avowing openly that his plans were changed, and that he could no longer hope, in the

face of such insurmountable obstacles, to accomplish his proposed junction with the Elector. Projects so contradictory had the effect of embarrassing all except Prince Louis, who believed that he fully understood the French marshal's intentions; and, in order to strengthen his own position, called in from the defiles most of the troops that guarded them. Tallard desired nothing more. He made several suspicious movements, bringing up a battery of heavy cannon, and otherwise conducting himself as if he meant after all to force the lines; and then suddenly marching up the stream, arrived in Risach on the 13th of May, at the head of thirty-two battalions and a hundred squadrons. Simultaneously with this movement was the march of a corps d'armée from the Moselle, under M. de Coigny, which took up its quarters in Rheinau; and both columns passing the Rhine unopposed, united on the 14th in the plain of St. George, not far from Friburg.

Tallard had so far executed his purpose well. The Rhine was crossed, and there lay between him and the Elector of Bavaria no

obstacle more difficult to surmount than the rugged and mountainous, though ill-guarded passes of the Schwartzwald in Swabia. These he immediately reconnoitred; and, pressing into his service large bodies of the country people, he so enlarged and improved the roads, that ere Prince Louis had recovered from his surprise, or General Thungen taken the alarm, he occupied a camp on the heights of Torner. Meanwhile, the Elector of Bavaria, advertised of his designs, had advanced to Donaneschingen, bringing with him the whole of Marsin's corps, and of his own, as many as swelled his total force to thirty-five thousand men. It was while he held this insecure position, that Prince Louis hindered a blow from being struck, which, had it taken effect, would have prevented the necessity of those evolutions which ended in the great battle of Hockstedt. General Thungen was at Rothweil with five-and-twenty thousand men. There joined him here, on the 14th of May, four battalions of infantry, and three regiments of the cavalry of Wirtemburg; while the Margrave of Bareith and Count Sturm

both came in on the 15th, bringing with them twelve thousand of their own troops, besides a considerable body of Prussians. The chiefs determined to give the Elector battle; and would have carried their decree into execution had they not been restrained by an order from Prince Louis, which prohibited them from quitting their ground till he should have joined them. I need not describe in detail what followed. The Elector drew off within musket-shot of the allies, and passed them by the left under a cannonade. He marched by Hesengen and Furtsenburg as far as Eigen; while Prince Louis, separated from him by the Danube and a deep marsh, was compelled to make a long detour in order to come up with his own people, and make ready for fighting. Meantime Tallard's reinforcement joined the Bavarian camp, and all to which the Elector henceforth looked, was to thread back his steps to the position at Ulm. In that too he succeeded; for Prince Louis, leaving the pass of Stockach open, the Bavarians seized and occupied its gorge with a strong rear-guard, between which and the advance of

the allies some skirmishing took place, while the main body passed through.

Opportunities such as that which Prince Louis had permitted to elude him do not occur more than once in the same campaign; and the Prince appeared to feel this. He retraced his steps to Rudleigen; while Prince Eugene, now war-minister to the Emperor, after delivering Vienna from an incursion of Hungarian plunderers, hastened to take command of such forces as could be brought together into the entrenched camp at Behel. But it is to Marlborough's proceedings that we must henceforth exclusively look; for, though neither ignórant of the blunders committed by his friends, nor underrating the strength of his enemies, he continued to act upon his own plan with a degree of firmness and intrepidity which could hardly fail of ensuring success. Not yet, however, were the French aware that the Danube was his object. On the contrary, finding that he had turned aside from the Moselle, they became jealous for Alsace, and moved, both Villaroy and Tallard, towards Landau; an operation which he encouraged by causing the go-

vernor of Philipsburg to prepare boats and other materials for a bridge. This done, he crossed in rapid succession both the Maine and the Neckar, the latter twice; the first time at Ladenburg, the last time at Lauffen; and picking up as he proceeded various corps of auxiliaries, he gradually placed himself in such a position as to defy the utmost activity on the enemy's part to come between him and the accomplishment of his object. That object was to relieve the Austrian territories by carrying the war into the heart of Bavaria; and to compel the Elector to a peace, either by defeating him in a pitched battle, or by wresting from him the whole of his dominions.

At Mendelsheim, a day's march beyond Lauffen, Marlborough and Eugene first met. The latter had quitted his camp in order to visit and concert matters with his rival in glory, and the two greatest warriors of the age conversed as men are apt to do who hold each other's talents in the highest respect, and are engaged in the furtherance of a common enterprise. A review of the English army took place on the 11th, which greatly delighted

the prince; and on the following day Prince Louis likewise joined them. Meanwhile the columns, necessarily scattered in so long a march, were closing up, while means were taken to reinforce the army of observation on the Rhine, at the head of which Marlborough laboured, though without effect, to prevail upon the Prince of Baden to place himself. The prince preferred commanding on the Danube, where there was a prospect of being engaged in brilliant operations; and Marlborough and Eugene, albeit greatly mortified, were forced to yield. It was accordingly agreed that Eugene should watch Tallard and Villeroy, and hinder, if possible, their junction with the elector; after which the three generals separated, one repairing to Philipsburgh, one to Westenstoffe, and the other to the completion of plans now drawing fast to maturity.

The army of the allies and that of the elector may now be said to have come into contact; for Marlborough was separated from Prince Louis only by two days' march, and the Bavarians crowded upon the farther bank of the Danube. It seemed, therefore, that to

avoid much longer some decisive blow was impossible. Still Marlborough found himself a good deal annoyed by the habitual indolence of the colleague with whom it had become necessary to act. It was the 22nd of June ere their armies actually joined; an interval of which the elector, now thoroughly alarmed, and anxious for the reinforcements which were promised from France, did not fail to take advantage. About half way between Ingolstadt and Ulm, both in his possession, and strongly garrisoned, stands Donawert, an open town, but covered to the north by a range of formidable heights. These he promptly occupied, and made haste to fortify. He saw so far into Marlborough's designs as to be alarmed for his own states; and he hoped to render the passage of the Danube impossible, by preventing the allies from establishing anywhere throughout its course a base of operations. On the other hand, Marlborough was determined to make himself master of a passage over the river; and he no sooner brought about his junction with Prince Louis than he made haste to carry his point.

It is necessary to observe that by this time both Tallard and Villeroy were in motion, and that Eugene, too weak to oppose them, had sent for reinforcements, which the duke freely gave. They were both marching up the Rhine, and looking for a safe point at which to cross. Perhaps, too, it may not be amiss to add, that there had been some fighting in the Netherlands, which alarmed the Dutch, and redounded little to the credit of their commanders. Yet, to do them justice, the States had assented to the removal of a large portion of their army into Germany, so soon as the Duke of Marlborough made them aware of his designs, and spoke confidently of the result; and if on one occasion their fears had well-nigh gained the mastery, the circumstance is little to be wondered at. But it is time that Marlborough should speak for himself. We are in the month of July; Eugene is marching on the Upper Rhine; the Elector of Bavaria is encamped between Lawingen and Dillingen; with a strong corps under General D'Arco, covering the heights of Schellenberg above Donawert; and Tallard and Villeroy are bom-

barding Villingen, under the idea of operating a diversion in the elector's favour. For the rest, let the reader learn from the highest authority how the campaign was conducted.

CHAPTER III.

Marlborough's despatches.

"TO THE RIGHT HON. MR. SECRETARY HARLEY.

"Camp Obermergen, July 3, 1704.

"SIR,—I now acknowledge the favour of your letters of the 6th and 9th post, and am very glad to acquaint you at the same time with the victory we have had over a considerable part of the Elector of Bavaria's troops. Upon my coming on Tuesday with the army to Obermergen, I received advice that the elector had sent a great body of his best troops to reinforce those on the Schellenberg, near Donawert, where they had been fortifying and intrenching themselves for some time; and this being a post of great consequence to the enemy, I resolved to attack it. Accordingly, yesterday, about three in the morning, I marched with a detachment of six thousand

foot, thirty squadrons of horse, and three regiments of imperial grenadiers, leaving the whole army to follow. But the march being long, and the roads difficult, I could not reach the river Werritz till about noon. We immediately used all the diligence we could in laying over the bridges, which being finished about three o'clock, the troops with the artillery marched over, and all things being ready, the attack began about six. We found the enemy very strongly intrenched, and they defended themselves with great obstinacy for an hour and a half, during which there was a continual fire without any intermission. At last the enemy were forced to yield to the bravery of our troops, who made a great slaughter, and possessed themselves of their camp; the Count D'Arco, the elector's general, with other general officers, being obliged to save themselves by swimming over the Danube. We took fifteen pieces of cannon, with their tents, baggage, and ammunition. The latter being under ground, and not discovered by our men, blew up in the night, and did some damage to a squadron of Dutch dragoons. The loss on

our side has been considerable; but I must refer you to my next for the particulars. Our horse were commanded by Lieutenant-General Lumley, and the foot by the Earl of Orkney and Major-General Withers. The battalion of Guards, the Earl of Orkney's regiment, and Inglesby's, were those that suffered the most. * * * * * Our troops in general behaved themselves with great gallantry; and the English in particular have gained a great deal of honour in this action, which is believed to have been the warmest that has been for many years; the horse and dragoons appointed to sustain the foot, standing within musket-shot of the enemy's trenches the most part of the time."

This was but the first of a series of operations, which for brilliancy and effect have rarely been equalled, — have never been surpassed in the military annals of any country. It was an opening of the greatest promise; for the force opposed to the English amounted, according to an official return taken with Marshal Arco's baggage, to sixteen battalions of infantry, three squadrons of dragoons, and

eight regiments of cuirassiers, mustering eight hundred men each. Neither did the result disappoint the expectations which such an opening was calculated to excite. Marlborough knew how to improve as well as to gain a victory. On the 5th his whole army was across the Danube; on the 8th the Leche was forded; and on the 10th the siege of the castle of Rain was formed. It was a place of some strength, occupied by one thousand men, which it was judged imprudent to leave behind, commanding as it did the direct line by which, in case of any reverse, a retreat must needs be conducted. Accordingly the victor halted before it; and, as the reader will doubtless prefer to any narrative of mine that he should be instructed in all that followed by the great captain himself, I proceed to make from his despatches such extracts as may tend to throw some additional light both on the battle of Blenheim, and on the movements that preceded it.

"Camp at Burcheim, 13th July, 1704.

"SIR,—I now acknowledge the favour of your letters of the 13th and 16th post. We

have made but little progress since my last. The next day we passed the Leche, and have been since waiting the arrival of the great guns from Nuremberg, in order to attack Rain, where there is a garrison of about a thousand men, which it is not thought advisable to leave behind us. Nine twenty-four pounders came up yesterday, and we are hourly expecting three more, so that this night we shall break ground, and hope to have our batteries fixed to-morrow. In the mean time we are repairing the bridges the enemy destroyed on the Leche, and likewise that at Neuburg, and are making another bridge over the Danube, between that place and Donawert.

"Count Velier, general of the Palatine horse, came hither from Prince Eugene to acquaint us that M. de Villeroy and the Mareschal de Tallard are past the Rhine near Strasbourg; and that they give out they are both coming to the succour of the elector, which it is not doubted but one of them at least will attempt. Whereupon, at Prince Eugene's desire, thirty squadrons of horse will be detached this evening to reinforce him, and enable him the better

to attend the enemy's motions. Seven thousand Swiss have refused to pass the Rhine, so that we do not reckon their two armies to be above forty-five thousand men."

While these military movements were going forward on both sides, the Elector of Bavaria opened a negotiation with the emperor,—whether in sincerity or not may admit of a question, but in either case without coming to any satisfactory conclusion. Marlborough seems to have distrusted the manœuvre from the first, as his letters abundantly testify, and he gives the following account of its termination:

"Camp at Burcheim, 16th July, 1704.

"Sir,—I received last night the favour of your letter of the 20th post, and doubt not but, from what I wrote you in two former, this will find you in great expectation of the success of our treaty with the Elector of Bavaria. Count Wratislaw returned yesterday noon, and gives an account that, instead of the elector's coming to him to sign the articles, as was consented, he sent his secretary, M. Richardt, to acquaint him that, since M. Tallard was advancing with an army of five-

and-thirty thousand men, it was neither in his power nor consistent with his honour to quit the French interest. Thus you see that matter is at an end for the present. While it has been in agitation, to lose no time, we have been attacking the town of Rain, which has this day capitulated; and, as we are now advancing into the heart of Bavaria, to destroy the country, and oblige the elector one way or another to a compliance, we shall not be able on our side to hinder the junction. Prince Eugene has had all the reinforcements from us that he desired, and we are in hopes he may do something towards preventing it; though, if the mareschal arrive at Villingen the 14th, as the enemy give out, it will not be in his power neither; but, as we have heard nothing from the prince these two days, we cannot think the enemy are advanced so far. Neither do we believe their strength to be much more than five-and-twenty thousand men. If they should join, it may prolong the war for some time in these parts. I have been on horseback all this day, which obliges me to make use of Mr. Cardonel's hand."

"Aicha, July 20, 1704.

"We came to this camp on Friday, and have been since drawing what corn and other provisions we could from Neuburg and parts adjacent for erecting a magazine at this place, intending to leave a garrison, and so advance to-morrow to post ourselves so as to make it difficult for the elector to draw any quantity of provisions from his own country for the subsistence of his army, which must make them very uneasy."

"Camp at Friberg, July 23, 1704.

"Sir,—My last to you was of Sunday from Aicha. The next day we advanced about two leagues towards this place, and, halting yesterday in the morning, I took out the picket of the left, with a detachment of five hundred foot, and came to view this ground, and to reconnoitre the enemy's camp. Upon my approach to the town, the garrison, consisting of two hundred horse, and as many foot, retired with great precipitation to their camp on the other side the Leche, close to Augsburg; whereupon the magistrates brought

me the keys, and I took possession with the five hundred foot and one hundred horse, and this morning the whole army came to encamp, with the right at Wolfurthausen, and the left at Oostmaring : this town being in the centre of the line, within a league of the city, whereof we have a perfect view, as well as of the enemy's camp. After we had taken possession yesterday, a messenger was sent hither from the elector, to order all the inhabitants to retire with their effects into Augsburg, who, being seized and brought to me, I sent him back this morning. We are now so near that the enemy cannot receive any subsistence for their army out of the country of Bavaria, which lies entirely at our mercy.

"We received an express this morning from Prince Eugene, giving an account that M. Tallard was attacking of Villingen, and that he was observing him with twenty battalions and sixty squadrons, having left the rest of his troops in the lines, under the command of Count Nassau."

"Friberg, July 27, 1704.

"SINCE my last I have had the favour of your letters of the 27th and 30th post, and have likewise had from Mr. Stephens extracts of all that has been sent to him relating to the negotiation of the Elector of Bavaria; so that I think I am sufficiently instructed in that matter, if there were any real inclination on the elector's side to treat. But I am of your opinion, that he will not be brought to terms till the last extremity, and that we could not buy him at too dear a rate. He relies entirely on his succours which are advancing from the Rhine. The Duke Regent of Wirtemberg had letters from those parts of the 23rd instant, which advise that M. Tallard, after lying six days before Villingen with four twenty-four pounders and eight sixteen-pounders, had been obliged that day, on the approach of Prince Eugene, to retire,—that he advanced the same evening about two leagues, and was to march the same day to Dutlingen, on the Danube, where he had sent before to bake bread for his troops, resolving to march with all expedition to join the elector. If this

news be true, of which we are hourly expecting the confirmation, the junction may be made about the 2nd of next month. We are told that the Mareschal de Villeroy has orders to fall with the troops under his command into the country of Wirtemberg, so that the enemy's vast designs on the Rhine are vanished, and the whole war like to be brought on this side. They will have in Alsace only the Swiss that refused to pass, and a few battalions more under M. Coigny.

"Since the enclosing my letter, we have one from Prince Eugene, which confirms the news relating to M. de Tallard."

It was now that the results of Marlborough's masterly combinations began to develope themselves. Alsace and Brabant were both laid bare by the same series of brilliant movements that had saved the imperial throne; while the enemy, threatened from a point where least of all they had anticipated danger, found themselves compelled, in the middle of a campaign, to change the whole plan of their operations. There needed but a victory to ensure to the allies the power of choosing their own

theatre for the future; and that was in due time obtained. How the battle was brought on, — with what consummate address the French marshals were anticipated in all their schemes, and finally hurried into one of the most disastrous conflicts of modern times, the great warrior himself shall describe. The tale has, I am aware, been often told already, but nowhere, as far as I am aware, has the narrative taken the clear and simple form which the modest letters of Marlborough give to it.

" Friberg, July 31, 1704.

Sir,—I have received your obliging letter of the 4th instant, and do assure you I cannot have greater pleasure than to see my friends satisfied that I do my best to discharge my duty for the honour of her Majesty's arms and the good of the public, which I shall never be wanting to promote to my utmost endeavours.

" We intended, if we could have got a sufficient train of artillery together, to have attacked Munich, and might in that case have been masters of it by this time; but it not being to be had, and the elector continuing obstinately to adhere to the interest of France,

we find ourselves under the necessity of burning and destroying his country, to which end the Count de Latour and Count Oostfrize were sent out on Tuesday morning to begin in the neighbourhood of Munich, as we shall continue to do in other parts, to deprive the enemy, as far as we can, of any subsistence from his country. In the meanwhile we are endeavouring to get together thirty pieces of cannon at Neuburg for the siege of Ingolstadt, which, when we have taken, will make us masters of the Danube from Ulm to Nassau, and by that means we shall always have a free passage into Bavaria. You will see by the copy of my letter to Prince Eugene, and the dispositions I purpose for this siege, that if it takes effect, we are not without hopes of undertaking that of Ulm before the campaign be ended, the conquest of which place will make it very difficult for the enemy to send any more succours hereafter into these parts, or to find subsistence for what is already here. M. de Tallard is advancing, and, as I told you in my last, may probably join the elector in three or four days. If they give us a fair

opportunity of engaging, you may be sure we will not decline it, our troops being full of courage, and desiring nothing more."

It is well known that in the Prince of Baden Marlborough had an intractable colleague to deal with, whose pettish humours, and extreme jealousy, both of himself and of Prince Eugene, required no little address to soothe and keep under. But with the qualities requisite to control such a temper Marlborough was peculiarly gifted. He succeeded in giving the prince occupation at the siege of Ingolstadt, at the same time that he hindered him from drawing too much from the army in the field; and, being thus freed, as it were, from his fetters, he pushed on with the campaign. He shall again speak for himself.

"Friberg, August 3.

"Sir,—I am favoured with your letter of the 7th instant, and since mine of the 31st our whole business has been to burn and destroy the elector's country. I told you then the Count de Latour was abroad with three thousand horse for that purpose. The Duke of Wirtemberg was sent out on Thursday on

the same errand, and are both returned this evening, having burned a great number of villages between this and Munich, so that the elector can expect nothing less than the ruin of Bavaria for his obstinacy and breach of promise to Count Wratislaw. Mr. Stepney will have informed you of the measures that have been taken at Vienna to succour the Duke of Savoy; and you may be sure I have it as much at heart as you can wish to press that court to send further supplies as soon as our affairs here will permit it. Prince Louis having assured me that the artillery will be ready at Neuburg for the siege of Ingolstadt, we shall decamp to-morrow and march that way. He has made me the compliment either of commanding or covering the siege. I believe I shall choose the latter, for fear everything may not be so readily supplied that may be wanting to carry on the attack. We have nothing new of M. de Tallard, which makes us apprehensive he may be halted at Ulm in order to repass the Danube, by which he may be more uneasy to us than if joined with the elector."

"Rederschonfeldt, August 10.

"SIR,—I hope you will excuse me, that having been on horseback almost the whole day, and coming home late, very much tired, I did not write to you by the last post from Hoghewart; however, I directed Mr. Cardonel to acquaint you with our motions, and the little news that was then stirring.

"We marched the next day from thence to Scruditzel, and yesterday Prince Louis marched with twenty-three battalions and thirty-one squadrons to Neuburg in order to carry on the siege of Ingolstadt, and I came with the rest of the army to Exheim. On the march I received advice that the enemy decamped the same morning from Biberbach, and were marching towards Lawingen with a design, as it is supposed, to pass the Danube. Prince Eugene, who left us that morning, met the same news as he was going to his camp; upon which he came back to me, and, consulting together, we thought it advisable that he should be forthwith reinforced, and that the whole army should advance nearer to the Danube, in order to join him if the enemy

passed. Hereupon I ordered the Duke Regent of Wirtemberg to march early this morning to reinforce the prince with twenty-seven squadrons, and at the same time sent my brother Churchill with twenty battalions over the Danube, so as to be at hand to join him if there should be occasion. I marched likewise to-day with the rest of the troops to this camp near the river, to be ready to pass on the first certain advice of the enemy's being gone over, which it is not doubted they will do, it being very likely the elector has prevailed with the two marshals to make this march on purpose to draw us out of this country, though Prince Louis will still be entirely at liberty to send parties to burn and ravage the rest of Bavaria, and carry on the siege at the same time, the enemy having no troops left except the garrisons of Munich and Augsburg."

"Camp at Hochst. Thursdaye morning.

"SIR,—I gave you an account on Sunday of the situation we were then in, and that we expected to hear the enemy would pass the Danube at Lawingen, in order to attack Prince

Eugene. At eleven that night we had an express from him that the enemy were come over, and desiring he might be reinforced as soon as possible. Whereupon I ordered my brother Churchill to advance at one o'clock in the morning with his twenty battalions, and by three the whole army was in motion. For the greater expedition, I ordered part of the troops to pass over the Danube and follow the march of the twenty battalions; and with most of the horse and the foot of the first line I passed the Leche at Rain, and came over the Danube at Donawert; so that we all joined the prince that night, intending to advance and take this camp of Hochstadt. In order whereunto we went out on Tuesday early in the morning with forty squadrons to view the ground, but found the enemy had already possessed themselves of it. Whereupon we resolved to attack them; and accordingly we marched between three and four yesterday morning from the camp at Munster, leaving all our tents standing. About six we came in view of the enemy, who, we found, did not expect so early a visit. The cannon began to

play about half an hour after eight. They formed themselves in two bodies: the Elector, with M. Marsin and their troops on our right, and M. de Tallard, with all his, on our left, which last fell to my share. They had two little rivulets, besides a morass, before them, which we were obliged to pass over in their view: and Prince Eugene was forced to take a great compass to come to the enemy, so that it was one o'clock before the battle began. It lasted with great vigour till sunset, when the enemy were obliged to retire, and, by the blessing of God, we obtained a great victory. We have cut off great numbers of them, as well in the action as in the retreat, besides upwards of thirty squadrons of the French which I pushed into the Danube, where we saw the greatest part of them perish. M. de Tallard, with several of his general officers, being taken prisoners at the same time; and in the village of Blenheim, which the enemy had entrenched and fortified, and where they made the greatest opposition, I obliged twenty-six entire battalions and twelve squadrons of dragoons to surrender themselves prisoners at

discretion. We took likewise all their tents standing, with their cannon and ammunition, as also a great number of standards, kettle-drums, and colours in the action, so that I reckon the greatest part of Tallard's army is taken or destroyed.

"The bravery of all our troops on this occasion cannot be expressed, the generals, as well as the officers and soldiers, behaving themselves with the greatest courage and resolution, the horse and dragoons having been obliged to charge four or five several times.

"The Elector and M. de Marsin were so advantageously posted, that Prince Eugene could make no impression on them till the third attack, at near seven at night, when he made a great slaughter of them; but, being near a woodside, a good body of Bavarians retired into it, and the rest of that army retreated towards Lawingen, it being too late, and the troops too much tired to pursue them far. I cannot say too much of the prince's good conduct, and the bravery of his troops, on this occasion. You will please to lay this before her Majesty and his Royal Highness, to

whom I send my Lord Tunbridge with the good news.

"I pray you will likewise inform yourself, and let me know her Majesty's pleasure, as well relating to M. de Tallard and the other general officers, as for the disposal of near twelve hundred other officers and between eight and nine thousand common soldiers, who, being all made prisoners by her Majesty's troops, are entirely at her disposal; but as the charge of subsisting these officers and men must be very great, I presume her Majesty will be inclined that they be exchanged for any other prisoners that offer.

"I should likewise be glad to receive her Majesty's directions for the disposal of the standards and colours, whereof I have not yet the number, but guess there cannot be less than a hundred, which is more than has been taken in any battle this many years.

"You will easily believe that, in so long and vigorous an action, the English, who had so great a share in it, must have suffered both in officers and men."

Such is the account of the battle of Blenheim, or Hochstadt, as it came from the pen of Marlborough, at a moment when, from a postscript written in his own hand, we learn that "he was very much out of order for want of rest." Its distinguishing characteristic is modesty; for not only is the writer silent as to his own personal exertions throughout the day, but he very much underrates the amount both of the enemy's loss, and of the trophies which passed into the hands of the victors. The error is indeed rectified in future communications, from which we learn that upwards of eleven thousand prisoners fell into the hands of the English; while, with still greater satisfaction, we read in his despatch of the 17th, that "this day was devoutly observed throughout the whole army, in returning thanks to Almighty God for his blessing upon the army of the allies." An admirable practice this, which seems, unhappily, to have died out in modern times with our troops in the field, and is not much observed by our civil authorities at home, in cases where its observance might be looked for. Yet was the victory obtained at

a large expense of life to the allies; for the official returns give, in all, three thousand two hundred and ninety-two killed, of whom one hundred and ninety were officers, with five thousand three hundred and ninety-one wounded, including four hundred and sixty-four who bore commissions. Nevertheless the results were of a nature to compensate this loss, great as it was; for the whole of the country up to the Rhine itself submitted, and the Rhine presented no obstacle to the onward march of the victors. Hence the Elector of Bavaria, after a good deal of tergiversation and shuffling, gave in his submission, and Germany was at peace with itself.

Such was the campaign of Hochstadt, or Blenheim, and such the services by which Robert Chambers acquired his title to admission into Chelsea Hospital. It will be admitted, I think, even by the most fastidious, that he earned the shelter that was afforded to his old age.

A TRADITION OF
THE WAR OF SUCCESSION
IN SPAIN.

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THE WAR OF SUCCESSION IN SPAIN.

CHAPTER I.

Showing how claims for admission into Chelsea Hospital may be established.

If there be any reader of these volumes to whom Captain Carleton's delightful Memoirs happen to be strange, the little tale which it has now become my business to tell, will, if it lead to no better result, probably induce him, without delay, to make amends for his past negligence. Among other curious anecdotes of the war of the succession in Spain, the gallant captain relates the following. He describes the order of Lord Peterborough's progress to the coast, when, being civilly removed from the command of the British army in Spain, he quitted the archduke's camp at Guadalaxara, and says,

"From Huette the Earl of Peterborow marched forwards for Valencia, with only those fourscore dragoons which came with him from Churcon, leaving General Windham pursuing his own orders to join his forces to the army, then under the command of the Lord Galway. But stopping at Campelio, a little town in our way, his lordship had information of a most barbarous fact committed that very morning by the Spaniards at a small villa, about a league distant, upon some English soldiers.

"A captain of the English guards, whose name has slipped my memory, though I well knew the man, marching in order to join the battalion of the guards, then under the command of General Windham, with some of his soldiers that had been in the hospital, took up his quarters in that little villa. But on his marching out of it next morning, a shot in the back laid that officer dead on the spot; and, as it had been before concerted, the Spaniards of the place at the same time fell upon the poor weak soldiers, killing several, not even sparing their wives. This was but a prelude to their barbarity: their savage cruelty was

only whetted, not glutted. They took the surviving few, and hurried and dragged them up a hill a little without the villa. On the top of this hill there was a hole, or opening, somewhat like the mouth of one of our coal-pits: down this they cast several, who, with hideous shrieks, and cries made more hideous by the echoes of the chasm, there lost their lives.

"This relation was thus made to the Earl of Peterborow, at his quarters at Campelio, who immediately gave orders for to sound to horse. At first we were all surprised, but were soon satisfied that it was to revenge, or rather do justice on this barbarous action.

"As soon as we entered the villa, we found that most of the inhabitants, but especially the most guilty, had withdrawn themselves on our approach. We found, however, many of the dead soldiers' clothes, which had been conveyed into the church, and there hid. And a strong accusation being laid against a person belonging to the church, and full proof made that he had been singularly industrious in the execution of that horrid piece of barbarity on

the hill, his lordship commanded him to be hanged up at the knocker of the door.

"After this piece of military justice, we were led up to the fatal pit or hole, down which many had been cast headlong. There we found one poor soldier alive, who, upon being thrown in, had catched fast hold of some impending bushes, and saved himself on a little jutty within the concavity. On hearing us talk English he cried out; and ropes being let down, in a little time he was drawn up, when he gave us an ample detail of the whole villainy. Among other particulars, I remember he told me of a very narrow escape he had in that obscure recess. A poor woman, one of the wives of the soldiers, who was thrown down after him, struggled and roared so much, that they could not with all their force throw her cleverly in the middle; by which means, falling near the side, in her fall she almost beat him from his place of security."

Having this anecdote fresh in my recollection, I was a good deal struck by discovering the subjoined legend among the list of entries in Chelsea Hospital for the year 1715.

"Wade's late regiment. — Neil Campbell was left ill in the hospital in Spain. Shot in the left hip and thigh, and thrown into a well. Remained there until he got an occasion of transportation."

The first impression upon my mind after reading the above was, that Neil Campbell could be no other than the soldier of whom Captain Carleton makes mention. I knew, indeed, that the horrid exploit near Campelio stood not alone in the annals of Spanish cruelty. From the most remote times there has prevailed in Spain an indifference to human suffering such as we cannot discover in any other European country,—a thirst of revenge which never could be satiated, except by the infliction of unheard-of torments upon its object. And the records of our own Peninsular campaigns, equally with the character of the civil strife which is now going on, abundantly prove that a disposition so unworthy of a brave and magnanimous people, is in no degree worn out or ameliorated. Who that is conversant with the minute details of the late war can have forgotten the treatment awarded

by a band of Spanish peasants to an unfortunate French officer who fell into their hands, when, tying him up in a sack, out of which his head alone protruded, they immersed him in a cauldron of cold water, and, lighting a fire beneath, stood and watched his sufferings as he boiled to death. It was the singularity of the mode of execution, or attempted execution, in Neil Campbell's case, however, which induced me at first sight to assume that Captain Carleton and the registry book bore testimony to the same fact. But a more patient investigation of the subject, convinced me that I was at fault in this assumption. Wade's regiment was not a regiment of guards, neither did Neil Campbell's temporary inhumation take place at a villa near Campelio. Accordingly I was forced, though with reluctance, to abandon my first theory, and to look around for another. There were many obstacles to be surmounted in conducting my future inquiries, for I had to trace the man and his fortunes into the most remote corners,—yet I succeeded. And as his story seems to me to possess some interest, I do not see why it should not

take its place among the traditions of Chelsea Hospital. Here then it is.

Of the place of my hero's birth, as well as of the events which may have given a character to his youthful days, I am altogether ignorant. His name seems to indicate that he first saw the light on the north of the Tweed, and the mountains of Argyleshire may, perhaps, have been his nursing mother. But, however this may be, the earliest trace which I have obtained of him is as a soldier in the gallant corps of which General Wade was the colonel, and of which Neil became a member in the year 1694. He took service, it appears, somewhere in Cumberland, whither he seems to have accompanied a relative in charge of a drove of black cattle; and he was transferred with a batch of recruits, picked up at the same time and place, to the regimental depôt at Portsmouth. How it fared with him there I cannot pretend to say, for there is a blank in my legend of some year's duration. But the muster-roll of his battalion shows that he embarked in the spring of 1706 for Barcelona, as

one of that well-timed reinforcement of which General Stanhope was the leader, and of which the beleaguered Archduke Charles and his garrison and friends stood sorely in need.

I am not going to describe the progress of a war, with the great events in which Lord Mahon has so recently and so satisfactorily made the public acquainted. My purpose is sufficiently served when I state that in most of these Wade's regiment took part, and that no man or officer belonging to the British contingent did his duty with greater zeal or gallantry than Neil Campbell. Quiet and orderly in quarters, Neil was brave as a lion in the field; and being, moreover, a remarkably good-looking youth, he became to the full as much a favourite with the senorettas in the former situation, as with his comrades when in the latter. Scottish soldiers, I am aware, generally claim credit to themselves for making large inroads into the good graces of the people on whom, in strange lands, they are billeted; and they account for the circumstance by stating that they are more forward to do little acts of kindness to their hosts and

hostesses, in carrying in their water, rocking their cradle, and otherwise assisting them in their domestic arrangements, than the natives either of England or Ireland. All this may be true as Holy Writ, though I confess that my own experience does not qualify me to speak either for or against its truth. But to one fact all who have served in the Peninsula will bear testimony,—namely, that the Spanish women, if kindly treated, are prompt to return the kindness with interest; and that in numberless instances their generosity has led them to encounter hazards and undergo privations from which the women of almost any other country under heaven would have shrunk back in dismay.

Neil Campbell marched with his regiment from Barcelona to Madrid, and again quitted the latter city when the generals saw fit to draw towards Guadalaxara. At Guadalaxara likewise he lingered for some time, in a district of which all the inhabitants were hostile, and suffered, in common with his companions in arms, many and severe privations; for no supplies were brought into the camp, no intel-

ligence was communicated of the enemy's movements; indeed it was only by the distressing, and, in the end, fatal method of requisition, that Lord Galway preserved his army at all from starvation, while on his own patrols, and on them alone, he was forced to depend for intelligence. As a necessary result of such proceedings on both sides, by each was the other hated. The natives abhorred the allied troops as invaders and plunderers; the allied troops abhorred the natives because they resisted the system of methodised plunder, and not unfrequently revenged upon individuals the damage which they had received from whole communities. Thus that which might be at the outset a mere political alienation, degenerated by degrees into fierce personal rancour, till, in the end, to put an Englishman, or a Portuguese, or an imperialist to death, would have been to a Castilian more delightful than to save a countryman alive.

It is well known that the chiefs of the allied army, after wasting some precious weeks at Guadalaxara, came to the determination of retreating upon Portugal. They felt them-

selves quite inadequate, in point of numbers, to maintain the advanced position which they had occupied. Nay, so slight was their hold upon the affections of the people, that Madrid itself was lost almost as soon as it had been won; for, on the 4th of August it quietly submitted to a squadron of Spanish horse, which Berwick had detached for the purpose of taking possession. Upon this the allies determined to retreat, but, unfortunately for themselves, they were at once too slow in coming to this decision, and too remiss in their exertions to act up to it. They fell back indeed, to Churcon, a village not far from Aranjuez, and learned there that their intentions had been penetrated; while Berwick rapidly interposed himself between them and Toledo, and the southern bank of the Tagus became covered with bands of armed peasants. Now these were obstacles, which being added to the natural difficulties of a rough and mountainous country, Generals like Lord Galway and the Marques Das Minas, knew not how to surmount. Fresh councils of war were summoned every day, fresh deliberations held;

and a different line of march, over an elbow of New Castile into the kingdom of Valencia, was at last agreed upon. Yet, like persons who distrust the strength of their own judgment, and are continually re-arguing questions which have been already decided, they put off from day to day the commencement of their journey. The consequence was, that Berwick closed upon them fast; while the guerillas grew so bold, and so numerous, that no party could go abroad to forage, except at the imminent risk of being cut off, and, which amounted to the same thing, being put to death on the spot.

When the allied army entered Churcon, the village was found to be utterly deserted. A few women and children, to be sure, lingered about their houses, but even the aged men were gone,—that is to say, all, except the blind, the deaf, and the bed-ridden: a circumstance which led, not unnaturally, to the conclusion, that every human being in the place, who had strength to wield a musket, was in arms. This notion received additional strength from the discovery, that at no place where

they had yet halted, were the allies more pertinaciously or daringly attacked. Not only stragglers, but the very sentries on their posts, and not the sentries only, but the picquets round their watch-fires, were continually fired at; so that many a brave fellow received a wound, and not a few were slain, by hands that never became visible to them. It could not be otherwise but that Churcon should become to its new occupants, under such circumstances, an object of positive loathing; and that several who had lost their comrades, determined ere they quitted the place, to make of it a lasting monument of a soldier's vengeance.

The company to which Neil Campbell was attached, chanced to take up its quarters in a house which stood at some distance from the village properly so called, and detached from all others. It was a stately mansion, surrounded by outbuildings, and bearing every exterior mark of the gentility of its owner; for a broad court begirt by a lofty wall ushered you to the front gate; and the clumps of trees in the sort of park that closed it in,

were of the growth of centuries. Both officers and men hoped to receive, in such a place, treatment more liberal than the mere cottagers were apt to afford; but they had deceived themselves. When they came to take possession, they found that there were no friendly voices to bid them welcome,—that the casa was not only deserted by its inhabitants, but that every living thing seemed to have been carefully driven away from it, and its offices. There was no horse in the stable, no cow in the stall, no pig in the stye, no poultry about the yard; while some smoking embers alone pointed out the spot, where not long ago several stacks of hay and corn must have stood. The soldiers were both surprised and indignant at all this. Elsewhere the women and children had been entrusted to their clemency, and if the supplies of which they stood in need were not at hand, at least they could discover no proof that the very necessaries of life had been wantonly destroyed. Here the reverse was the case, and a good deal of murmuring broke out in consequence. Nay more. Leap-

ing at conclusions as men in their circumstances are apt to do, the soldiers took it for granted that the owner of the mansion, be he who he might, was in the field against them. Nay, that in all probability he was the chief or leader of the bands, which soon began to gather round, and harass them in their quarters. "The vile bandit!" was now their cry, "the brutal assassin! Ay, and look at the accommodation which he has provided for us; there is no forage for our animals, no food for ourselves, no not even straw to lie down upon. But we 'll make his furniture pay for it." And so they did. For chairs, tables, and other household stuff supplied fuel for the fires, while the sole wish expressed was, that they had but the rascally Don in their clutches, that they might hang him up to scare the crows at a branch of one of his own chestnut-trees.

All this may seem very shocking to the ordinary reader, and doubtless is so, but it is still very natural. Men smarting under the sting of pressing hardships, are not apt to take counsel either of sober reason, or

generosity; and if they possess the power, will, in nine cases of ten, use it without moderation, in punishing those to whom they attribute their misfortunes. Moreover it has always been a sort of recognised law in war, that he who will not stay at home to take care of his property, places himself at once in the situation of an enemy, and deserves to have his property laid waste. Beyond this, however, British soldiers very seldom go. In the hurry of a storm they may be ruthless enough, but towards an unoffending populace they are invariably as generous and considerate —as considerate, at least, as is at all consistent with a due attention to their own wants. Ay, and they often go beyond this, as my reader will find by adverting to the contents of the next chapter.

CHAPTER II.

Showing how a hungry man can pinch himself to help others.

It has been the custom in the British army, from time immemorial, for the privates in each regiment to take it by turns to cook: two or three men, according to the numerical strength of each company, being permitted to absent themselves from parade and other duties of state, in order that they may prepare victuals for their comrades. At Churcon, as has just been stated, there were few viands to dress, yet there were some; and viands, whether in large or in small quantities, must be dressed ere they can be eaten. Accordingly the process of cooking went on from day to day, both at the Estantia and elsewhere, sometimes when the camp-kettles contained little else than calavances and olive-oil.

It was the fifth day after their occupation of the deserted casa, when it fell to Neil's turn to execute the office of *maitre de cuisine* for his companions. The day was clear and bright, forming a remarkable contrast to those that had preceded it, all of which, for the space of a week and more, had been boisterous and rainy; and the generals, as if willing to make the most of the opportunity, ordered the whole of the contingent under arms, for the purpose of being inspected. In consequence of this order, Neil was left in solitary and undisturbed possession of the entire mansion. All his comrades marched forth towards the place of rendezvous, with their accoutrements neatly furbished up, and every thing in review order; leaving him to make ready their messes of soup meagre and mouldy biscuit, and to season it as he best could with a bag of onions, which one of them had discovered, to his indescribable delight, in a corner of an empty hayloft.

Neil saw the people depart, and stood at the door watching their receding steps, till they disappeared round an angle in the park wall.

He then applied himself to his peculiar duties, by stirring up the fire, heaping on an arm-chair to make it burn brightly, and filling his camp-kettles, for there were three, with water. He next shredded into the liquor, in their proper proportions, the beans, and onions, and morsels of lean beef, out of which it had become his province to manufacture a savoury mess, and, vainly longing for salt, which was not forthcoming, sat down on a stool by the fire-side to abide the result. I ought to have said at the outset, that Neil was quite alone; for, partly because the eatables were scanty, partly because the colonel was anxious to make a show in the presence of Das Minas, by whom the British contingent was to be reviewed, the orders ran that only one man from each company should this day continue in his quarters. Neil, therefore, having taken his seat, soon fell into a reverie, during which no thought of danger once crossed his mind; first, because he knew that the picquets were between him and an enemy; and next, because, had it been otherwise, he was constitutionally fearless. How his fancy exercised itself, I cannot

tell. Perhaps he wandered back in imagination to his home in the far north; to Loch Awe, with its sweeping bays and bold promontories; to Dalmallie, smiling and fair, and sheltered like an eagle's nest by the beetling mountains that surround it; to Glenorchy's wild and rugged pass; or to some other of the romantic glens and straths, over which his clan have, from age to age, spread themselves. Or it may be that, like the generality of men in his situation, his thoughts ran chiefly on things present, on the extreme inconvenience, for example, of a good appetite, when the means of allaying it are scanty. But in either case, he had been immersed for a full half hour in what is commonly called a brown study; when an event befell, pregnant to him with far more serious consequences than, unlooked-for as it was, and at the moment not a little alarming, he could have imagined.

In the country-houses of Castile, whether great or small, there is very seldom a fireplace, except in the kitchen, and that is usually large enough to admit of a whole family sitting with comfort under the shadow of the

high chimney, and in a semicircle about the dogs. It was in the kitchen that my hero had planted himself, of which the floor was paved with large flags, and which had on each flank of the fire-place a projecting pillar or buttress, into which a stone seat was admitted. Here then sat Neil, partly watching his kettles, partly, as I have just said, indulging his contemplative humour; while with a vacant stare he would from time to time turn his eyes towards the opposite end of the apartment. There was a perfect stillness around; a stillness which told the more by reason of the contrast which it presented to the unceasing din of voices which usually echoed through the mansion; for, except the gurgling of the water as it began to boil, and the occasional crackling of the fuel, not a sound was to be heard. Neil was a good deal struck with this circumstance; when all at once a noise caught his ear, as of a bolt withdrawn with a spring, or the loud click of a musket lock brought suddenly to full cock. The young man gazed round, not without a rush of the blood to his heart; but of the chamber he was the sole tenant. He

looked to the casements. They were open, as usual, but nobody stood near them; he turned his eyes towards the door, and it was closed. Was it possible that fancy had misled him? He could not think so;—he was sure the sound was real. Whence then could it proceed? He had no time to stir; he could not so much as grasp at his weapon which stood near him in the corner, when the problem received its solution.

Neil was gazing eagerly round, when a faint creak, as of a rusty hinge turning on its axis, came upon his ear, and he saw at the same instant one of the flat stones with which the apartment was paved begin to heave. He sprang to his feet, but so quietly that no alarm was taken; and passing with a light step behind the screen of the stone pillar, he there awaited the issue in a state of feeling such as I cannot undertake to describe. Neil was very brave: yet he was alone; and he knew it. Moreover Neil had about him something of the superstitious feeling which is said to attach to his countrymen in general; and though it was broad day, he was too ignorant

of the customs of Spain to be assured that even in broad day visitors from the world of spirits might not there revisit this earth. Therefore his breath came thick, and his pulse beat furiously, while with a fixed eye he watched the ponderous stone gradually heave itself up, till it stood quite erect. Nor was his self-possession restored when from the aperture there emerged a human head, pale, and wan, and haggard, which cast round the room a glance of fearful import, in which might be read the combined expressions of anxiety, and fear, and pain, and intense curiosity. This done, the head disappeared, and for a moment all was still.

Neil felt his cheek and lips grow cold and clammy. His hair bristled up and his knees shook, and then through every vein the blood rushed as if it would have burst its banks and poured out upon the floor. He muttered a prayer, and, being a Roman Catholic, began devoutly to cross himself, when, lo! the apparition presented itself again, though in a much more tangible shape. This time there rose from the aperture a female form, dressed in a

long dark robe. The face was the same which had attracted his notice at the first. It was still pale and wan; yet Neil could now ascertain that the features were singularly regular, and the eyes full, large, dark, and beautifully expressive. In a word, his courage revived in proportion as he became more and more convinced that he was looking upon a creature of flesh and bones, and he saw that there stood before him a young and delicate woman. Now then curiosity of the most intense kind became the ruling passion in his breast. It was a strange adventure,—it might lead he knew not to what consequences; but he resolved to see it out, let come what would, and to act with great caution in doing so. Accordingly he squeezed himself up into the smallest possible compass behind the pillar, and continued for a while to observe from his hiding-place the proceedings of the visitor.

In the mean while the lady, for such she seemed to be, stepped out upon the floor of the chamber, and stood still, while she threw an anxious and scrutinising glance on every side of her. The objects, however, which ap-

peared chiefly to attract her attention were Neil's camp-kettles, emitting as they did not only a gurgling noise, but a strong and savoury smell, which, judging from the expression of eagerness that passed suddenly across her countenance, produced upon her imagination no trifling effect. Again she looked anxiously round, and, as if satisfied that no hostile eye was upon her, she advanced towards the fire-place. Neil thought that her step was that of a person labouring under excessive bodily weakness, for she reeled a little in her gait; and, when she stooped to grasp one of the kettles, her hand shook, and she seemed scarcely able to raise it from its place. But she did raise it, and, turning about, was making what haste she could towards the trap-door, when my hero conceived that it was high time for him to interfere. He sprang from his hiding-place, and, throwing himself between the stranger and the open cavity, barred her further progress. A faint scream and an immediate abandonment of the camp-kettle gave notice of her alarm. She cast an imploring glance first on one side and then on

the other; and having, as it seemed, ascertained that no chance of retreat lay open for her, she threw herself upon her knees. Now there were two circumstances attending this little scene, which jarred, both of them, against the feelings of Neil Campbell. He did not relish the loss of the good soup, which floated in a greasy stream over the kitchen floor; and he was possessed of a heart too tender to behold with indifference a beautiful woman in deep distress, and kneeling before him. Of the soup, however, he took no notice at the moment; but taking the stranger by one of her uplifted hands, he endeavoured to raise her gently from the ground, while by bowing, and laying his own hand upon his heart, he did his utmost to convince her that there was no cause for alarm. They say that women in general are very apt scholars in the language of signs. I do not know how far this may be correct; but it is certain that Neil's inarticulate language was not lost upon the stranger, for she recovered her composure so far as to obey the impulse which he gave; and the two

stood for a moment face to face, holding what converse they could with their eyes.

Neil Campbell knew no more of Spanish than British soldiers generally do, after they may have sojourned a few months or years in the Peninsula. He had caught up a few words, which he repeated on all occasions; and, when desirous of being more than usually eloquent, tried to increase his stock by giving Spanish terminations to English words. Thus, if he or his comrades wished to insinuate themselves into the good graces of a native, and chose to adopt the beaten road of flattery, their mode of expressing themselves was something like this: "The Ingleses cary the Hispanioles mucho; you cary the Ingleses." Or, if the party addressed chanced to be a woman, the compliment would run, "I cary you mucho mucho;—you mucho pretty." But Neil could not appeal to his ordinary vocabulary on the present occasion. Nature, if she cannot express herself intelligibly through the organs of speech, refuses to speak at all, and has recourse to the universal language of kind

looks and encouraging gestures. And so it was here. Neil taught the stranger to take courage, and learned from her expressive gestures that not only she herself, but some other persons, were dying of hunger.

"Good God!" exclaimed Neil in English, "no wonder that the poor girl looks pale; and here I stand, bowing and scraping over the wreck of the mess by which, poor thing! she hoped to save her own life, and the lives of her companions. We are badly enough off, it is true; but, hang it! we have something to eat. Come, my dear, you have spilt one kettle-full,—or rather, I have caused you to spill it by my rashness; but you shan't go away empty-handed. Stay till I give you a portion out of another."

He let go the stranger's hand as he said this, and sprang towards the fire-place; while she, as if she had understood every word that was spoken, remained gazing after him with an expression of mingled gratitude and joy dancing in her bright eyes. He was beside her again in an instant, with a camp-kettle in one hand, and a tin dish in the other.

"How many are there of you?" asked he, trying at the same time to make his meaning palpable by signs.

She held up three of her thin white fingers.

"Ah! and how long is it since you tasted food?"

Again, she held up five fingers.

"Lord have mercy!" exclaimed Neil; "five days without eating! I wonder she is alive. But we must be cautious in this case."

Accordingly he poured out only a portion of the soup, permitting no more solid viands than the calavances to mingle with it, and giving it to her, did his best to make her understand that he restricted her to such unsubstantial food because there would be danger to herself in any other. She took the dish with a low curtsey, but looked, he thought, disappointed either at the quantity or quality of the victuals contained in it. Neil was scarcely pleased with this. "She ought to remember," said he to himself, "that we are not on full allowance ourselves, and that, were it otherwise, she has spoilt a good third part of our prog in her haste to save us the trouble of

discussing it. However, poor thing! she is evidently half famished; and it is very natural that she should wish the first meal that she gets to be a hearty one. But I won't give her any more at present: more would do her harm, and we can't spare it."

The stranger now moved towards the trap-door, Neil walking by her side, and making signs that he should very much like to attend her into her place of retreat; but she either could not or would not understand them. On the contrary, when they were yet a couple of yards from the aperture, she stopped, and, grasping my hero's hand, bent over it in token both of gratitude for the favour already received, and of a desire on her part that they should separate. Neil pointed, on this, to the trap-door, laid his hand upon his breast, and made a movement as if in advance; but she shook her head, and looked so beseechingly in his face, that he determined to restrain his curiosity. "Well, well, poor thing!" said he aloud, "I won't disturb you. Go thy ways: by me thy privacy shall never be broken in upon; only it might be that I could do thee

more good if I knew the exact state of thy affairs, than I can now, conversing with thee only by signs. However, thy will shall be mine; so God bless thee!"

He stopped as he said this, and the stranger again thanked him with her bright black eyes; a species of acknowledgment which went a great deal farther to assure him that he had acted rightly than the best arranged speech in the world.

It seemed, however, that she was not yet content. She laid her finger on her lips, pointed first to the trap-door, and then round and round the chamber, and last of all shook her head.

"Oh, ay, I understand thee," replied Neil, "I am not to betray thy secret; I am not to let my comrades know that there are other inmates in the house than themselves. Be it so—but how in this case are you to get any fresh supplies? and the little portion which I have given you now, won't serve, I take it, for more than a single meal."

It is certain that the lady did not understand one word of English. I never met with

a Spanish woman yet, who, if she had not travelled, understood any other language than her own; yet either she must have been inspired, or Neil's gestures were so very significative, that they conveyed to her mind on the instant an impression of what he desired to communicate. She answered him, as before, by signs. She held her hands between her face and the casement, to denote darkness; she pointed to the open door, waved her arm round, by which Neil could gather that she was alluding to the return of such opportunities as the absence of the troops had this day afforded. Finally she struck her heel thrice upon the floor, pointing all the while to the aperture; and looked up into Neil's face with a glance which said, "Do you comprehend me?"

"I understand you perfectly," replied Campbell nodding his head: "when the people are asleep or abroad, I am to knock thrice upon the trap-door, on hearing which signal you will put up your pretty head, and get such subscriptions as I can collect for you. It shall be done, my dear; and the deuce is in

it if I can't contrive to save as much out of my own mess as, with the help of a little filching from others, may keep your souls and bodies together: so don't be afraid; we'll manage it somehow or another."

The lady again appeared fully to understand what the Scottish soldier was saying. She took his hand a second time; kissed it gratefully, looked up to heaven as if praying for a blessing on her preserver, and quitted him. Neil watched her from the spot to which his feelings had chained him, till she sank out of view; and the stone rolled back to its place. He then turned away, astounded beyond measure at the strangeness of the adventure; and half-reproaching himself for lack of daring, in not making good his entrance into the subterranean abode. But that thought occupied his mind only for a moment. "No, no, it would have been ungenerous in the extreme," said he, "to force myself into her confidence. I did right; and what is more, I must keep her secret even from my officers, for there is one of them who, I doubt, would make but an ill use of his knowledge

if he acquired it. However, I wish she hadn't dropped this kettle in such a hurry. Hang it, I shall get blamed for wasting the food that is so scarce, and she is never a bit the better for it."

So saying he carefully gathered up the more solid portions that lay scattered about, such as the meat, beans, onions, and crumbs of biscuit; and concentrating the contents of the three kettles into one, he again divided them, and filled up such as needed replenishing with water. Fortunately for him, the troops were kept long upon parade that day; so that a tedious process in stewing got credit for the deficiency in quantity of which all complained. But the messes were pronounced by universal consent, to be on the whole as good as could be expected, nor did any body discover that a portion of them had been taken up from a dirty stone floor, and eaten, "with all their imperfections on their head."

CHAPTER III.

Showing how much may result from a change of quarters.

THERE was but a single company of foot, and that not a strong one, in the house of which Neil Campbell was an inmate. One captain, two subalterns, and forty-six men made up the whole; and, the house being large, it was not found necessary to make use of the *lumbre*, or flagged kitchen, as a sleeping apartment. This was a fortunate event for Neil, and for the poor creatures whom he had humanely undertaken to nourish; for, had a contrary arrangement prevailed, it would have been utterly impossible for him to have made his signal, except at remote and uncertain intervals. As it was, not a night came without his knocking at the trap-door, and handing over to his fair acquaintance such scraps as he

might have succeeded in collecting, which were received with a degree of thankfulness that went to his very heart, and more and more confirmed him in his delicate determination not to pass the limits in the intimacy which the stranger had set at its commencement.

Affairs had been in this state a space of five days, and Neil was made happy by observing that his fair friend improved in flesh and in her general appearance under his hands, when one morning an order reached the casa that the men should get under arms on the instant. Nobody was to remain at home this time, neither was a scrap of baggage to be left behind; for the enemy were moving as if to attack, and it was necessary to act against them. The order came at ten o'clock in the day; and in a quarter of an hour afterwards every knapsack was packed, every car loaded, and the whole company in full march, they could not tell whither. Nor was there, with the single exception of Neil Campbell, an individual belonging to the body who regretted the movement. On the contrary, all hoped that they were about to quit Churcon for ever,

—a place where they had fared as badly, and suffered more than in any other part of Spain; indeed the sole cause of regret with them was, that time enough had not been afforded to set their late quarters on fire. But Neil Campbell's thoughts were very differently occupied. It grieved him to the heart that he should thus be hurried away, without an opportunity having been afforded of saying farewell to his protegée; and he trudged along, silent, and moody, and sad, a very different man from what he ordinarily was when there appeared a prospect, however faint, of active operations.

Neil was grieved at the idea of quitting Churcon without being able to indulge in one more interview with his fair dependant,—for, if the truth must be spoken, Neil's friendship had begun to assume insensibly a more tender character; and he was over head and ears in love before he so much as guessed that his heart was in danger. Not that such love as his ever went further than the most respectful devotion. There was something about the lady's air and manner which taught him that her rank was far superior to his; and he never

once presumed to lift his thoughts so high as to dream that such a barrier could be broken down or overleaped. Yet was he as much in love as a man can ever be who despairs of winning the hand of the object of his heart's devotion, his passion being, perhaps, purified by that very conviction, and giving to his feelings an elevation and a dignity which without it they might never have acquired. Hence, though believing that his friend was about to be permanently delivered from her straits, and not unconscious of joy at the thought, it yet lacerated his heart-strings to reflect, that from the luxury of bidding her adieu he had been cut off; and that no token rested with him of an acquaintance begun under circumstances so peculiar, and by those circumstances matured and ripened at least into friendship.

Such was the burthen of Neil's meditations as he trudged along to encounter, as he believed, the enemy; and then, whether victorious or defeated, to occupy some new cantonments, far from the scenes of what he now began to treat as the happiest moments of his life. His consternation may therefore be

guessed at when the conviction was forced upon him that no such conclusion to the adventure was likely to take place. The enemy did not abide the encounter: they retreated into the mountains on the road to Toledo; and the allies were ordered to resume their old cantonments. But in re-establishing themselves in their former position, some partial changes occurred in the distribution of the several corps: the British troops, for example, which had hitherto held the left, were directed to post themselves on the right centre of the line, and Churcon, with the villas and farmhouses adjacent, was given up to a division of Portuguese. Now of all the arrangements that could have been made, none was likely to prove so fatal to the captives at the estantia as this. Between the Portuguese and the Spaniards there prevailed then, even more than there prevails now, the most deep-rooted antipathy. The former never failed to retaliate, even upon women and children, the cruelties which they experienced at the hands of the latter; and the latter permitted no opportunity to escape of wreaking their vengeance, to an extent

which cannot be described without a shudder. "What then," thought Neil, "will become of these poor creatures? If they show themselves to the Portuguese, the Lord have mercy on them!—if they do not, they must perish for lack of sustenance." Neil was all that night, and the whole of next day, like a madman; and nobody could wring from him a statement of the causes which produced his agitation. For he was afraid to give his confidence even to his officers, one of whom was notorious for what the world calls gallantry; that is to say, who, caring for nobody but himself, embraced every opportunity that came in his way to indulge his own bad passions, no matter at what amount of suffering to others their indulgence might be purchased. Yet the poor fellow knew that unless he did take some step of the kind, his friends must perish; and, distressing as the alternative was, he made up his mind to appeal to it.

We never all at once determine to do that which is unpleasant to ourselves. We may keep the matter in view as a last resource; but we are ready to try first one expedient,

and then another, ere we fall back upon it, even when we may be conscious all the while that there is nothing to be gained by delay. In this spirit Neil concluded that there was no course open to him except to make a confidant of his captain; and as to the rest, that he left in the hands of Providence, being himself powerless. Still he resolved to ascertain, first of all, with his own eyes, how affairs stood at the estantia, and at least to take his chance of what the proposed visit to his old quarters might bring forth. Accordingly he applied for and obtained permission to be absent from his cantonments for a few hours, and set out with a quick step and anxious heart towards the casa. It was a clear, bracing morning, — just such another as that which witnessed the commencement of his strange intimacy; and Neil, anxious as he was, could not but be aware of its vivifying influence. On, therefore, he sped, the dark clouds which had overshadowed his mind of late gradually breaking, and a ray of hope, whence proceeding, or how produced, he could not tell, shooting through the intervals. As if fate, more-

over, had resolved to deal kindly by him, Neil ascertained, while yet a good way from his point, that the Portuguese brigade was out for inspection or exercise. "Aha!" said he to himself, "this is fortunate. I have a chance, then, of finding the hall empty; and if so, I shall not fail to take advantage of it. The poor people must be warned of their danger, and persuaded to seek safety in flight. Better do anything than trust to the generosity of those rascally Tras os Montes gentry."

Neil pursued his progress, and in due time reached the gate of the outer court of which I have already spoken as covering the front of the mansion. He gazed about him there, and was rejoiced to find that both house and homestead seemed deserted. There was no sound of a human voice,—there was no trace of a human presence; indeed it was only by observing that two or three mules and donkeys were nibbling the scanty herbage hard by, that he became convinced that the cantonments had not been permanently evacuated. But there needed not this conclusive evidence to assure him that the absence of the troops from their

quarters was but temporary. He was on other grounds well aware of the fact; and he knew, likewise, that if he permitted the present moment to pass unimproved, no similar chance of effecting his purpose was likely to occur. Hastily concocting a tale, therefore, with which to satisfy the inquisitive should any such cross his path, he pushed open the gate, and in another minute had his hand upon the latch of the huge oaken door that gave access to the *lumbre*.

Neil raised the latch, and the door rolled back upon its hinges. He looked in, and saw to his amazement that not only was the hall empty, but that the trap-door stood open. His heart smote him, and he made but a single step in advance. At the very threshold, moreover, he stood still to listen,—for the low tones of a human voice smote upon his ear, and caused his very pulse to suspend its beating. It was not a cry, but a moan, such as might be uttered by one whose articulation was interrupted; and Neil shuddered as the conviction flashed upon his mind that the voice was a woman's. At the period of which I now write,

every infantry soldier in the British army wore a sword. Neil had not left his behind; and now, plucking it from the sheath, he sprang towards the orifice, and, without pausing to calculate the risk, made preparations to descend. He would have leaped down at once, regardless of the consequences, had there been light enough to show any bottom to the pit; but, below, all was dark as night; and, great as Neil's anxiety was, it did not blind him to the effect upon the parties whom he came to succour, should he break a limb in the vain effort to reach them. But no sooner had he ascertained—and that was accomplished in a moment—that a trap-stair or ladder communicated with the ground below, than his courage revived. A single run carried him down a descent of perhaps twelve feet, at the termination of which he found himself in a vaulted chamber, dimly lighted at the farther extremity by a lamp which hung from the ceiling. Nor was this all. Obscure as the light was, it sufficed to show him several figures in the distance, some lying down, and others in the attitude of persons who have

been struggling violently, but are suddenly interrupted in the midst of their strife. This was quite enough for the Scottish soldier: he guessed at the horrible truth, and, uttering a cry of rage, he rushed forward with his drawn weapon in his hand.

Neil's imagination had not overcoloured the picture of what was going on; neither had his sudden and undesired appearance on the stage escaped the notice of the actors in the drama. Two men, letting go their hold upon a woman, faced about, and, seeing the attitude of the intruder, prepared to defend themselves. But they had not calculated either on the speed of Neil's foot, or on the promptitude with which his hand was accustomed to obey the suggestions of his will. Before they could put themselves in an attitude of defence, one received a thrust in the body which laid him lifeless on the ground; while Neil seized the other by the throat with his left hand, whirled him round and round as if he had been a bundle of rags, and dashed him against the wall.

To accomplish all this was the work of a single moment; the next saw the lady with

whom Neil had so strangely formed an acquaintance, with uplifted hands, and hair dishevelled and loose, kneeling before him. Though his eyes were as yet scarcely reconciled to the 'darkness visible' within the vault, hers, long accustomed to be thus exercised, served her better. She recognised her preserver immediately; and, being freed from the polluting grasp that had well-nigh stifled her very cries, she now poured forth her gratitude with an eloquence of tone which, in spite of his total ignorance of the Spanish language, went to the young man's heart. Neil was deeply affected; yet it was well for him that the softer emotions of his soul were not permitted so far to gain the mastery as to render him inattentive to the proceedings of other parties in this strange play; for the Portuguese whom he had cast from him, recovering from the effects of his fall, was already risen, and made a desperate effort to gain the ladder and escape.

"Devil a bit, old fellow!" cried Campbell, giving chase; "you stay where you are, if you please; or d—n me if I don't make

minced meat of you, as I have of your comrade."

Though the fugitive did not understand one syllable of this touching appeal, the grasp of a strong hand upon his collar operated as a sufficient persuasive; so he stood still, trembling and aghast, as if he were about to undergo the fate which his own conscience probably told him that he merited. But Neil was not blood-thirsty: he had slain one man already,—he did not wish to take the lives of two, however justly forfeited; indeed, his sole object was to hinder the alarm from being given, and his own capture and that of his new friends from being inevitable. He contented himself, therefore, with leading back the Portuguese to a spot on which the flame from the lamp fell strongly, and then made a sign which his companion, interpreting with her usual alacrity, made haste to answer. There lay upon a sort of couch in the corner of the vault an old man and two children, bound hand and foot with cords, and rendered speechless by means of handkerchiefs drawn tightly over their faces. One of these she delivered

from its bonds, and, giving the cords to Neil, he tied with them the arms of the Portuguese behind his back, and forced him to sit down upon the earth. His next measure was to fasten the man's legs together; and, last of all, to run the end of the line round the stump of the couch on which the unfortunate Spaniards were lying. And now, having provided against the hazard of immediate discovery, he assisted the lady in releasing her companions from their bonds; all of whom, it was easy to discover, from their peculiar bearing and manner, were connected both with her and with one another by the bonds of a very near relationship.

Neil had now leisure to examine the appearance of the parties whom he had thus been the means of delivering from a terrible fate. The old man seemed utterly broken down either by years or suffering, or both. The children were very pale and thin, both of them young; the eldest probably not more than seven, the youngest about five years of age, or something less. Of the lady's appearance I have spoken elsewhere: it was now much as it used to be when she and Neil first

became acquainted, only that she seemed even more haggard and wasted than when they first met, for which Neil was not slow in guessing at a sufficient reason. The fact was, that never, since the departure of the British company from their cantonments in the casa, had one morsel of food passed the lips of the wretched family. They had listened night after night for the well-known signal, which never came; they had borne the miseries of hunger till they could be endured no longer; and that very evening had been driven to take a step which, but for Neil's providential arrival, must have proved fatal to them altogether. The lady, rendered desperate, more by the sufferings of her father and children than her own, had ventured, as she did before, to ascend the trap-stair. The Portuguese soldiers saw her, they made her their prisoner; they forced their way into the vault, and, having bound the old man and children, they compelled Donna Martinez, for such was her name, to guide them through every crevice and corner of the subterranean apartment. It was the depository of the plate, and money, and other valuables,

belonging to the family, all of which the miscreants had collected and tied up in bundles. Finally, they were about to offer to Donna Martinez the last degree of violence, when Providence sent Neil to her aid; after which it is more than probable that they would have put the whole party to death. Such was the shocking tale which, partly by signs, partly by words, to some of which he could here and there affix a meaning, the lady communicated to her preserver, and to which he listened in a state of excited and anxious feeling such as my reader must endeavour to conceive for himself, but which I cannot undertake to describe.

CHAPTER III.

Showing how good and bad fortune alternate in war.

I MUST hurry over the incidents immediately subsequent to the adventure alluded to above, lest I, who am but the chronicler of events as they actually befel, should seem to wander out of my proper province into that of the romancer. It is necessary, likewise, to state that for many of the particulars involved in the explanation just given, Neil was indebted to communications that were made to him at a later period. And in order to prevent the possibility of error, I may as well relate here, once for all, that the old gentleman proved to be father of the lady, whose husband, Don Juan Martinez, after having espoused the cause of Charles of Austria, had, from some sense of personal pique rather than from any change

of principle, transferred his allegiance and his services to Philip of Bourbon. Moreover, like other apostates who have become such, not through conviction, but in obedience to personal feeling, he hated, with an animosity which admitted of no compromise, the party whom he had abandoned. Not content, therefore, to lend his political influence, which was considerable, to his new master, he took up arms in his defence, and, putting himself at the head of a band of armed peasants, became one of the most active and enterprising guerilla chiefs of all by whom the allied forces were harassed.

The mere desertion of his cause and party might have been overlooked by the Austrian prince, for the occurrence was too frequent in those times of trouble and danger to excite surprise under most circumstances, or lasting hostility in any; but when the deserter became a partisan leader into the bargain, that gave an aggravation to his guilt which Charles's ministers knew not how to overlook. He was publicly denounced as a traitor, and a price put upon his head, while orders were issued to secure the persons of whatever members of

his family might fall into the hands of the troops, and to deal with them as hostages. Many weeks elapsed, however, ere the chances of war brought any portion of the allied army into a situation to profit by this order; nor, to say the truth, were either officers or men aware, when they took possession of the casa de Churcon, that they were in Don Juan's hold. But Juan's family knew it well; and, being unable to escape, they took refuge in one of those vaulted apartments under the hall, which, for purposes either of security or concealment, are not uncommon in the larger country-houses of Spain. Unfortunately for themselves, however, they neglected to lay in a stock of provisions adequate for more than two days' consumption, for nobody seems to have conceived it possible that the allies would linger there as they did; and hence Don Juan himself was satisfied, after he saw his father, and wife, and children, in hiding, to retire into the mountains with his armed followers. When, therefore, day after day, week after week passed on, and he found that his casa was still occupied by the English, the poor man's alarm

became so great that he was ready to make any attempt for their expulsion. It was, indeed, the movement of his guerillas alone which brought about that change in the distribution of the British force which had so nearly proved fatal to the recluses, by withdrawing from the vicinity a protector so honest, and in every sense of the word so disinterested, as Neil Campbell.

I return now to my story, from which we learn that Neil, having made his new acquaintances aware of the extreme peril of their existing situation, urged upon them the necessity of an immediate flight, through the allied picquets, if possible, but, at all events, beyond the bounds of the Portuguese cantonments. The little group seemed to understand both his warning and the grounds for it; but their excessive feebleness, as well as the amount of danger to be encountered, caused them to demur to his proposal. At last he remembered the mules and donkeys that were grazing hard by, tethered, as is the custom in like cases, each by one of its fore-legs. By helping out his signs with a frequent repetition of the word

mulo, he succeeded in making Donna Martinez aware of how the case stood; and she having communicated the intelligence to her father, the old man bowed his acknowledgements. Finally, to make a long tale short, Neil led the lady up the trap-stair, deposited her with the old gentleman and the children in the hall, ran into the orchard and saddled a couple of mules, which he led into the court with as much satisfaction as if he had been making free with property of his own. The old man now mounted one animal, taking a child before him; the lady mounted the other, which was charged with a similar burthen; and both calling down blessings on the head of their preserver, and shedding many tears, rode away. Neil watched them for a while, till a rising ground hid them from his view; and then turned away, fully satisfied in his own mind that they would never meet again.

Neil was a great deal too happy in the idea of having accomplished the object of his excursion, to waste a thought upon the condition and prospects of the Portuguese soldier whom he had bound in the vaulted chamber.

A due regard to self-preservation, likewise, made him feel that he had no business to linger long where he was, for the absent mules were sure to be missed as soon as the troops returned; and, justifiable as in his own eyes the theft might be, by those who suffered the loss of their property a different view of the case was likely to be taken. Without once troubling himself, therefore, to ascertain whether the trap-door had been shut or left open, he set out at a round pace in the direction of his own cantonments, which he reached in perfect safety within the limits of his furlough; no human being having crossed him by the way to whom he had a right to suppose that he had been an object of suspicion.

Time passed, and, the allied forces having broken up from their cantonments, Neil accompanied his regiment through all those harassing and complicated operations which transferred the seat of war from Madrid to Valencia, from Valencia back to the fatal field of Almanza, and from Almanza to such forts and

castles as the wrecks of the defeated army were able here and there to maintain. Such was the campaign of 1707, while that of 1708, though less eminently disastrous, sufficed not to make amends for the losses of the preceding year. In like manner, the summer of 1709, if not absolutely wasted, neither produced any results that were favourable to the cause of Charles, nor gave an opportunity to Wade's regiment to distinguish itself. It was widely different in 1710. That year witnessed, in addition to many affairs of less note, the brilliant cavalry action of Almena, where General Stanhope, at the head of sixteen squadrons, overthrew the whole of the enemy's horse; and, following up his advantage, fought and won the battle of Zaragoza, a triumph by far the most complete which had crowned the efforts of the party since the commencement of the war. Throughout the whole of the marches which gave their character to these campaigns, as well as in all the battles and skirmishes which enlivened them, Neil Campbell did his duty; and, what is more, escaped not only without a wound, but altogether un-

scathed by the sickness which laid multitudes of his comrades low.

There were two courses before the victors in the fight of Zaragoza, either of which it was in their power to adopt, though the one was manifestly incompatible with the other. They might penetrate into Navarre, occupy Pamplona, and so interpose between King Philip and his expected succours; or they could march upon Madrid, and try the moral effect of a second occupation of the capital, which would thus seem to be the legitimate fruit of a successful effort in the field. Captain Carlton informs us, that by universal consent the falsest step in that whole war was the advancement of King Charles upon Madrid; and our own experience of the state of the country, and the temper of its inhabitants, so far confirms his judgment, that the mere occupation of the capital seems never to have produced in Spain that deep sense of defeat and utter humiliation which a similar catastrophe is apt to create in other kingdoms. In the late war, for example, Spain was not subdued, though Joseph Bonaparte held his court in Madrid for upwards of

four years; neither was the Duke of Wellington's advance to the capital in 1811 productive of any important result. It is probable, therefore, that Captain Carlton argues soundly when he affirms that the most judicious step to take after the victory at Zaragoza would have been a movement into Navarre. But the chiefs of the allied forces, and particularly General Stanhope, thought otherwise. They believed that, Madrid once occupied, the victors would be able to hold out their hand to their reinforcement from Portugal; while, by cutting off all communication between the northern and southern provinces of Spain, they would bereave Philip of his best resources for raising another army, and paralyze the exertions of the few that still followed his standard. Accordingly, after halting to recover their discipline, near the scene of their recent triumphs, the conquerors began their march towards the capital, which was entered on the 21st of September by a thousand horse, and a few days afterwards by the main body of the army.

Neil Campbell marched with the main body, and, knowing something of the temper of the

Castilians, was not surprised to find the city little better than a desert. Of its inhabitants almost all were devotedly attached to Philip; and multitudes of every class, high and low, rich and poor, grandee and peasant, hidalgo and artisan, had followed his fortunes, and abandoned their very homes. The shops were almost universally shut, the private houses closed; no crowds congregated in the streets and squares, and no one cried, "God bless you!" It was in fact a dreary spectacle, and was so felt both by Charles and his officers, who soon began to perceive the extent of error into which they had fallen, and to anticipate its consequences; for, while the Portuguese delayed to advance, the French party were indefatigable; and the enemy, whom in August they had reduced to the brink of ruin, was by the beginning of October superior in numbers to themselves. Nevertheless, having rashly seized Madrid, they were unwilling to relinquish their prize so long as by possibility it could be retained. It was not therefore till the month of November, when the enemy had increased to four-and-twenty thousand men,

and by a rapid march from Valladolid through Salamanca, and across the Sierra de Guadarama, had placed themselves at the bridge of Almaraz, on the Tagus, between the Portuguese army and the forces in Madrid, that the latter thought of moving; and then a retreat seems to have been forced upon them as much by the absence of necessary supplies, as by a consideration of the extreme folly of clinging to a district in which, to use the words of General Stanhope, "they were not masters of more ground than they encamped upon."

During the whole period of their sojourn in Madrid, the troops had been without pay; their clothes, and especially their shoes, were completely worn out, and they had been forced to make good the deficiency by a requisition upon the civic authorities,—a measure which tended in no degree to increase their popularity or that of their prince. The consequence was, that while the guerilla bands accumulated around them in the open country, instances of assassination within the city itself were of constant occurrence. Nay, more; so perfect was the understanding that prevailed

between the enemies within and without the gates, that the leaders of these guerillas passed to and fro continually, sometimes without taking the trouble to assume disguises, and on all occasions unharmed. Among them, too, Neil was not surprised to find that there were none more daring than Don Juan Martinez. At the head of his irregular cavalry he would prowl about the suburbs and parks, cutting off stragglers, and making a dash even at armed parties, provided they were weak; nay, he had well-nigh carried off the Archduke Charles himself, when hunting one day in the Prado. It was this feeling of constant insecurity, not less than the dread of a famine, which led the generals to determine on evacuating their unlucky conquest; though, with a hardihood that did them honour, they made up their minds to retain a hold upon Castile, by establishing themselves for the winter in Toledo.

The city in question had been garrisoned, its fortifications strengthened, and its magazines stored, when forth from Madrid filed the troops who, but six short weeks previously, had

entered it with the step of conquerors. Their first day's journey carried them to Ciempuzuelos, where they halted almost within hearing of the bells of the church of Atocha, which rang a succession of merry peals at their departure. On their sick, of whom there were now many, several outrages had been perpetrated as often as a waggon fell into the rear, or strength to crawl forward was wanting; while thousands of persons, who till now had never shown themselves, poured forth from the houses, or stood at the balconies, and cursed them as they passed. These were unpleasant signs of the times,—so unpleasant as to render even Stanhope, by far the ablest among the chiefs, uneasy; and he would have gladly pressed forward the movement, so as to reach Toledo ere worse befell. But the timidity of the Archduke Charles effectually baffled him. There came to the camp at Ciempuzuelos tidings that Barcelona was threatened; and nothing would content the Archduke except that with two thousand cavalry, the *élite* of the whole, he should himself hasten to its relief. It was to no purpose that the impolicy

of thus weakening the army in that description of force, which the nature of the country through which they were to pass rendered essential, was pointed out. Charles continued deaf to all such arguments, and took his departure. Then followed a series of councils and deliberations, which ended in a total change of plan; and on the borders of Aragon, not in the heart of Castile, it was pronounced judicious to look for winter quarters.

The army quitted Madrid on the 9th of November; and the people were kept from that date up to the 28th under canvass. The weather was cold and rainy all the while, so that sickness rapidly increased; for not even the most seasoned constitutions can long bear up against daily and nightly exposure to wet. On the 30th, however, head-quarters were transferred to Churcon; and, by a remarkable coincidence, Neil Campbell found himself again under orders to occupy, with a portion of his regiment, Don Juan's casa. As he moved towards it, the memory of other days revived, and he experienced sensations not dissimilar to those which are apt to affect men when they

revisit, after a long absence, the place of their birth. Donna Isadora's pale cheek, her speaking eye, and soft and most musical voice, were all present with him; and his heart bounded as the idea crossed his mind that possibly they might meet again. In proportion as he drew near the place, however, all these day-dreams melted away. It was now a complete ruin. The outhouses were levelled with the earth; the orchard and garden were overrun with rank weeds; the iron gates, torn from their hinges, lay broken beside the court-yard wall, which exhibited here and there enormous gaps or breaches in its consistency. Neither had the hand of the spoiler spared the mansion itself. The shell, indeed, remained, for it was of great solidity; and of the roof a portion had escaped; but, within, the traces of fire were everywhere, of which not even the smell had as yet passed away.

All this went to Neil's heart, for it told a tale utterly subversive of the vision in which, during his short march from the village, he had indulged. Yet a suspicion of the truth broke in upon him too. He remembered that

by his own hand had been deposited in the subterranean portion of the casa two Portuguese soldiers, one stark and stiff, and the other in durance vile; and it not unnaturally occurred to him that the comrades of these ill-used personages, being unable to discover the living cause of their wrong, had vented their fury upon the casa. Nor was he mistaken in this conjecture. The trap-door had been left open: it attracted the attention of the troops when they returned from parade. They descended into the abyss below, and found a rich booty to compensate them for the slaughter of one of their band. But the acquisition of so much wealth sufficed only to control, not to eradicate, the violence of their indignation. They kept the old house entire so long as they themselves stood in need of it, and magnanimously set it on fire when they marched away.

CHAPTER IV.

Showing how much may be done provided men know their own minds.

Upon the devoted heads of the allied chiefs difficulties and dangers were now accumulating. They heard one day that Philip and Vendosme were advancing, and that they were come as far as Talavera de Reyna. Next morning intelligence reached them that the citizens of Madrid had sent to recall their king; while every passing hour brought in some new version of insurrections among the inhabitants of the surrounding districts, and their determination to obstruct the road even into Aragon. Happily for the brave men who composed it, General Stanhope had brought off the garrison of Toledo on the 30th; but though the whole army was thus concentrated,

the impossibility of abiding where they were was apparent, and orders were in consequence issued to move. Nor could this necessary operation be performed except in a manner totally at variance with the first principles of the art of war. Such was their deplorable destitution in the article of provisions, that in order to feed the men by the way, it was found necessary to break up the army into several small columns, and to send each by a road apart from that followed by the others, so as to secure at least the chance of subsistence out of such resources as the country might afford.

On the 3rd of December the column of British troops, amounting in all to about five thousand men, withdrew from Chincon. They marched as in the heart of an enemy's country, covered in front and rear, and on each flank, by skirmishers; and conveyed the little baggage which still belonged to them in the centre of the column, between two regiments. The rain fell upon them as if from buckets, and the roads became so soft, that tedious halts were for ever taking place, while the rear of the column floundered through as it best might.

Moreover, every eminence which they passed made them aware that their steps were closely watched; while from time to time a sharp firing would send its echoes through the leafless groves, as the scouring parties fell in with and engaged the Spanish irregulars. This was particularly the case on the 5th, when a corps of cavalry hung upon the flank of the column, and made frequent attempts to break in upon its patrols. On the 6th, however, General Stanhope reached Brehuega, a little town situated on the river Taguna, surrounded by an old Moorish wall, and imbedded in a ravine among lofty mountains. It was quite dark when the column came in, wet, weary, and famished; for, though the space traversed since they set out in the morning had not been great, the weather was tremendous, and its consequences proved such as they usually are in like cases. The men, jaded to death, did not wait for their regular billets; they threw themselves wherever they could under shelter, or dispersed from house to house in search of provisions, for the lack of which several had fallen down by the way. Al-

together the scene was for a time one of perfect confusion. Yet let honour be awarded where honour is due. There needed but the roll of the drum, or the blast of the bugle, to bring back these stragglers to their places; for their courage was still unbroken, though their animal strength was impaired, and their discipline as little injured as it ever can be under circumstances so disheartening.

Thus passed the night of the 6th,—to all, from the highest to the lowest, a night of great anxiety. The morrow brought with it a revival of order, and the prospect of repose. At Brehuega, it had been determined that the British troops should rest, while Marshal Staremberg, the Austrian commander-in-chief, occupied, for the same purpose, another village, distant from their cantonments about six hours' march. As soon as it was light, therefore, General Stanhope caused a search to be made for corn, of which some scanty stores were found; and, establishing an hospital, he despatched a messenger to inform his colleague of their plight. But scarcely was the dragoon gone, ere small bodies of mounted men began

to show themselves on the hills above, which continued, from hour to hour, to gather strength, till towards noon they became very formidable. It was suggested that they might be driven off by a counter-movement on the part of the British cavalry; but, these being few in number, Stanhope was unwilling to risk them. The wisdom of this determination may be questioned; for a demonstration, had it produced no other result, would have compelled the enemy to show their real force, and so warned the column in time of the danger that threatened it. But, however this may be, the English general was content to keep his troops within the circuit of the old wall, being satisfied that nothing more serious than irregular troops hovered round them, and that such would never presume to molest them in their quarters.

Daylight was now waxing feeble; yet there remained enough of it to convince the English troops that by something much more serious than a band of guerillas was their repose threatened. The enemy's cavalry grew every moment more formidable, and a body of infantry,

imposing both by reason of their numbers and equipment, began to come up. This latter species of force increased every minute, till it was computed to exceed three thousand men; and so confident did the leaders seem in their numbers and efficiency, that they seized the bridge over the Taguna, and so interposed themselves effectually between the corps of Stanhope and Staremberg. This was a startling manœuvre, which seems to have awakened the British chief to the real state of his situation. He began to believe that Philip's army, making superhuman exertions, had headed him in his route, and that his battle, if fought at all, must be with odds the most tremendous. Stanhope was a gallant soldier, as well as an able man; and he counted largely on the existence of the same qualities in the mind of Staremberg; so he resolved to continue where he was, and to defend himself as he best could till the Imperialists should return to bring him off. In this spirit he met a summons from Vendosme, which required him to lay down his arms, with a refusal; and, causing one of his aides-de-camp to make his way round the

enemy's flank, and so to push for the Austrian head-quarters, he gave orders to strengthen, as far as could be done, the fortifications of the place. Thus the night of the 7th of December was a busy one in Brehuega. Everywhere the troops were employed in cutting loop-holes in the walls of the houses which overlooked the open country, in drawing traverses across the streets, and barricading the gates, the whole of which they accomplished, though destitute of intrenching tools, ere the dawn came on. And now it remained to be seen how long five thousand infantry, altogether unsupported by artillery, and very scantily supplied with ammunition, would be able to hold a town so inadequately fortified against five times their own numbers, in the face of heavy batteries, which were industriously thrown up, and of light cannon planted on the brows of the hills, and so looking down into every lane and alley in the place.

The night before a battle is an anxious one to all men; and the degree of anxiety is increased fourfold when we are aware that we must contend against fearful odds, and that our

resources are limited to the weapons which we carry in our hands, and to the powder and ball that may be about our persons. Neither is it any impeachment on the courage of my hero if I assume, that when he walked that night his lonely round on the rampart, and cast his eye over the circle of fires that hemmed him and his comrades in, he may have wished with more than common earnestness that they had at least a wider field to manœuvre upon, and a better chance than seemed at that moment to be theirs of receiving support in time. For there was not a private in the British army who was ignorant of the conformation of the minds of those by whom their movements were regulated; indeed, in such knowledge I have always found that British soldiers are singularly well versed. Neil, for example, knew perfectly well that Marshal Staremberg, though brave as his own sword, was methodical and calculating, slow in making up his mind to any measure, and not over-active in carrying it into execution, provided it fell not in with the very letter of established usages. Now, such a man might waver and hesitate

even in this case, where hesitation must be fatal; and if so, what would become of them? However, Neil ended his reflections, as men in subordinate stations are apt to do, with this grave remark: "It is no business of mine;—I have but to fight. Let those who are answerable for the results of the arrangements fret and fume, lest these arrangements should prove to be unfortunate."

Slowly and heavily the night wore on, its progress being little enlivened to the inhabitants of Brehuega by the sounds which continually reached them of the heavy roll of carriage wheels, and by other noises indicative of the work of the morrow. Anxiously the sentries looked up from time to time, as the clatter of chains and the ringing of intrenching tools disturbed the quiet. But no one came near their posts. They felt indeed that an active enemy was around them; but on their own personal vigilance during the hours of darkness little demand was made. At last the day broke, and, as if a train had been laid and torch applied to it, there opened from hill and plain a fire of artillery, which told with

prodigious effect upon the miserable fortifications and exposed condition of the defenders. Two batteries of heavy guns played upon the town wall, which crumbled beneath the shot; while from the high grounds overhead a shower of cannon-balls swept the streets, to which there was nothing to oppose. All, indeed, that Stanhope could effect was to order his people as much as possible under cover, and to keep them there till the enemy should exhibit symptoms of a disposition to advance to the assault. Nor were these dispositions tardy in being displayed. Having again tried in vain the effect of a summons, Vendosme gave orders to push forward, and about noon his grenadiers, in a dense body, supported by two-and-thirty battalions, rushed at the breaches. And now it was that the might of British valour conspicuously displayed itself. Abandoning their shelter in the church and battered houses, the soldiers flew to their proper posts, and poured from loop-hole and parapet such a volume of fire upon the assailants, that they seemed to be swept from the very face of the earth. It was to no purpose

that, planting a petard at one of the gates, the enemy blew it open, or that some of his people, more resolute than the rest, forced their way through the ruins which the artillery had caused, and stood for a moment in the street. With the bayonet they were either cut down or hurried out again, which did its work with tremendous effect, even after the scanty stock of ammunition which each man carried in his pouch was exhausted.

It was now five o'clock in the evening; and the enemy, finding the fire of the British troops grow slack, urged forward a second assault, by which several of the gorges of streets were won. This indeed was inevitable, for almost every cartridge in the men's pouches had been expended, and the few that were left the owners naturally saved with a view to self-preservation. An attempt was, however, made to dislodge the assailants, and partly succeeded; that is to say, the British rushed at the houses with lighted flambeaux and set them on fire; but even this availed them little. Fresh columns came up, fresh lodgements were effected; and General Stanhope, seeing no hope of

relief, and conscious of his inability to resist longer, was compelled to seek a parley. It is a mortifying situation to be thrown into, when you hang out a flag of truce, only that you may stipulate for what the world calls honourable terms of capitulation: yet the bravest may be reduced to it; and when, as in this case, it is appealed only to save the lives of defenceless men, nobody can blame the proceeding. And, to do him justice, Vendosme was fully sensible of the merits of the gallant corps to which he had been opposed. He accepted their submission on terms such as the most fastidious could not object to, and became master of the ruins of Brehuega.

As I am writing of facts, not of fictions, it may be necessary to add, that by virtue of the capitulation the British troops, both officers and men, as well as their servants, attendants, and camp-followers, were to retain their baggage, without being liable so much as to have it searched. The officers and soldiers, likewise, were to be kept together, and the whole conducted in a body, at the rate of three leagues per day, to some convenient canton-

ments near the sea, whence, on the first opportunity, they should, in exchange for a like number of French or Spanish prisoners, be transported to England. Besides these leading articles, there were others which provided that the unarmed men should be protected against the insults of the peasantry, and that the sick and wounded in Brehuega should be carefully attended to, and supplied with all things necessary to their health and comfort. I have mentioned these facts in detail, because what remains of my little narrative is intimately connected with them, and because the honour of the gallant band who laid down their arms before an enemy whom they had often defeated, requires that the statement should be given.

CHAPTER V.

Showing how French Marshals keep their words, Spanish Peasants display their magnanimity, and Ladies their gratitude.

WHERE was Neil Campbell all this while? — and how fared it with the hero of my drama? He had done his duty as became him throughout the greater part of the day. From early dawn till long after noon he had stood the foremost in the fight, and, except a trifling scratch from a French officer's sword, during a rush at one of the gates, he was perfectly uninjured. Not long, however, was he enabled to think of himself as of one who bore 'a charmed life.' There was a furious rush about three o'clock in the day, towards a ruined house to the left. Neil's company was ordered to support the detachment on duty there; and Neil,

in passing along the rampart, received a musket-ball in his thigh, which passed clean through the flesh. This was not a moment to make much of little; so he pushed on, conscious only that something had struck him, and had discharged his piece several times with effect, when another shot disabled him entirely. This time the wound was in his hip; and so severe, that it spun him completely round, and then stretched him on the earth. His comrades looked at him to see whether he were dead, and found that he still breathed; upon which two lifted him in their arms, and bore him to the hospital.

Gentle reader, has it ever been thy fate to be carried helpless and wounded to a military hospital, while the fight is going on? If it have, then thou wilt stand in no need of instruction from me; if not, peradventure thy respect for those whom honour and duty render liable every day to such a mode of treatment may not be lessened, if I tell thee, in few words, how, under such circumstances, it fares with them. Behold, then, the soldier struck down by some unseen hand, faint and almost

without pain when his wound first reaches him, conscious only of the presence of a burning sensation in the part that is injured, and of a numbness that spreads through the rest of his limbs, and a parching thirst that chokes up his throat. See him, after lying for a moment motionless, lift up his heavy head, and turn an imploring look towards his comrades that are near him, two or more of whom immediately raise him from the earth, and lead or carry him to the rear. He is conducted to some house, scarcely out of reach of the enemy's artillery, into an apartment of which, where, ranged in rows along each wall, multitudes that preceded him are stretched at length, his conductors deposit him. If there be straw on which to rest the poor invalid, a fortunate man is he; if a mattress, then may kings on their down beds envy him. If neither of these comforts be near, why, then he stretches himself at length on the bare boards, and waits, with what patience he can command, till it shall be his turn to be attended to. How bitter are the groans that now fall upon his ear! for though a wound when first received be sel-

dom painful, the limb no sooner begins to stiffen, and inflammation to come on, than the agony is excruciating. And if the ball have struck a delicate part, such as the instep or the ankle, or any other part where the nerves and sinews are frequent, then God help the poor sufferer! So was it this day with Neil Campbell. To a house on the roof of which the black flag had, with very little effect, been hoisted, his comrades conveyed him; and there, among scores of poor fellows to the full as grievously maimed as himself, he lay, exercising his best patience, till the over-worked surgeon could command sufficient time to apply lint and plasters to his hurts.

It is not, however, by bodily suffering alone that the soldier who is borne off from the field of an unfinished fight is harassed. His mind continues on the stretch, despite of the relaxation of the body, and of each new comer he demands with anxiety not unmixed with alarm how the battle is going. Not often by a British soldier has this question been put under circumstances more distressing than those which weighed upon Neil when he made his

inquiries. He heard the musketry in its full volume, when he reached the hospital. Some time afterwards it slackened, and for a few minutes died entirely away. Each man that came reported that the assailants were repulsed; and, except that their cannon kept up an uninterrupted roar, it might have been believed that they would not long hold their ground in front of the town. But this delusion, if it prevailed at all, was not of long continuance. Just as the twilight began to deepen into night, the roar of small arms revived, and a second assault, much more to be dreaded than the first, was known to be in progress.

At last came one who communicated to both doctors and patients that all was over. Courage could dare no more,—no more could by valour be endured. They were all prisoners of war; and though no victor came that night to disturb the wounded in their beds, the gloomy countenances of their attendants assured them that the worst had befallen. Among others General Stanhope came to see them. "God bless you, general! God bless

you!" resounded from many mouths; for rarely has an officer in command of troops been more beloved. "We hope it is not all up with you yet. Never mind us. Fight your way through; —you are just the man to do it;—and leave us to our fate, if nothing else will save you and our comrades."

"Poor fellows!" answered Stanhope very much affected; "I would not desert you if I could; but I am now as powerless as you are. The fortune of war has gone against us. But of this great consolation no extremity can deprive me: that never was officer more devotedly served by his men than you have all served me this day; and that if determined courage could have availed against overwhelming numbers, both you and I would have been at this moment our own masters."

"Well, sir, don't be down-hearted," was the answer. "If we have done our duty to please you, we need no other witness to our character; and if you be left to us, whether as prisoner or free man, we are sure of always having a friend."

"This much then, my men," answered

Stanhope, "I am happy to assure you of. The articles of capitulation have provided that we are not to be separated; and you may depend upon it, that whatever your fate may be, I will share it."

"Hurrah for General Stanhope!" was the reply that burst forth simultaneously from hundreds of throats, as the general passed on to visit other buildings into which his sick and wounded had been carried, and where they now lay in multitudes.

That night the enemy were content to keep possession of the gate of the town: at an early hour next morning they drew up to receive the submission of the English. The ceremony was gone through in a very hurried manner, thanks to the rumoured advance of Marshal Staremberg; and the regiments, having deposited their arms, became prisoners of war. With the disgraceful manner in which the capitulation was immediately violated, by the breaking up of the several corps into minute shreds, I have no concern. The circumstance reflects eternal disgrace upon the memory of Vendosme; for it is ridiculous to argue that

he had no power to prevent such abuses as actually took place, inasmuch as his word was everywhere acknowledged as law. When, therefore, I state that the soldiers were in many instances chained together,—that not only were provisions irregularly issued to them, but that the very water which they drank they were compelled to purchase, and that wherever they went the peasantry insulted and even beat them with impunity, I have said enough to place in its legitimate light the honour of a chief whose language was on all occasions that of the chivalrous knight-errant, but whose generosity seldom cared to look for a wider field than might be found in conversation either oral or written.

There was nothing to be complained of, doubtless, in the breathless haste with which the survivors of the fight were marched to the rear. Marshal Staremberg had actually broken up from his quarters on the arrival of General Stanhope's aide-de-camp, and, though he moved slowly, was moving in advance. The Duke de Vendosme was therefore justified in hurrying his prisoners out of a place where they

were liable every hour to be recaptured. But the worse than indifference which he displayed to the fate of the sick and wounded whom Stanhope, with peculiar earnestness had committed to his protection, admits of no excuse. It might be quite true that to keep any large portion of his force cooped up within the walls of Brehuega would have been impolitic. He had a brave enemy in his front; and, though superior in point of numbers, was not so far beyond the reach of disaster as that he would have been justified in weakening himself materially in the day of battle. But a few companies of regular troops would have sufficed to ensure the safety of many hundreds of gallant men, who were totally incapable of defending themselves. Even this slender guard Vendosme neglected to furnish. On the contrary, as if he had been ignorant of the dispositions of the miscreants, who, under the denomination of irregulars, hovered about his columns, he gave it in charge to a body of these to look after the wounded, and to take care that they wanted for nothing. I scarcely know in what terms to describe the scene that followed.

Unfortunately, however, the period is yet recent, since similar deeds of atrocity were wrought by the same people, — since whole hospitals of wounded Frenchmen perished under the knives of an infuriated and brutal mob. Yet even with the knowledge of that fact fresh in my mind, I almost shrink from the task, which a regard to historical truth, and the nature of my subject, alike impose upon me.

The British troops laid down their arms at eight o'clock in the morning of the 9th of December, and by ten the whole were in full march, under a sufficient escort, towards Madrid. The remainder of that day the French general's head-quarters were in Brehuega, and the wounded and sick of both armies received good treatment. But, by daybreak on the 10th, Vendosme led forth his battalions to oppose the Austrian, who was advancing to seek him; and but a short time elapsed ere the poor fellows, among whom Neil Campbell lay, found cause to lament the circumstance. First of all, the Spaniards looked in upon them by ones and twos. By and by, groups of four

and six passed through the different wards, cursing the poor fellows as they lay helpless on their straw, and rifling their haversacks and knapsacks in search of plunder. As the day passed on, these visits became more frequent and more harsh. First, the clothes were stripped from the backs of such as wore them; and next the very straw was dragged from beneath them, under the pretext that it was needed for litter to the horses. It was to no purpose that the maimed men complained, in their broken Spanish, of such brutal treatment; it was in vain that they appealed to the humanity of persons who seemed equally prepared to inflict and to endure the most atrocious cruelties. Instead of softening, these complaints seemed only to harden the hearts of their persecutors. The ruffians drove away the medical men with imprecations and blows, and last of all began a scene on which my own feelings will not permit me to dwell. Let it suffice to state, that there were miscreants who went from ward to ward, with muskets and bayonets fixed, thrusting and striking at the mutilated men as they lay on

either hand; and that in many instances, before life was extinct, the object of their cruelty was dragged into the open air, and hurried away to some pit or well, into which he was thrown.

Neil Campbell had watched with no careless eye the progress of atrocity as it went forward. He knew that his own turn must come; and such was the nature of his hurts, that, both for escape and resistance, he was as little competent as the feeblest of his comrades. What his sensations were, I cannot, therefore, undertake to state. I have conversed with those who, having been left wounded on the field, have seen the plunderers that follow the track of every army take away the lives of others near them, in order to strip them with impunity; and they have described to me the freezing sensations which came over them, as, closing their eyes and endeavouring to simulate death, they hoped thus to escape the fate which hovered round them. But these men had some chance, whereas Neil had none; for the Spaniards, as if to make sure of their work, either thrust their weapons into every

body, or dealt to the fallen such blows with the butt-ends of their muskets as would, they imagined, extinguish life, however tenacious. Moreover, granting that he might escape these modes of execution, how could he possibly survive the last act of all? Neil's case, therefore, was desperate indeed; and so he felt it to be. With an agonised prayer he accordingly committed himself to the protection of Heaven; and, turning round upon his face, lay motionless and patient till the fatal stroke should come. And a stroke did come at last. A strong arm dealt him such a blow upon the back with a heavy weapon, that his breath failed, and his senses forsook him; nor did he recover from that trance till fresh injuries to his frame recalled, by their very excess, the consciousness which had deserted him.

It was a violent shaking, a fierce rebounding of his head against the stones, that awakened Neil from that deep trance, and made him aware that the Spaniards were dragging him along the street by the heels. He opened his eyes and gazed wildly round him; and, a youth of gentle aspect happening to pass by, he

called aloud for mercy. The page stopped. He made an effort to reach the tortured man, but was repulsed. Neil repeated his bitter exclamation, but it was not regarded. "Away with him! away with him! death to the heretic!"—these were the wild shouts that rent the air; and he was hurried onwards with a velocity which soon reduced him again to a state of stupor bordering on insensibility. At length the crowd stopped: they were at the brink of a well, into which, as it afterwards appeared, more than a hundred bodies had been cast; and Neil, lifted up in their arms, was held over the orifice for a moment, and then cast down. All was darkness with him from that time forth; and all might have so continued till the great day of general reckoning, but for the occurrence of an incident on which he had no right to count.

Neil did not lose his consciousness, strange to say, in the fall. The well was dry,—that is to say, there was but little water at the bottom; and crowds of victims, hurled down before him, hindered him from experiencing any inconvenience from it. Moreover, as good

luck would have it, he was the last whom the Spaniards appeared to have devoted to that living tomb, for nobody was tossed above him. He could thus, though suffering acutely, breathe with comparative freedom; and, as no bones were broken, he succeeded, after a struggle, in drawing himself into something like a natural position upon his strange bed. And a strange bed it was! He lay upon heaps of slain! He listened, but no groan reached his ear; he watched carefully, but not a muscle quivered beneath him or around him. He was thus convinced that of that fearful charnel-house he was the sole living tenant. Under other circumstances such a thought might, perhaps, have frozen his blood; for nobody, however brave, cares to lie among a heap of carcases. But Neil's present plight was far too tremendous in its realities to leave him free to indulge in imaginary terrors. Better had it been if, like those beside him, he had died under the blows of the murderers, than thus be left to perish by slow degrees of pain and hunger. Neil groaned heavily as this idea crossed his mind. But conceive his situ-

ation when the very next moment the earth began to shower down upon him. Gracious heavens! they were going to fill up the well! —he would be buried alive! A shriek,—a wild cry for mercy burst from his lips; and he repeated it again and again, till the whole shaft rang with the echo. There was a cessation of labour among those who stood above, and the earthy shower was suspended. He shrieked again more loudly than before; and, in the agony of his despair, pronounced the name of Donna Martinez, coupling it with allusions to what had passed at Churcon, and calling on her to deliver him. Neil spoke in English, but he did not utter these words in vain. A female voice answered him. He held his very breath to listen; and he thanked God with a torrent of tears, when he recognised the sweet tones of her whom he had just been invoking as his guardian angel.

The reader will be able to imagine, without my pausing to describe, what followed. The poor soldier was soon drawn up from his living grave, and conveyed, with the utmost tenderness, to a place of safety. By night and by

day, moreover, Donna Martinez herself was his nurse; and, owing much more to her kindness and the strength of his own constitution, than to the skill of the leeches who dressed his hurts, he slowly recovered. But he was never afterwards fit for military service. The wounds which he had received in the battle healed up, and his limb was restored to him; but the blow upon the back had ruptured the tendons, and he became bowed down and a cripple for life. Even at this cost, however, his preservation had been cheaply purchased, for he was the only individual out of the whole band on whom the mob had wreaked their fury that survived to speak of it. Moreover, there was something in the idea of having owed his life to Donna Martinez which gave to a mind acted upon like that of Neil Campbell indescribable and enduring delight. Long after he returned to his native country he continued to speak of her kindness, — how she watched beside his bed, and administered to him with her own hand both medicine and food; and the veteran's cheek flushed, and his eye glistened, as he prayed God to bless her.

My tale is told; for the lady's opportune arrival in Brehuega is accounted for by the fact that her husband, having received her back uninjured from her thraldom in Churcon, would never afterwards permit her to be absent from his sight. He equipped her, according to the usages of his country, in the attire of a page, and she became his constant companion on the march, in the bivouac, under sunshine and rain, and once or twice in the thickest of an unlooked-for skirmish. She had hovered around the flank patrol of the English all the way from Churcon to Brehuega, and entered that town with her husband's troops after the English had capitulated. The children and father meanwhile were at Madrid, whither, as soon as he had sufficiently recovered, Neil Campbell was removed, and where, receiving a thousand proofs every day of the gratitude of the whole family, he sojourned many months. But Neil began by degrees to pine for his Highland home; and the wish to revisit it was not opposed. His preservers loaded him with gifts: they supplied him, likewise, with money enough to

render a man in his humble station more than independent, and, after many tears were shed on both sides, they sent him away. Poor fellow! the ship that carried him to England never reached her port: she was wrecked on the Goodwin Sands, and Neil touched the shores of Kent a beggar. But after wandering about the streets of London for a while, a dependent on casual charity, he made his case known in the proper quarter, and was admitted into Chelsea Hospital, from the date which is marked in the extract that gave rise to this narrative.

A TRADITION OF

KING WILLIAM'S WARS.

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CHAPTER I.

Showing out of what stuff a heroine is formed.

In the list of old admissions into Chelsea Hospital there is one entry which I am bound to transcribe, in defiance of the shock which its peculiar phraseology may give to minds as sensitive as my own. It runs thus: "19th Nov. 1717. Stair's Dragoons: Catherine Welch, a *fatt* jolly-breast woman, received several wounds in the service, in the habit of a man; —from the 19th July 1717."

The reader will easily believe that the perusal of this legend excited in me no common desire to discover something of the history of the individual to whom it referred. I take it

for granted that a similar feeling is at this moment operating with him; and it is therefore very satisfactory to me that I am in a condition to gratify his curiosity.

Catherine Cavenaugh, otherwise Catherine Welch, otherwise Catherine Davies, otherwise Mother Ross, was born in Dublin, some time in the year 1667. She was the daughter of an honest and industrious couple, who earned their livelihood, the husband by managing a malthouse and brewery, the wife out of the proceeds of a farm, which in her own name she seems to have rented. They do not appear to have had any other children than Catherine,—at least my authorities make of such no mention; and Catherine became in consequence a prodigious favourite with them. It was the height of their ambition to render her an accomplished woman, for which purpose they sent her to one of the best schools in the city. But Kate's views were in these respects at variance with those of her parents. She learned to read and write, and to use her needle; but in scholastic lore she never advanced further. On the contrary, having a strong passion for

out-of-doors occupations, she insisted on residing at the farm, where she handled the flail and guided the plough with as much dexterity as the best of her mother's labourers.

Several instances are recorded of her juvenile habits, of which it is unnecessary to say more than that they entirely acquit her of all undue leaning to the weaknesses, bodily and mental, of a woman's nature. I find, for example, that at eighteen she would mount astride upon the wildest horse, and leap him, without saddle or bridle, over hedge and ditch. She had a passion, likewise, for the refined amusement which is still, I believe, prosecuted at Greenwich fair, namely, rolling down hill in company with a whole troop of persons of like tastes and habits. And as to her personal strength and agility, take this as a specimen :— When the ceremony of proclaiming James the Second was in progress in 1685, Kate happened to be perched on the top of a haystack. She was determined to witness the whole affair; so, making but a single step to the ground, she vaulted over a five-bar gate, and jostled her way through the crowd, till she

reached the heralds themselves. I am afraid that there is in all this very little that appertains to the romantic or the tender; yet was Catherine not without her amiable points too, as will be discovered in the sequel.

Whether Catherine's father was a Roman Catholic or a Protestant, I have not been able to discover; but in politics he was a sturdy Jacobite; for when James came to Ireland, after his expulsion from the English throne, our brewer, among others, took up arms in his defence. "He sold all his standing corn and other valuable effects," says my authority; "and with that money and what he had by him he raised a troop of horse, and set out at the head of it to join the king's army." And here again his daughter, while the process of enlistment was going on, exhibited unquestionable symptoms of that firmness and intrepidity which were in due time to win for her an exalted niche in the temple of Fame. Mr. Cavenaugh, more learned in the qualities of malt than of horseflesh, bought a charger which neither he nor the boldest of his troop could ride. Kate took him in hand, and soon

gave him to the captain as pliable and gentle as need be. Nor was this all. One day a riot took place at the door of a church within which Kate's mother was engaged in her devotions; and a party of Jacobite soldiers were marched thither, to make prisoners of the congregation. Kate swore to deliver her mother at all events; for which purpose she armed herself with a spit, and used it so effectually, that, after running the sergeant through the calf of the leg, she burst the cordon, and brought off her mother in triumph. She had well-nigh been brought into trouble for this exploit,—indeed she was some time in confinement; but the father's zeal in the exiled monarch's cause being weighed against the daughter's indiscriminating violence, Kate was set at liberty.

The author to whom I am mainly indebted for these facts has judged it expedient to mix up his sketch of Catherine's life with an outline of the military operations that took place in Ireland during the eventful years that immediately succeeded the Revolution. It is not my purpose to follow his example in these

respects; for I do not find that Catherine took any part in the struggle. On the contrary, she appears to have lived quietly with her mother at the farm in the country; whence she removed, at the termination of the war, to Dublin, and become the companion and assistant, and eventually the successor, of an aunt who kept a public-house not far from College Green. Here, then, we find her established in a line of life which may be supposed to have accorded well with her singular temperament and disposition. Yet it must not be imagined that Catherine, either as an innkeeper or a breaker-in of fierce horses, was wholly insensible to the tender passion. Long before her settlement on College Green, she had given her heart to a cousin of her own, who behaved ill to her. She accordingly renounced his society, and, with her usual firmness, resisted all his endeavours to reinstate himself in her favour; but she did not on that account lock up for ever the kindly feelings of her heart. There was in her own employment an insinuating tapster, Richard Welch by name, who found in his mistress's eyes especial

favour, and who was brought to comprehend and take advantage of the good fortune that had befallen him, by means illustrative of the delicacy of sentiment which formed a striking trait in Catherine's character.

Kate sighed in private for her amiable drawer, but could not of course make the first advances. She therefore commissioned an intimate friend to acquaint him with the real nature of his position; not abruptly or by positive assertion, but quietly, by hints, and insinuations, and all those unostentatious but efficient means of proceeding in which, I am sure most unjustly, women are said to be versed. Now honest Welch was slow of comprehension. He could not believe at first that "the lot had fallen to him on such pleasant ground;" indeed, it was not till the kind confidante assured him "she knew almost enough of the matter to promise him success," that he could be induced to move. But he did move at last; and having been abruptly rejected, and told "to mind the business of the house, and not her, which would better become him;" lo! his mistress softened in her ire. In one word,

before the week was out, Catherine Cavenaugh had become Mrs. Welch, and Mr. Welch landlord of the "Pig and Bagpipes."

Catherine's happiness was now complete, and for the space of four years it suffered no abatement. Her husband was docile and generous, as all husbands ought to be; her business throve; and she had two sons, fac-similes of their father, and was again about to become a mother, when an event befel which gave an entirely novel bearing to her prospects, and called the dormant energies of her nature into full play. The case was this.

The "Pig and Bagpipes" had its tap supplied from the brewery of Alderman Forest, in James-street, (it is necessary to be particular,) whither Mr. Welch proceeded one day as usual to pay his bill; but, contrary to all precedent, —for Kate's house was admirably regulated,— though the evening came, as it generally does, it restored not the husband to his tender and anxious wife. Kate was at first angry,—the most amiable tempers are apt on such occasions to be ruffled,—for she apprehended some lurking design on Welch's part to aim at in-

dependence. But when the night passed without bringing any tidings of the absentee, and the morning proved equally barren, anger gave place to grief, which deepened by degrees into despair; for, though the whole city was scoured, messengers going forth hither and thither in search of him, not a trace could she discover of her missing husband. Now, then, she gave herself up to unbounded sorrow. Somebody must have murdered him; the fifty pounds which he was conveying to Alderman Forest had been the cause of his death,—she could never hold up her head again; nor did she, for the space of twelve long months, during which all traces of him were lost, abstract herself from her griefs, or attend to business. The consequence was that her affairs were beginning to fall into confusion, when the remonstrances of her friends, and a sense of what was due to her children, so far gained the mastery over inordinate sorrow, that she put on her widow's weeds, arrayed her household in mourning, and once more took the lead in the management of the "Pig and Bagpipes."

How little can the most far-sighted of mor-

tals tell what their fate shall be even on the morrow. Scarcely had my heroine resumed the reins of government in her own house, than a letter was put into her hands, of which, because of the influence exercised by it over the whole of her future destinies, I think I am bound to give a transcript.

"DEAR CATHERINE,

"This is the twelfth letter I have sent you without receiving any answer; which would both surprise and very much grieve me, did I not flatter myself that your silence proceeds from the miscarriage of my letters. It is from this opinion that I repeat the account of my sudden and unpremeditated departure, and the reason of my being enlisted for a soldier. It was my misfortune, when I went out to pay the alderman the fifty pounds, to meet Ensign C—m, who, having formerly been my school-fellow, would accompany me to the alderman's house, from whence we went, at his request, and took a hearty bottle at the tavern, where he paid the reckoning. Having got a little too much wine in my head, I was

easily persuaded to go on board a vessel that carried recruits, and take a bowl of punch, which I did in the captain's cabin, where, being pretty much intoxicated, I was not sensible of what was doing upon deck. In the interim the wind sprang up fair, the captain set sail with what recruits were on board, and we had so quick a passage that we reached Helvoetsluys before I had recovered from the effects of liquor. It is impossible for me to paint the disorder I was in, finding myself thus divided from my dear wife and children, landed on a strange shore, without money or friends to support me. I raved, tore my hair, and cursed my drunken folly, which had brought upon me this terrible misfortune, which I thought to remedy by getting a ship to carry me back; but there was none to be found. The ensign, who possibly did not intend me this injury, did all he could to comfort me, and advised me to make a virtue of necessity, and take on in some regiment. My being destitute and unknown compelled me to follow his advice, though with the greatest reluctance; and I now am, though much against

my inclination, a private sentinel in Lord O——y's regiment of foot, where I fear I must pass the remainder of a wretched life, under the deepest affliction for my being deprived of the comfort I enjoyed while blessed with you and my dear babies, if Providence in his mercy does not relieve me; the hopes of which, and of once embracing those who alone engross my tenderest affections,—you, my dearest Catherine, and my poor children,—make me endeavour to support my misfortune, and preserve a life which, without you, would be too miserable to be worth the care of your unfortunate but ever loving husband,

"RICHARD WELCH."

The effect of this letter upon my poor heroine was such as might be expected. She fainted away, and, being carried to bed, ceased not after her recovery to rave about her "dearest lost Richard." It was to no purpose that her friends endeavoured to console her by holding out hopes of his speedy return; for the letter had been read, of course, by those whom the noise of her fall attracted to her chamber.

She would not listen to their statements; but, desiring to be left alone, gave herself up to deliberate on the course which it would be advisable to follow. I have said enough of Catherine to show that she was blessed with prompt powers of decision, and inexhaustible endurance, while seeking the end at which she had once resolved to aim; neither did her resolution fail her in the present instance. She determined, let the cost be what it might, to join her husband, and participate in his fortunes. Accordingly, on the very morning after the receipt of his letter, she let her house; gave her children, of whom one was dead, in charge of her mother; and, disposing of her business at a heavy loss, became free as the air of heaven. She then cut off her hair, equipped herself in one of her husband's best suits, including a wig, hat, and silver-hilted sword; and, knowing that all persons were prohibited from exporting more than the value of five pounds in bullion out of the country, she quilted fifty guineas in the waistband of her breeches. This done, she repaired to the rendezvous of an ensign who was beating up for

recruits, "and offered him her services to go against the French, out of zeal for King William and love for her country." It would appear from this, that, whatever her father's principles might have been, they did not descend to his daughter; but my authority gives me a piece of information respecting the lady, which is at least as interesting. "The hopes," says he, "of soon meeting with her husband, added a sprightliness to her looks which recommended her to the officer, who presently enlisted her, and ordered her to be enrolled, by the name of Christopher Welch, in a company of foot in the regiment commanded by the Marquess de Pisau."

CHAPTER II.

Showing how a Woman can make war and love, and effect discoveries.

THE history of Catherine Welch, as far as we have yet pursued it, makes us aware of two circumstances relating to the management of the army in which the usages of other times differed essentially from those with which we are acquainted. In the first place the surgeon's inspection seems, of old, to have been either very superficial, or not attended to at all; in the next, the drilling of recruits appears to have been deferred till they joined the forces in the field; for Catherine, I find, was shipped at once for Holland, together with a number of persons similarly situated, and never got so much as a uniform till she had marched from Williamstadt to Gorkum, only one day's journey from Landen. At this latter

place, however, the new comers were incorporated with their respective regiments; and Catherine, in particular, displayed such facility in learning her exercise, that in a few days she was pronounced fit for duty, and took her turn both in guards and outposts.

She was thus employed,—being indeed the sentinel at the Elector of Hanover's chamber-door,—when, in the month of July 1693, the French came on in great force, and attacked the open town of Landen. It was late in the evening when this preliminary movement took place, so that after an hour's firing the battle ceased; but at an early hour on the following morning it was renewed with fourfold violence and prodigious slaughter, especially to the assailants. Catherine saw but little of that great battle, for almost at its commencement she received a musket-ball through the calf of her leg, which forced her to go to the rear; yet she is represented as having borne herself with excellent courage, and as quitting the field only by the express orders of Lord Cholmondeley. Yet the wound must have been a severe one, seeing that it confined her for two whole

months to the hospital. Nevertheless her sex escaped detection; and as soon as she recovered she returned to her duty, nothing daunted by the recollection of this her first essay in arms.

The next operation in which I find Catherine engaged was in repairing the dykes near Gertruydenberg, a service of much labour and some hazard, especially in the winter, when she entered upon it. Worms had so completely undermined the embankments, that large portions fell in, and the water, rushing through, had well-nigh overwhelmed her and the officer under whom the working party acted. This was in January 1694; not long after which she was, with sixty men of her regiment, overpowered in a trifling affair of posts, and made prisoner by the French. They were conveyed to St. Germain's, where the wife of James the Second showed them great kindness; and the Duke of Berwick made frequent attempts to draw them into his father's service: but, though others closed with his proposals, Catherine steadily rejected them. "I have already taken an oath to King William," said she,

"and I cannot in honour violate the engagement." The duke commended her adherence to principle, and ceased his solicitations. But Catherine had a temptation to resist more arduous than this. There was a first cousin of her own, by name Cavenaugh, a captain in the French army, to whom she felt the strongest inclination to make herself known,—an inclination which was overruled only by the dread that a discovery might defeat her purpose of rejoining her husband. She accordingly held her peace; and, at the end of nine days was, with such of her comrades as continued true, exchanged for some prisoners whom the allies had taken, and sent back to her former corps.

I have not been able to trace Catherine's progress through the summer of 1694; but in the winter she was quartered at a burgher's house, still in profound ignorance of her husband's situation, and well-nigh hopeless of ever being able to discover it. Under these circumstances, being naturally of a merry disposition, she began to amuse herself by making violent love to her host's daughter, a young

and very pretty girl. It soon appeared that her agreeable manners and handsome figure had not been without their effect on the frou's imagination; and the lover conceived herself bound, *in more militis,* to press her suit somewhat incontinently. The young Dutchwoman, without seeking to hide her love, reproved Catherine's presumption, which "so gained Mrs. Davies' heart, that she could not help admiring and acknowledging her esteem for the girl's virtue. She even felt," continues my authority, "a tender passion for her, though, you know, it could not go beyond a Platonic love!"

"The course of true love never did run smooth," says Shakspeare; and this innocent commerce between Catherine and the frou was destined to furnish one proof more, in addition to the many which the world already possesses, of the truth of the poet's observation. There was a sergeant in Kate's regiment, though not attached to the same company, who had likewise cast an amorous eye upon the fair Dutchwoman, and who, finding that his protestations met with no return, endeavoured one day,

when Catherine was on guard, grossly to insult the maiden. He was repulsed in his rude wooing, and the indignant damsel lost no time in making Catherine aware of the wrong which had well-nigh been put upon her; while such was the degree of indignation which arose in Kate's bosom, that a sense of her military position alone withheld her from taking vengeance on the instant. No sooner was she relieved from guard, however, than she sought out the aggressor, and, after upbraiding him with his villany, dared him to single combat. They fought with swords, according to the custom of that day; and both were wounded, Catherine in the right arm, her adversary in the breast and thigh, when the officers, hearing of the encounter, interfered, and put both parties into confinement. But Catherine's statements proved so satisfactory, that no harm accrued to her in the issue. She received a full pardon, got all her arrears of pay, and was discharged, not through any desire to get rid of her, but for the purpose of removing her out of the sergeant's way, who might, it was supposed, being her superior in rank, take

an opportunity of doing her an injury. For this reason she was transferred to Stair's Dragoons, of which Lord John Hay was then the colonel.

As soon as she came forth from prison, Kate flew to her mistress, and was received by her with all the devotion which the peculiarities of the case might be expected to call forth. So grateful, indeed, and so tender was the Dutch maiden, that she proposed at once to become her champion's wife, a proposition for which Kate seems to have been well prepared, and which she contrived to evade, without the slightest loss of credit. After thanking the enamoured girl, and assuring her that their feelings were mutual, she offered to go at once and demand her of her father; to which the other objected, on the obvious ground that a rich burgher would never give his daughter in marriage to a private sentinel. Kate's answer was prompt; and, as I could not possibly improve upon it, I think it best to give both it and the frou's rejoinder in the words which an older chronicler has preserved. "My dear life," exclaimed Catherine, "how could I

bear to see you deserted by your father, stripped of all the comforts of life, and exposed to follow a camp? No; I can neither be so inhuman to you, nor ungrateful to your parent who has procured my liberty. But my love for you shall animate me to such actions as I hope will raise me to a rank that your father need not be ashamed of my alliance; or, if I fail of preferment in this honourable way, I will at any rate endeavour to deserve you, and, if possible, purchase a pair of colours."

"I have heard," replied the frou, "that love and reason are incompatible: this maxim is either false, or you are not the ardent lover you profess yourself. However, I like your proposal of buying a commission, and if your money falls short, let me know it."

So ended this amorous passage in my heroine's life, who departed immediately to join her new regiment, and never saw her tender-hearted Dutchwoman again.

From this date up to the peace of Ryswick, in 1697, Catherine continued to serve in the Low Countries. She witnessed the siege of Namur in 1695, and was personally engaged

in a warm cavalry skirmish which took place near Charleroy, much to the advantage of the allies. She took part, likewise, in the various movements which characterised both that and the following campaign, of which the great object seems to have been, not to bring on a battle, but to avoid one, and so to gain ground, *selon les regles*, as men win games at chess. But it is of her private adventures that I am chiefly required to give an account, of which the most remarkable was, that in the autumn of 1695 she was obliged to support a child, of which, upon the oath of the mother, she was convicted of being the father. "Happily," says my chronicler, "from this expense she was soon delivered; for the child died in a month, leaving her the reputation of being a father, till her sex was discovered."

The peace of Ryswick caused a large reduction in the English army, and sent, among others, Mrs. Catherine Welch loose upon the world. The regiment to which she belonged was disbanded, and she returned to Dublin, without having been able to accomplish the object nearest to her heart, by discovering her

husband. Her first inquiries, of course, were as to the condition of her mother and children, all of whom she ascertained to be in perfect health. Yet she did not make herself known to them. On the contrary, retaining her male attire, she lived as a disbanded soldier, in the midst of her relatives, not one of whom discovered the cheat which she had put upon them; and, having fully satisfied herself that all was going on well, she once more offered her services to the king, and was accepted. This was in 1701, when the death of the King of Spain renewed all the elements of strife that still lingered in Europe, and the grand alliance was, by William's sagacity, formed, for the purpose of restraining the ambition of Louis le Grand. Nor did she consider that she had been scurvily dealt with by fortune, when she found herself once more serving in Lord John Hay's regiment, under the immediate command of a Lieutenant Keith, who had formerly shown her marks of kindness. Thus circumstanced, she took part in the affair of Nimeguen, one of the sharpest actions of the kind that were fought during

this campaign; and not long afterwards contributed to overthrow a superior force of French cavalry, with whom, while carrying on the siege of Keiserswaert, the allied dragoons came in contact.

The campaign of 1702 was, as everybody knows, a campaign of sieges. In these the cavalry took little part; consequently my heroine's operations were confined to an occasional skirmish, or such services as a foraging excursion, with the attack or defence of a convoy, might give an opportunity to perform. The case was different when, after being marched for the winter into Venloo, she was ordered out as one of the party whose business it was to escort the Earl of Marlborough on his homeward voyage down the Maese. The troops marched by night; the roads were difficult, and plundering parties of the enemy everywhere abroad. Somehow or other the escort lost their way, which gave an opportunity to the French to board the general's boat, and make himself, with several other officers of distinction, for a few minutes their prisoners. But if Catherine saw nothing of

this, she had a little adventure of her own while riding quietly along the banks of the river. She and her comrades fell by accident upon a hog-sty, in which was a sow with five pigs; and Kate, an excellent forager, took the liberty of appropriating one of the young porkers to her own use. For this she was challenged by her corporal, who made, likewise, an attempt to deprive her of her booty; but he did not succeed. From words they proceeded to blows. The corporal, striking at her with his sword, wounded her in one of her fingers, while she, returning the salute with the butt-end of her pistol, closed up his left eye for ever.

Catherine took part in the memorable march which, carrying the Duke of Marlborough, in 1703, from the vicinity of Maestricht to the banks of the Danube, saved the German empire from destruction. At the affair of Donawert she charged gallantly, and received a severe wound, a musket-ball lodging under the hip-bone, and well-nigh depriving her of the use of the limb. Yet she recovered, without the smallest suspicion having been enter-

tained concerning the secret which she was so anxious to preserve; and again she fought in the great battle of Hochstadt, without sustaining any personal hurt.

She was then employed to guard the prisoners, who were conducted in a wretched plight to the plain of Breda, and there halted, that both they and their escort might refresh on a scanty allowance of bread, and beer, and cheese.

While this was going on, Catherine's attention was attracted to the behaviour of certain women who clustered near, some of whom lamented their husbands who had fallen in the recent battles, while others made themselves happy in the embraces of those whom war had spared. Her heart, not yet absolutely steeled, was softened, and tears began to gather in her eyes, when she suddenly beheld a female rush out of the crowd, and throw herself into the arms of a soldier. Catherine stared at the man, whose features seemed to be familiar; and became at length convinced that he was no other than her husband. What were then her feelings! To find him thus, after

all that she had undergone, not only forgetful of her, but evidently attached to another! So great was the effect produced upon the female trooper, that her colour fled, and she had well-nigh fainted. Yet she so far controlled her emotion as to inform a comrade who questioned her touching the cause, that the unexpected sight of a brother, from whom she had long been separated, totally overpowered her; and she sent him to Welch with a request that he would speak to her that day on the main-guard. This done, and both prisoners and escort being refreshed, the whole resumed their march towards Breda, where they arrived in due time, put the captives in ward, and disposed themselves, some as duty required, others according to the dictates of inclination.

It was Catherine's business to seek out her husband; for which purpose she visited the main-guard, whence, not finding him, she adjourned to a public-house at no great distance from the guard. There, as she passed through the kitchen, she saw him drinking with the Dutchwoman,—a spectacle which cut

her to the heart: yet she retained sufficient self-command to take no notice of him, and retired to a private apartment. A flood of tears came happily to her relief, of which she endeavoured to obliterate the traces by washing her face and eyes in the beer which she judged it expedient to order; and then, after calling for another pint, she desired the landlady to send in the man whom she described. He came, and a very pathetic conversation ensued, of which I regret that my limits will not permit me to make a transcript. Its result, however, was the discovery, by Welch, of his faithful and abused wife, a severe reprimand to him for his infidelity, and a determination on her part not to receive him again as a husband, so long as the war should continue. Then was the Dutchwoman sent for, to whom Catherine announced that her lover was a married man, and that she would act both discreetly and with becoming regard to her own safety, if for the future she avoided him. The poor woman, finding that he did not deny the charge, promised to follow the advice which Catherine had given; though

the reader will hear by-and-by that she was not always careful to remember her promise, and that once, at least, she paid dearly for forgetting it.

From this period up to the date of the battle of Ramilies, Catherine continued to serve as a private dragoon, being present in every action in which the cavalry took part, and always acquitting herself like a gallant soldier. In private, too, she had her frolics and adventures, making love, as heretofore, to every pretty woman that crossed her path, and getting out of each scrape by the display of as much address as most men exhibit in order to get into one. Neither does it appear that she and her husband had the smallest intercourse, beyond occasionally conversing together, all the while. But that which his repeated remonstrances failed to effect, the explosion of a French shell, by which her skull was partially fractured, brought about. She was carried out of the field of Ramilies so severely hurt, that she could no longer attend, as heretofore, to appearances; and, her sex being discovered, the fact was immediately communi-

cated to Brigadier Preston, now the commandant of her regiment. The brigadier, however, would not credit the report. "The thing is impossible," cried he: "Welch is the prettiest fellow and best man in the corps. I will not believe that a woman has or could have acquitted herself as I have seen this pretended miracle do." Nevertheless, being anxious to ascertain the fact, he sent for Richard, who had passed up to that moment for her brother, and obtained from him a summary of her tale, as it has fallen to my lot to tell it. There could be but one issue to this strange adventure. Catherine, seeing that her history was known, revoked the oath which bound her to live apart from her husband, and, being loaded with presents from all the chief officers of the army, put on once more a female garb. A second marriage ensued, to the great delight of a numerous audience, and the cidevant "pretty dragoon" became a camp-follower and a sutler.

CHAPTER III.

Showing how camp-followers live and thrive, and are honoured in their latter end.

Over the remainder of this singular woman's military career it is not necessary that I should linger. Her life resembled, in almost every particular, those of camp-followers in general, except that her previous habits gave her a contempt for danger which they do not always acquire, and her past services rendered her a sort of licensed personage, with whom nobody would have presumed to take offence. If her husband was employed in the trenches before a beleaguered town, she was sure to find him out, and to bring for him and his favourite comrades, as well officers as privates, abundant supplies of provisions,—for Catherine was both a skilful and an unsparing

forager. Money, viands, wearing apparel, horses, sheep, pigs, fowls, everything, in short, that could be applied to a useful purpose, she was sure to discover and to appropriate; while, her booty once obtained, he would have been a bold man indeed that would have spoken to her of the necessity of resigning it. It does not appear that these marauding expeditions were always pushed forward with a strict regard to generosity; but it is certain that they often produced a great deal of merriment, and once or twice proved to be the means of conveying important intelligence to the allied generals.

As a specimen of the sort of mirth of which she was the occasion, take the following anecdote.

It happened once upon a time, soon after the battle of Oudenarde had been fought, that the regiment to which Welch was attached drew up, not far from Courtray, in order to be reviewed. Meanwhile Catherine had gone into the town to buy provisions; and, coming forth again, astride upon a grey mare, with paniers suspended from the right and left, she

excited a good deal of laughter among the officers, particularly on the part of a Mr. Montgomery, the captain of grenadiers. "You laugh at my grey mare," exclaimed Catherine: "I will run her against your chestnut for a pistole." "A race! a race!" shouted the whole parade, particularly Brigadier Godfrey, who betted another pistole on the lady's side. Accordingly, the course was marked out, and by beat of drum the rivals started. Catherine, as might be expected, was not slow to discover that she was likely to get the worst of it, unless she should accomplish that by a stratagem which the fleetness of her grey mare could not effect. She therefore watched her opportunity, rode with all her might against Captain Montgomery, and pushed him and his horse into a ditch. She then cantered on, and, reaching the goal, was hailed, amid shouts of laughter, as the winner.

Not many months after this, when the allies were engaged in the siege of Ghent, her determination never to be without a well-stocked larder, provided money or hardihood would avail to stock it, proved more conspicuously

useful than by exciting the mirth of her former companions in arms. On the occasion just alluded to, Catherine, arrayed in man's attire, penetrated beyond the English outposts, and, entering a deserted chateau, found there two loaded baskets, the one full of eggs, the other of poultry. She carried them off, as a matter of course, and distributed their contents in the regiment; after which she ventured to the mansion, and made seizure of a quantity of corn, straw, and hay. Encouraged by these successes, she ventured two days afterwards on a third visit, and was surprised, while ransacking the house, by a body of French soldiers, who made her and her grey mare their prisoners. But fortune never deserted this remarkable woman. The officer commanding the detachment was an Irishman, with whom Catherine had formerly had some acquaintance, though he could not recognise her in her male disguise, and she immediately passed herself off as his cousin, by claiming to be the son of his uncle, whom she named. So complete was the deception, that the simple-minded Hibernian not only set her at liberty on

the instant, but told her to get out of the way as fast as she could, for there would be warm work ere long in the English lines. Kate availed herself of his permission to depart, but rode straight to the Duke of Argyle's quarters, whom she accused, with her wonted familiarity, of wasting his time at play, when he ought to be keeping a sharp look-out on the enemy's movements. The consequence was that the duke narrowly escaped being seized in his house, which, considering his high rank in the service, was too much advanced, and that a formidable sortie was met and repulsed, not without much hard fighting and considerable loss on both sides.

Allusion was made some time ago to Catherine's treatment of the Dutchwoman, whom she found on terms of such unequivocal intimacy with her long-lost husband. The case was this:—While the regiment lay in Ghent, Catherine's rival not only had the imprudence to establish herself just opposite to the house at which Welch and his wife resided, but prevailed upon the former to give her a meeting one day in an alehouse. Catherine was not

slow to discover what had happened. She rushed into the room, drew a case-knife, and, before any movement could be made to restrain her, cut off at a blow the woman's nose, and left it dangling by a piece of skin. Surgical assistance being at hand, the nose was sewed on again; but the unfortunate creature never recovered her beauty; neither does it appear that Kate ever heaved a sigh for the havoc which she had committed on her rival's charms.

It would be tedious to relate one by one the various occurrences in which Catherine played a part. They all more or less resembled those which have just been described; for candour obliges me to confess, that from the character of my heroine, whatever of romance might have originally attached to it, was entirely withdrawn. Moreover, she became as indifferent to the lives of others as she was careless of her own. She would shoot a Frenchman, whenever an opportunity offered, with as much indifference as she would kill a pig; and, whether a cannon or a musket were the weapon to be used, was to her a

matter of the most perfect indifference. At the siege of Aith, for example, having made her way into the trenches, and supplied her husband and his friends, as usual, with abundance of food, she looked through the sandbags, and saw a French soldier gathering vegetables from a garden within musket-shot of the lines. She immediately called out to the officer, desiring him to observe what an unerring markswoman she was; and, seizing a musket, killed the unfortunate forager on the spot. Yet she did not herself go unpunished for this wanton act. Scarcely had she pulled the trigger, when a musket-ball from the town came through the orifice in front of which she was standing, and, splitting her lower lip, and knocking out two of her teeth, beat her to the ground. The men ran to lift her up, fearing lest she had been killed; but Kate rose of her own accord, spit out the ball, and resumed her former occupation as if nothing had happened. At the siege of Tournay, some time afterwards, her skill as a bombardier was put to a still more satisfactory proof. There was a windmill between one of the allied bat-

teries and the angle of a bastion in the citadel where they desired to breach, which Lord Cobham, who commanded in the trenches, was anxious to have knocked down. "I will give a guinea to any man," cried he, "who hits the post of that mill and brings it down." "Will you?" cried Catherine; "here goes then!" So saying, she levelled a gun, grasped the match, and fired, with such effect, that while she herself was thrown down by the recoil of the gun in its rear, the mill fell with a heavy crash in its front. She was a good deal bruised by the accident, but took her guinea and went to her tent rejoicing.

If there was very little of romance about the character of Kate, there was a large proportion of humour, which not unfrequently would take a somewhat perverse turn. In particular, she seldom forgave a slight; and her mode of revenging it was sometimes ridiculous enough. While a portion of the army lay for winter quarters in Ghent, Catherine had an affair with a young cadet, a gentleman of good fortune and family, who would not

fall into her humours, and resented her familiarities. It happened once upon a time, when Kate was in one of her grotesque moods, that this young gentleman called her impertinent; to which she replied by telling him, that if it were not for the disgrace of setting her wit against boys, she would teach him better manners, and give his ill-breeding the correction it deserved. The youth only turned his back upon my heroine, and observed to the officers that were standing by, "This is what comes of your familiarity with mean people. It is very well for you to bear it, for you have brought it on yourselves; but it is hard upon me, who have always avoided the virago."

"You will do well," replied Catherine, "to be careful in avoiding me for the future," and went away in a rage.

Kate was exceedingly angry, and adopted the following expedient to procure the sort of satisfaction that alone had value in her eyes. She was aware that the cadet was in the habit of visiting a young woman in the town, and that scandal made very free with

the fair one's name in consequence. She accordingly dressed herself in the costume of a man of fashion, and, waiting on the young lady, made violent love to her, promising marriage on the single condition that she would discard the cadet for ever. Catherine's proposals, after some little demur, were accepted; and the fastidious gentleman was met, on his next arrival at his mistress's door, with a denial. But this was not all. Kate took care that her enemy should see her as she walked from the house into which he was refused admittance, and was ready with her sword as soon as the indignant lover called upon her to draw. They exchanged some passes, and would have doubtless carried the quarrel to an extremity, had not Kate's husband chanced to come up at the moment. An explanation of course followed, as well as an ample apology from the cadet for the insult which he had offered; in return for which Catherine undertook to reconcile him to his mistress,—a task which she faithfully accomplished.

In this manner Mrs. Welch spent her time, gaily enough, and not without a fair share of

profit, up to the period when the great battle of Malplaquet was fought. For her husband she ceased not to entertain the most unbounded devotion; and though many attempts were made to lead her into a breach of the marriage vow, they entirely failed. Bold, masculine, rough, Kate might be; but she was perfectly chaste, and generous, and kind-hearted. But Kate's happiness, like that of other people, was liable to interruption; and a heavy misfortune overtook her at last. It chanced that during the advance of the army towards Malplaquet, Kate had been particularly successful in foraging. Riding in front, in the midst of the hussars, she left them to watch the movements of the enemy, while she herself ransacked every house and homestead that fell in her way, till the grey mare was loaded with provisions of every sort, —brandy, beer, and other articles of a higher value. With these she rejoined her husband in the evening, and feasted both him and the officers of his corps superbly. But neither the conversation of his wife, nor the good cheer which she provided, could raise the spirits

of poor Welch. He was convinced that he should not survive the morrow; and he repeated the expression more than once when the columns were moving to the attack. Neither had the presentiment deceived him. He was struck by a musket-ball soon after entering the wood which covered the left of the enemy's position, and died without a groan.

Catherine was not superstitious; yet her husband's despondency had made such an impression upon her, that she determined to keep as near to him during the progress of the battle as any regard to her own safety would allow. She resolved, also, that he should suffer no inconvenience from thirst; and accordingly followed the column close into the wood, bearing in her hand a pitcher full of beer. The shot and shell fell fast about her, and pieces of bark and broken branches tumbled about her ears; but she still pressed on, till a dog, which always attended her, began to howl piteously, and caused her to look about. A wounded man sat under a tree, who recognised her; but he did not address

her. He only said, "Poor brute! he would fain tell you that his master is dead." "Dead!" shrieked Catherine: "is Richard dead?" "I don't know," replied the man; "but if not, I am sure that he is very much hurt." Kate did not wait to hear more. She ran forward, turned over nearly two hundred bodies, among which were those of some of the officers to whom she was most attached, and at length discovered Welch just in time to arrest the hand of a stranger, who was about to strip him where he lay. The plunderer fled in all haste; and it was well for him that he did so, for Catherine, moved with grief, would have sacrificed him on the spot. But neither her tears nor bitter cries could recall the spirit that was returned to Him who gave it. Poor Kate was indeed, at that moment, an object of sincere commiseration. Yet even in her sorrow the peculiarities of her character displayed themselves. She dug a grave for the body, interred it with her own hands, and then, mounting her mare, cast from her every article that threatened to impede her progress, and swore to

have revenge. It was not, indeed, without great difficulty that she was withheld from riding into the French lines, where her destruction would have been inevitable.

The grief of Catherine was not only acute, but it was enduring; for she refused throughout a whole week to taste anything, and could not be comforted either by the kindness of the Prince of Orange, or the still more delicate attentions of Mrs. Hamilton, the wife of her colonel. Nay, she continued a widow nearly three months, a very protracted period among women in her circumstances; and gave her hand at last to a grenadier called Hugh Jones, only on the condition that they should not live together till the campaign was brought to an end. This was a sad privation to Jones, who seems to have been greatly attached to her, and had on more than one occasion during Welch's life befriended her with the most perfect disinterestedness. But Catherine would have her own way. Accordingly Jones submitted; and if she could not give to him the unbounded affection which she had formerly bestowed

on Welch, she made him, during the brief season of their wedded existence, a kind and considerate wife.

Kate's career as Mrs. Jones differed in no respect from what it used to be as Mrs. Welch. It was remarked, indeed, for a while that she had lost much of her humour, and that, though she foraged just as efficiently as she used to do, her jokes were less pungent, as well as of far less frequent occurrence. Nevertheless she continued as great a favourite with the army as ever; and when Jones died of a wound received at the siege of St. Vincent, every house and tent was open to her. In particular Brigadier-general Preston, Lord Stair, and Colonel Kirke were her steady friends, all of them employing her occasionally as a cook, and all treating her with the utmost familiarity; indeed the Duke of Marlborough himself took some notice of her, and once gave her a guinea. But Marlborough was at length removed from his command, and the disgraceful arrangements which withdrew the English contingent from the allied army, at a moment when their presence was espe-

cially required, sent them first to Dunkirk, and eventually to their own country. Catherine, however, did not wait for the embarkation of the troops. When active hostilities ceased, she felt that her occupation was gone; and, having obtained a pass, she went on board of ship, and made the best of her way to London.

Catherine's first business on reaching the capital was to seek out her old commander, and to request his interest in procuring for herself and her little ones some means of support from the government. But the Duke of Marlborough was then out of favour, and, except by his advice, could render her no assistance. He gave her money, however, which she received from the duchess also: indeed she was treated by both, on various occasions, with the utmost kindness; and the Duke of Hamilton having undertaken to become her advocate, a memorial was drawn up, and presented by herself to the queen at the next levee. Now, Queen Anne, whatever her faults might be, was not hard-hearted. Kate's story had been told to her, and, being prepared to

receive this application, she soon relieved the petitioner from whatever anxiety might have pressed upon her at the outset. She took the paper into her hand, assured Catherine that she should be provided for, and, observing that she was in the family way, added, "If you are delivered of a boy, I will give him a commission as soon as he is born." Poor Kate was sadly mortified, when the time of her delivery came, to find that she had brought a girl into the world: but a present of fifty pounds from the queen, and the settlement upon her of a pension of a shilling a day for life, gradually reconciled her to what she bemoaned at first as a grievous calamity.

Having thus settled her more pressing affairs, Kate passed over to Dublin for the purpose of ascertaining whether any of those whom she had so long abandoned were yet alive, and whether any portion of her property could be reclaimed. Her mother yet lived, and welcomed her home with tears of joy; her youngest child likewise was an inmate of the workhouse; but the eldest had died at the age of eighteen: and of her goods not a shred

remained. The parties to whom she had let her house, had sold it to others, and neither they, nor the nurse to whom, with her infant, she had entrusted some valuable effects, could give the smallest account of their deposits. Under these circumstances, and being destitute of the funds requisite for carrying on an expensive and tedious lawsuit, Catherine called her philosophy to her assistance; she turned her back upon her own house, and, hiring another public-house, there continued for two years to earn a subsistence. For her pension, strange to say, had been cut down by Lord Oxford from a shilling to five pence; and Kate found it impossible to maintain herself, with any degree of comfort, on so wretched a pittance. In an evil hour, however, a soldier called Davies paid his addresses to her, and won her hand; from which time forth her life became again that of a wanderer, till she attained her final resting-place in the graveyard of Chelsea Hospital.

I have but a few anecdotes more to transcribe, by way of illustrating the character of this extraordinary woman. Having abandoned

the public-house, she followed her husband from place to place, after vainly purchasing his discharge on two separate occasions. He was a sad profligate, and spent more than her industry could earn; yet she adhered to him with commendable fidelity, and bore with his follies more patiently than might have been expected. On one occasion, while travelling from London to West Chester, the waggon in which she had taken her place was stopped by a highwayman. There was no man among the passengers, all being women, whom Kate had greatly amused during their tardy progress by the history of her own adventures; and the robber holding in his hand a loaded pistol, the frightened passengers vied with one another as to which should be the first to surrender her purse. It was not so with my heroine. She watched her opportunity, and, observing that the freebooter carried a second pistol in his belt, she suddenly drew it, and, before he could turn round, shot him through the heart. Great was the astonishment of her fellow-passengers, and unbounded the applause which she received when the machine stopped at

Chester; for the ruffian whom she had slain was a noted desperado, and the terror of the surrounding neighbourhood.

On another occasion, when her husband had served out his time, and they were living together in Windsor, where she kept a small shop, the landlord, without giving them any notice, let the premises on a lease, over their heads, to a bailiff. It so happened that in front of their dwelling stood a row of willows, which Kate had purchased from the preceding tenant, but which her new landlord was led to suppose had become his by virtue of his bargain. These he came one morning to cut down. Now, in addition to the insult which had been passed upon her, Kate found ground of complaint in a threat which the bailiff held out of raising her rent; and she longed for nothing so much as an opportunity of chastising him. She found it on this occasion; for no sooner had the carpenter, whom he had sent up into one of the trees, begun to lop, than Kate grasped the branch, and, declaring that it belonged to her, desired the intruders to walk off. High words followed, which soon

led to blows; and Kate enjoyed the unspeakable satisfaction of soundly thrashing both the bailiff and his man, neither of whom could stand against her for a moment.

But I must have done. As years and infirmities grew upon Kate, she turned her eyes towards those who in early life had befriended her; and, to their honour be it recorded, she in no instance applied to them in vain. Not satified with occasionally supplying her wants, the officers who had served with her in Flanders applied to the proper authorities under George the First, and had her pension brought back to its original amount; and for some time she lived upon it in Dublin, her husband being again a soldier in one of the regiments of foot-guards. But his discharge, likewise, came at last; and during three years they dwelt together, in comparative affluence, at Chester. Growing weary of their position, however, they made their final move to London, where, through the interest of her titled friends, they found an asylum in Chelsea Hospital. With respect to Kate herself, her latter days were grievously overclouded, by the

pressure of a complication of mortal diseases. Dropsy, scurvy, and other similar complaints bowed her down; and she died at last of a cold, brought on by sitting up with her husband, whom, in spite of his numerous follies, she would not desert. She was buried in the grave-yard of the hospital, with military honours, on the 7th of July 1739.

THE TAKING OF QUEBEC.

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AMONG the entries for the year 1760 I find the following: "48th Foot—Robert Harrison, aged thirty, eleven years' service, lost his right arm at Quebec; admitted an in-pensioner on the 18th of March 1760."

Of the personal history of the individual thus described I have not been so fortunate as to discover a trace. That his life resembled the lives of soldiers in general, it is indeed fair to assume; and a soldier's life, if faithfully narrated, can never be without interest. But as it forms no part of my plan to make fiction supply the place of fact, I abstain from inventing a tale, round which to weave the historical details that are connected with his services. Neither indeed do I feel that any adventitious attractions are required

to awaken the attention of him who reads of the death of Wolfe, and the capture of Quebec. Above all the military exploits that gave a lustre to the eighteenth century, Wolfe's campaign on the St. Lawrence is at once the most romantic and the most brilliant. Therefore let it be connected, as it ought to be, with the traditions of Chelsea Hospital; and let the tale be told, not only without foreign ornament, but in the words of the men who played the most conspicuous parts in the drama which they describe.

I have nothing to do, in this place, with the motives which induced Mr. Pitt to adopt the bold and manly counsels out of which sprang the American campaign of 1759. Enough is done when I state, that in the year preceding certain important advantages had been obtained; that Cape Breton was subdued, Duquesne reduced, and other obstacles to the invasion of Canada removed. To turn these to their right account became henceforth the object of the minister; and, to carry through a portion of his gigantic plan, Major-general Wolfe, then three-and-thirty years of age, was

selected as the fittest instrument. How he acquitted himself in the arduous task assigned to him, the following pages will show.

On the 14th of March 1759, a fleet, consisting in all of seventy-four sail of vessels, of which six were men-of-war, and the remainder transports and ordnance-ships, quitted St. Helen's with a light breeze, and stood down channel. It was commanded by Rear-admiral Holmes, whose instructions were to make the best of his way to Louisbourg, where he would find an armament, both naval and military, assembled, which it was designed that he should reinforce. Several regiments of infantry, together with detachments of artillery and artificers, were embarked on board of this squadron; several more had received instructions to move from various stations in America to the point of rendezvous; and the whole, when united, were to act, under General Wolfe, on the river St. Lawrence, and, if possible, against Quebec itself.

The English part of the expedition fared, upon the whole, tolerably well. A storm over-

took them on the 25th, which dismasted several of the men-of-war, and carried others, with about twenty of the transports, out of sight; but no vessel foundered, and all came in, by straggling detachments, to the roadstead at Louisbourg. Thither, too, without meeting the slightest injury, the American portion of the army repaired. From Halifax, New York, Boston, Fort Cumberland, and other distant points, troops arrived, which took up their quarters, as they best could, in the town and citadel. Finally, on the 1st of June, the necessary preliminaries having been gone through, an embarkation return was made out, presenting the following details, which, in the eyes of a military reader at least, are not likely to be without interest.

The total amount of infantry fit for duty, including officers and non-commissioned officers of every rank, made up eight thousand two hundred and five. It consisted of the following regiments and portions of regiments: 15th, 28th, 35th, 43rd, 47th, 48th, 58th, 60th second battalion, 60th third battalion, 78th, and three companies of grena-

diers drafted from the garrison of Louisbourg. Of artillery there were, in all, three hundred and thirty, including Lieutenant-colonel Williamson, the commandant, and twenty-one commissioned officers, while the staff consisted of Major-general Wolfe, commander-in-chief, Brigadiers Monkton, Townsend, and Murray,—Colonel Carleton, deputy-quarter-master-general, Major Barré, deputy-adjutant-general, with the usual proportion of aides-de-camp and majors of brigade. Of the troops some were quite inexperienced, others mere recruits, and a few sickly; but on the whole the army was a good one, and the best possible spirit pervaded it.

All things being now ready, and the men and guns on board, the fleet weighed anchor, and, passing Scutari on the 6th, soon began to open the mouth of the St. Lawrence. On the 26th they had penetrated as far as the middle of the Isle of Orleans; and on the 27th those operations began which cannot be described so faithfully, or with such perfect eloquence, as in the words of the gallant chief under whose auspices they were conducted. I am

not ignorant that Wolfe's celebrated despatch has been already given to the public more than once. But its extreme clearness, with the singular elegance and force of its style, render it so complete a model for military compositions in general, that probably few of my readers will be disposed to blame me for inserting it here; and as to that which follows, it must tell its own tale, for on the score of previous acquaintance with it I have no apologies to offer. Till I found it in the state-paper office, it was to me unknown.

Thus writes Wolfe from his "Head-quarters at camp of Montmorenci, river of St. Lawrence, Sept. 2, 1759.

"SIR,—I wish I could upon this occasion have the honour of transmitting to you a more favourable account of the progress of his Majesty's arms; but the obstacles we have met with in the operations of the campaign are much greater than we had reason to expect or could foresee, not so much from the number of the enemy, though superior to us, as from the natural strength of the country, which the

Marquess de Montcalm seems wisely to depend upon.

"When I learned that succours of all kinds had been thrown into Quebec,—that five battalions of regular troops, completed from the best inhabitants of the country, some of the troops of the colony, and every Canadian that was able to bear arms, besides several nations of savages, had taken the field in a very advantageous situation, I could not flatter myself that I should be able to reduce the place. I sought, however, an occasion to attack their army, knowing well that with these troops I was able to fight, and hoping that a victory might disperse them.

"We found them encamped along the shore of Beaufort, from the river St. Charles to the falls of Montmorenci, and entrenched in every accessible part. The 27th June we landed on the Isle of Orleans; but receiving a message from the admiral that there was reason to think that the enemy had artillery and a force upon the Point of Levi, I detached Brigadier Monkton with four battalions to drive them from thence. He passed the river the

29th, at night, and marched the next day to the point: he obliged the enemy's irregulars to retire, and possessed himself of that post. The advanced parties on this occasion had two or three skirmishes with the Canadians and Indians, with little loss on either side.

"Colonel Carleton marched with a detachment to the westernmost point of the isle of Orleans, from whence our operations were likely to begin. It was absolutely necessary to possess these two points, and fortify them, because, from either the one or the other, the enemy might make it impossible for any ship to lie in the basin of Quebec, or even within two miles of it.

"Batteries of cannon and mortars were erected with great despatch on the Point of Levi, to bombard the town and magazines, and to injure the works and batteries. The enemy, perceiving these works in some forwardness, passed the river with sixteen hundred men to attack and destroy them. Unluckily they fell into confusion, fired one upon another, and went back again; by which we lost an opportunity of defeating this large de-

tachment. The effect of this artillery had been so great (though across the river), that the upper town is considerably damaged, and the lower town entirely destroyed.

"The works for the security of our hospitals and stores on the isle of Orleans being finished on the 9th of July, at night we passed the north channel and encamped near the enemy's left, the river Montmorenci between us. The next morning Captain Danks' company of rangers, posted in a wood to cover some workmen, were attacked and defeated by a body of Indians, and had so many killed and wounded as to be almost disabled for the rest of the campaign. The enemy also suffered in this affair, and were in their turn driven off by the nearest troops.

"The ground to the eastward of the falls seemed to be (as it really is) higher than that on the enemy's side, and to command it in a manner which might be made useful to us. There is, besides, a ford below the falls, which may be passed for some hours in the latter part of the ebb and beginning of the flood tide; and I had hopes that possibly means

might be found of passing the river above, so as to fight M. Montcalm upon terms of less disadvantage than directly attacking his entrenchments. In reconnoitring the river Montmorenci, we found it fordable at a place about three miles up; but the opposite bank was entrenched, and so steep and woody, that it was to no purpose to attempt a passage there. The escort was twice attacked by the Indians, who were as often repulsed; but in these rencounters we had fifty officers and men killed and wounded.

"The 18th of July two men-of-war, two armed sloops, and two transports, with some troops on board, passed by the town without any loss, and got into the upper river. This enabled me to reconnoitre the country above, where I found the same attention on the enemy's side, and great difficulties on ours, arising from the nature of the ground, and the obstacles to our communication with the fleet. But what I feared most was, that if we should land between the town and the river at Cape Rouge, the body first landed could not be reinforced before they were attacked by the enemy's whole army.

"Notwithstanding these difficulties, I thought once of attempting it at St. Michael's, about three miles above the town; but, perceiving that the enemy were jealous of the design, were preparing against it, and had actually brought artillery and a mortar (which, being so near to Quebec, they could increase as they pleased) to play upon the shipping, and as it must have been many hours before we could attack them, (even supposing a favourable night for the boats to pass by the town unhurt,) it seemed so hazardous, that I thought it best to desist.

"However, to divide the enemy's force, and to draw their attention as high up the river as possible, and to procure some intelligence, I sent a detachment, under the command of Colonel Carleton, to land at the Point de Trempe, to attack whatever he might find there, bring off some prisoners, and all the useful papers he could get. I had been informed that a number of the inhabitants of Quebec had retired to that place, and that probably we should find a magazine of provisions there. The colonel was fired upon by

a body of Indians the moment he landed, but they were soon dispersed and driven into the woods. He searched for magazines, but to no purpose; brought off some prisoners, and returned with little loss.

"After this business I came back to Montmorenci, where I found that Brigadier Townsend had, by a superior fire, prevented the French from erecting a battery on the bank of the river, from whence they intended to cannonade our camp. I now resolved to take the first opportunity which presented itself of attacking the enemy, though posted to great advantage, and everywhere prepared to receive us.

"As the men-of-war cannot, for want of sufficient depth of water, come near enough to the enemy's entrenchments to annoy them in the least, the admiral had prepared two transports, drawing but little water, which upon occasions might be run aground, to favour a descent. With the help of these vessels, which I understood would be carried by the tide close in shore, I proposed to make myself master of a detached redoubt near to

the water's edge, and whose situation appeared to be out of musket-shot of the entrenchments upon the hill. If the enemy supported this detached force, it would necessarily bring on an engagement, which we most wished for; and, if not, I should have it in my power to examine their situation, so as to be able to determine where we could best attack them.

"Preparations were accordingly made for an engagement. The 31st of July, in the forenoon, the boats of the fleet were filled with grenadiers, and a part of Brigadier Monkton's brigade from the Point of Levi. The two brigades under the Brigadiers Townsend and Murray were ordered to be in readiness to pass the ford when it should be thought necessary. To facilitate the passage of this corps, the admiral had placed the Centurion in the channel, so that she might check the fire of the lower battery, which commanded the ford. This ship was of great use, as her fire was very judiciously directed. A great quantity of artillery was placed upon the eminence, so as to batter and enfilade the left of their entrenchments.

"From the vessel which ran aground nearest in, I observed that the redoubt was too much commanded to be kept without very great loss; and the more as the two armed ships could not be brought near enough to cover both with their artillery and musketry, which I at first conceived they might. But as the enemy seemed in some confusion, and we were prepared for an action, I thought it a proper time to make an attempt upon their entrenchment. Orders were sent to the brigadiers-general to be ready with the corps under their command; Brigadier Monkton to land, and Brigadiers Townsend and Murray to pass the ford.

"At a proper time of the tide the signal was made; but, in rowing towards the shore, many of the boats grounded upon a ledge that runs off a considerable distance. This accident put us into some disorder, lost a great deal of time, and obliged me to send an officer to stop Brigadier Townsend's march, whom I then observed to be in motion. While the seamen were getting the boats off, the enemy fired a number of shells and shot, but did no

considerable damage. As soon as this disorder could be set a little to rights, and the boats were ranged in a proper manner, some of the officers of the navy went in with me to find a better place to land. We took one flat-bottomed boat with us to make the experiment; and as soon as we had found a fit part of the shore, the troops were ordered to disembark; thinking it not yet too late for the attempt.

"The thirteen companies of grenadiers, and two hundred of the 2nd Royal American Battalion, got first on shore. The grenadiers were ordered to form themselves into four distinct bodies, and to begin the attack, supported by Brigadier Monkton's corps, as soon as the troops had passed the ford, and were at hand to assist. But, whether from the noise and hurry of landing, or from some other cause, the grenadiers, instead of forming themselves as they were directed, ran on impetuously towards the enemy's entrenchments in the utmost disorder and confusion, without waiting for the corps which were to sustain them and join in the attack. Brigadier Monkton was not landed, and Brigadier Townsend was still

at a considerable distance, though upon his march to join us in very great order. The grenadiers were checked by the enemy's first fire, and obliged to shelter themselves in or about the redoubt, which the French abandoned upon their approach. In this situation they continued for some time, unable to form under so hot a fire, and having many gallant officers wounded, who, careless of their persons, had been solely intent upon their duty. I saw the absolute necessity of calling them off, that they might form themselves behind Brigadier Monkton's corps, which was now landed, and drawn up on the beach in extreme good order.

"By this new accident, and this second delay, it was near night; a sudden storm came on, and the tide began to make; so that I thought it most advisable not to persevere in so difficult an attack, lest, in case of a repulse, the retreat of Brigadier Townsend's corps might be hazardous and uncertain.

"Our artillery had a great effect upon the enemy's left, where Brigadiers Townsend and Murray were to have attacked; and it is pro-

bable that if those accidents I have spoken of had not happened, we should have penetrated there, whilst our left and centre, more remote from our artillery, must have borne all the violence of their musketry.

"The French did not attempt to interrupt our march. Some of their savages came down to murder such wounded as could not be brought off, and to scalp the dead, as their custom is.

"The place where the attack was intended has these advantages over all others hereabout: our artillery could be brought into use; the greatest part, or even the whole of the troops might act at once; and the retreat, in case of a repulse, was secure, at least for a certain time of the tide. Neither one nor other of these advantages can anywhere else be found. The enemy were indeed posted upon a commanding eminence. The beach on which the troops were drawn up was of deep mud, with holes cut by several gullies; the hill to be ascended very steep, and not everywhere practicable; the enemy numerous in their entrenchments, and their fire hot.

If the attack had succeeded, our loss must certainly have been great, and theirs inconsiderable, from the shelter which the neighbouring woods afforded them. The river of St. Charles still remained to be passed before the town was invested. All these circumstances I considered; but the desire to act in conformity to the King's intentions induced me to make this trial, persuaded that a victorious army finds no difficulties.

"Immediately after this check, I sent Brigadier Murray above the town with twelve hundred men, directing him to assist Rear-admiral Holmes in the destruction of the French ships, if they could be got at, in order to open a communication with General Amherst. The brigadier was to seek every favourable opportunity to fight some of the enemy's detachments, provided he could do it upon tolerable terms, and to use all the means in his power to provoke them to attack him. He made two different attempts to land upon the north shore, without success; but in a third was more fortunate. He landed unexpectedly at De Chambaud, and burned a magazine

there, in which were some provisions, some ammunition, and all the spare stores, clothing, arms, and baggage of their army.

"The prisoners he took informed him of the surrender of Fort Niagara; and we discovered by intercepted letters that the enemy had abandoned Cavellon and Crown Point, and were retired to the isle Aux Noix; and that General Amherst was making preparations to pass the Lake Champlain, to fall upon M. Bourlemaque's corps, which consists of three battalions of foot, and as many Canadians as make the whole amount to three thousand men.

"The admiral's despatches and mine would have gone eight or ten days sooner, if I had not been prevented from writing by a fever. I found myself so ill, and am still so weak, that I begged the generals to consult together for the public utility. They are all of opinion that, as more ships and provisions have now got above the town, they should try, by conveying up a corps of four or five thousand men, which is nearly the whole strength of the army after the Points of Levi and Orleans

are left in a proper state of defence, to draw the enemy from their present situation, and bring them to an action. I have acquiesced in their proposal, and we are preparing to put it in execution.

"The admiral and I have examined the town, with a view to a general assault; but after consulting the chief engineer, who is well acquainted with the interior parts of it, and after viewing it with the utmost attention, we found that, though the batteries of the lower town might be easily silenced by the men-of-war, yet the business of an assault would be little advanced by that, since the few passages that lead from the lower to the upper town are carefully entrenched; and the upper batteries cannot be affected by the ships, which must receive considerable damage from them and from the mortars. The admiral would readily join in this, or in any other measure for the public service; but I could not propose to him a service of so dangerous a nature, and promising so little success.

"To the uncommon strength of the country the enemy have added, for the defence of the

river, a great number of floating batteries and boats. By the vigilance of these, and the Indians round our different posts, it has been impossible to execute anything by surprise. We have had almost daily skirmishing with these savages, in which they are generally defeated, though not without loss on our side.

"By the list of disabled officers, many of whom are of rank, you may perceive, sir, that the army is much weakened. By the nature of the river, the most formidable part of this armament is deprived of the power of acting; yet we have almost the whole force of Canada to oppose. In this situation there is such a choice of difficulties, that I own myself at a loss how to determine. The affairs of Great Britain, I know, require the most vigorous measures; but then the courage of a handful of brave men should be exerted only where there is some hope of a favourable event. However, you may be assured, sir, that the small part of the campaign which remains shall be employed, as far as I am able, for the honour of his Majesty and the interest of the nation, in which I am sure of being well

seconded by the admiral and by the generals; happy if our efforts here can contribute to the success of his Majesty's arms in any other parts of America."

This was the last despatch which Wolfe ever penned. His fate is well known; but my purpose would be incomplete were I to omit the narratives of those on whom his lamented death devolved the responsibility of command. Brigadier Monkton writes as follows:

"River St. Lawrence, Camp at Point Levi, Sept. 15, 1759.

"SIR,—I have the pleasure to acquaint you that on the 13th instant his Majesty's troops gained a very signal victory over the French, a little above the town of Quebec. General Wolfe, exerting himself on the right of our line, received a wound pretty early, of which he died soon after; and I had myself the great misfortune of receiving one in my right breast by a ball that went through part of my lungs, and was cut out under the blade-bone of my shoulder. Just as the French were

giving way, I was obliged to quit the field. I have therefore, sir, desired General Townsend, who now commands the troops before the town, (and of which I am in hopes he will soon be in possession,) to acquaint you with the particulars of that day, and of the operations carrying on.

"P.S. His Majesty's troops behaved with the greatest steadiness and bravery. As the surgeons tell me there is no danger in my wound, I am in hopes that I shall be soon able to join the army before the town."

Now pass we to Brigadier Townsend's report; a manly, distinct, and soldier-like production, of which I am not aware that in any other collection of printed documents a copy has yet appeared. He dates, "Camp before Quebec, Sept. 20, 1759," and writes thus:

"Sir,—I have the honour to acquaint you of the success of his Majesty's arms on the 13th instant, in an action with the French on the heights to the westward of this town.

"It being determined to carry the opera-

tions above the town, the posts at Point Levi and l'Isle Orleans being secured, the general marched with the remainder of his forces from Point Levi on the 5th and 6th, and embarked them in transports, which had passed the town for that purpose on the 7th, 8th, and 9th. A movement of the ships was made by Admiral Holmes, in order to amuse the enemy, now posted along the north shore; but the transports being extremely crowded, and the weather very bad, the general thought proper to canton half his troops on the south shore, where they were refreshed, and re-embarked on the 12th, at one in the morning. The light infantry, commanded by Colonel Howe, the regiment of Braggs (28), Kennedy's (43), Lascelles (47), and Anstruther (58), with a detachment of Highlanders, and the American grenadiers, the whole being under the command of Brigadiers Monkton and Murray, were put into flat-bottomed boats; and, after some movement of the ships made by Admiral Holmes, to draw the attention of the enemy above, the boats fell down with the tide, and landed on the north shore, within a league

of Cape Diamond, an hour before daybreak. The rapidity of the tide of ebb carried them a little below the place of attack, which obliged the light infantry to scramble up a woody precipice in order to secure the landing of the troops by dislodging a captain's post which defended the small entrenched path the troops were to ascend.

"After a little firing, the light infantry gained the top of the precipice, and dispersed the captain's post; by which means the troops, with very little loss from a few Canadians and Indians in the wood, got up, and were immediately formed. The boats as they emptied were sent back for the second disembarkation, which I immediately made. Brigadier Murray being detached with Anstruther's battalion to attack the four-gun battery upon the left, was recalled by the general, who now saw the French army crossing the river St. Charles. General Wolfe thereupon began to form his line, having his right covered by the Louisbourgh grenadiers. On the right of these, again, he afterwards brought Otway's (35): to the left of the grenadiers were Braggs',

Kennedy's, Lascelles', Highlanders, and Anstruther's. The right of this body was commanded by Brigadier Monkton, the left by Brigadier Murray. His rear and left were protected by Colonel Howe's light infantry, who was returned from the four-gun battery just mentioned, which was soon abandoned to him, and where he found four guns.

"General Montcalm, having collected the whole of his force from the Beaufort side, and advancing upon us, showed his intention to flank our left, which I was immediately ordered to protect with General Amherst's battalion (15), which I formed *en potence*. My numbers were soon afterwards increased by the arrival of the two battalions, Royal Americans (60);—and Webb's (48), was drawn up by the general as a reserve, in eight subdivisions with large intervals.

"The enemy lined the bushes in their front with fifteen hundred Canadians and Indians, and I dare say had placed some of their best marksmen there, who kept up a very galling, though irregular fire, upon our whole line, who bore it with the greatest patience and

good order, reserving their fire for the main body, now advancing. This fire of the enemy was, however, checked by our posts in our front, which protected the forming of our own line.

"The right of the enemy was formed of half of the troops of the colony, the battalions of La Sarre, Languedoc, &c.; the remainder of them Canadians and Indians. Their centre was a column, and formed by the battalions of Bearn and Guyenne; their left was composed of the remainder of the troops of the colony, and the battalion of Royal Russillons. This was, as near as I can guess, their line of battle. They brought up two pieces of small artillery against us; and we had been able to bring up only one gun, which, being admirably well served, galled their column exceedingly.

"My attention to the left will not permit me to be very exact with regard to every circumstance which passed in the centre, much less to the right; but it is most certain that the enemy formed in good order, and that their attack was very brisk and animated on that side. Our troops reserved their fire till

within forty yards, which was so well continued, that the enemy everywhere gave way. It was there our general fell, at the head of Braggs' and of the Louisbourgh grenadiers, advancing with their bayonets. About the same time Brigadier-general Monkton received his wound at the head of Lascelles'. In the front of the opposite battalions fell also Monsieur Montcalm: his second in command since died of his wound on board our fleet. Part of the enemy made a second faint attack; part took to some thick copse-wood, and seemed to make a stand.

"It was at this moment that each corps seemed to exert itself with a view to its own particular character. The grenadiers, Braggs' and Lascelles', pressed on with their bayonets. Brigadier Murray, advancing the troops under his command, briskly completed the rout on this side; when the Highlanders, supported by Anstruther's, took to their broadswords, and drove part into the town, part to their works at the bridge on the river St. Charles.

"The action on our left and rear was not

so severe. The houses into which the light infantry were thrown were well defended; being supported by Colonel Howe, who, taking post with two companies behind a small copse, and frequently sallying out upon the flanks of the enemy during the attack, drove them often into heaps; against the front of which body I advanced platoons of Amherst's regiment, which totally prevented the right wing from executing their first intention. Before this, one of the Royal American battalions had been detached to preserve our communication with our boats; and the other being sent to occupy the ground which Brigadier Murray's movement had left open, I remained with Amherst's to support these dispositions, and to keep the enemy's right in check, and a body of their savages, which, still more towards our rear, opposite our light infantry posts, waited for an opportunity to fall upon our rear.

"This, sir, was the situation of things when I was told in the action that I commanded. I immediately repaired to the centre, and, finding that the pursuit had put part of the troops

in disorder, I formed them as soon as possible. Scarce was this effected, when M. de Baucanville, with his corps from Cape Rouge of two thousand men, appeared in our rear. I advanced two pieces of artillery and two battalions towards him, upon which he retired. You will not, I flatter myself, blame me for not quitting such advantageous ground, and risking the fruit of so decisive a day for his Majesty's affairs, by seeking a fresh enemy, posted, perhaps, in the very kind of ground he would wish for, amid woods and swamps.

"We took a great number of French officers upon the field of battle, and one piece of cannon. Their loss is computed to be about thirteen hundred men, which fell chiefly upon their regulars.

"I have been employed from the day of action to that of the capitulation in redoubting our camp beyond insult; in making a road up the precipice for our cannon; in getting up the artillery, preparing the batteries, and cutting off their communication with the country. The 17th, at noon, before we had any battery erected, or could have had any, for

two or three days, a flag of truce came out with proposals of capitulation, which I sent back again to town, allowing them four hours to capitulate, or no further treaty. The admiral had at this time brought up his large ships, as intending to attack the town. The French officer returned at night with terms of capitulation, which with the admiral were considered, agreed to, and signed at eight in the morning of the 18th instant."

The terms granted were, upon the whole, though generous towards the French, highly advantageous to the English. They sent the former back to their native land, with their arms and private baggage; but they put the latter in possession of a very strong place, with its works uninjured, and that, too, at a season of the year when a further continuance in the field must have proved fatal to the health of the besiegers.

Such was the service in contributing to accomplish which Robert Harrison received his disabling wound. For the rest, I have nothing further to state than that he lived some years happily in Chelsea Hospital, and was buried in its cemetery, beside the remains of his comrades.

BOOK III.

CONTAINING MATTER PARTLY HISTORICAL, PARTLY DESCRIPTIVE.

GOVERNMENT OF

CHELSEA HOSPITAL.

CHAPTER I.

Showing how Chelsea Hospital has from time to time been governed.

It is time now that we quit these old legends in order to deal with other matters that demand our attention; one of the most obvious of which has reference to the system of internal management that has prevailed in Chelsea Hospital since the date of its erection. According to Grose, "the house is considered as a garrison;" for which reason, he says, a regular guard is mounted every day. There is a mixture of truth and error here which requires to be pointed out. The house is not a garrison; for military law does not prevail in it, neither men nor officers being liable to be tried by courts-martial. Yet guards are mounted daily, and the discipline,

such as it is, is taken care of, under the governor, by a major, an adjutant, and a serjeant-major. Nevertheless, neither these functionaries, nor any others, have a right to innovate, by their own authority, upon any of the established usages of the place. And as to patronage, they possess no more than is conferred by the right of nominating to the situation of a light horseman, and promoting privates to the ranks of corporal, sergeant, and captain. Their duties, indeed, are purely executive, which they discharge subject to the control of a board of commissioners, of the individuals composing which a large proportion have ever been civilians; and which, considered as one of the springs by which the affairs of the country are conducted, is a purely civil corporation.

The commissioners for Chelsea Hospital have from first to last been appointed by the crown, generally by letters patent. They have varied, from age to age, both as to the numbers and qualities of the persons composing them; nobles, bishops, generals, cabinet ministers, and private gentlemen indif-

ferently swelling the list, and taking their seats at the board. I do not know how far it may be necessary to add, that the paymaster-general of the forces, by virtue of his office, has usually presided at the board, and that to him the sovereign has been accustomed to entrust the right of nominating to the offices within the pile, with the exception of those of governor, lieutenant-governor, major, and, I believe, adjutant; all of which are conferred as the rewards of military service, and, like other military appointments, bestowed on the recommendation of the commander-in-chief. But the rest, including the chaplain, physician, surgeon, apothecary, steward, wardrobe-keeper, clerk of the works, and a multitude besides, either stand indebted for their situations directly to the paymaster-general, or hold commissions from the crown which have been granted at his recommendation. Of the gross abuse to which this patronage was formerly liable, I cannot speak too strongly. Chaplains, physicians, apothecaries, and surgeons, indeed, besides being in all ages men of some education, had at least the com-

mon claims to notice which their respective professions might advance; but, when you looked lower, you saw superannuated servants, or other less reputable hangers-on about the families of paymasters-general, or their friends and supporters, thrust into situations for which neither their personal merits nor their previous habits of life entitled them. Nor was another and more palpable misapplication of the paymaster's patronage unfrequent. An active canvasser in times of contested elections, or a partisan, or protegé of a partisan, when there was no contest, found his reward not rarely in Chelsea Hospital, the records of which preserve the names of more than one steward, comptroller, and other public servant, whose qualifications for office were an unhesitating exercise of influence in returning to parliament either his patron or his patron's friend. To the honour of Lord John Russell be it recorded, that under him a complete stop was put to this pernicious system. The warrant of 1833 requires that every place about the hospital which it is possible for an old soldier to fill, shall be filled up from the class of pen-

sioners; and it is highly improbable that in all time coming a rule so just, as well as wise, will be abrogated.

The constitution of Chelsea Hospital, if I may adopt the expression, is therefore partly civilian, partly military;—civilian in all points relating to the general administration of its affairs,—military in reference to the habits and proceedings of the pensioners. The old men are, of course, very leniently dealt with. There are no punishments, except confinement within the walls of the building, and, when this fails to produce an effect, expulsion; while from duty, the slightest ailment beyond the common infirmities of age or wounds sets a man free. Formerly the pensioners used to mount guard with firelocks and bayonets, five hundred stand of arms being always kept in store; but now, from arms so feeble all deadly weapons have been removed, and the guards go to their respective posts leaning upon their staves.

I subjoin two lists: one, of the statesmen by whom in succession the duties of paymaster-general have been discharged; another, of

the distinguished officers who from time to time have acted as governors and lieutenant-governors within the hospital. The latter, it will be seen, is in one of its branches incomplete; for the first entry of governors bears a date so recent as 1702. The former includes the names of very many among her sons of whom England has had from age to age the greatest cause to be proud. I have not at my command space enough to sketch, however loosely, the incidents that may have distinguished the public lives of the rest; but I could no more omit all notice of the individual whose name stands at the head of the paymasters-general, than I could fail to speak, in a work like this, of Charles the Second and Nell Gwynne. To Sir Stephen Fox belongs the distinguished honour of having taken an active part in the foundation of the hospital, and as such my reader is entitled to form his acquaintance.

PAYMASTERS-GENERAL.

1665, ... Sir Stephen Fox.
1679, ... Nicholas Johnson.
1683, ... Charles Fox.
1685, ... Earl of Ranelagh.
1705, June 25, James Bridges.
1714, Dec. 25, Robert Walpole, afterwards Prime Minister.
1715, Dec. 25, Earl of Lincoln.
1720, June 25, Robert Walpole.
1721, June 25, Lord Cornwallis.
1722, June 25, Spencer Compton (Lord Wilmington).
1730, June 25, Henry Pelham, afterwards Chancellor of the Exchequer.
1743, Dec. 25, Thomas Winnington.
1746, June 25, William Pitt, afterwards Earl of Chatham.
1755, Dec. 25, LordDarlington and Dupplin, afterwards Earl of Kinnoul.
1756, Dec. 25, Lord Dupplin and Thomas Potter.
1757, June 25, Henry Fox, afterwards Lord Holland.
1765, June 25, Charles Townshend.
1766, June 25, Lord North, afterwards Prime Minister, and George Cook.
1767, Dec. 25, George Cook and Thomas Townshend.
1768, June 25, Richard Rigby.
1782, April 10, Edmund Burke.
—— August 1, Isaac Barré.
1783, April 15, Edmund Burke.
1784, Jan. 8 W. W. Grenville, afterwards Lord Grenville and PrimeMinister.

1784, April 7, W. W. Grenville and Lord Mulgrave.
1789, Sept. 4, Marquis of Graham, now Duke of Montrose, and Lord Mulgrave.
1791, March 7, Dudley Ryder, now Earl of Harrowby, and Thomas Steele.
1800, July 5, Thomas Steele and George Canning, afterwards Prime Minister.
1801, March 25, Thomas Steele and Lord Glenbervie.
1803, Jan. 3, Thomas Steele and H. J. Addington.
1804, July 7, George Rose and Lord C. H. Somerset.
1806, Feb. 17, Earl Temple, now Duke of Buckingham, and Lord John Townshend.
1807, April 4, Charles Long, now Lord Farnborough, and Lord C. H. Somerset.
1813, Nov. 26, Charles Long, and Frederick J. Robinson, afterwards Viscount Goderich and Prime Minister.
1817, August 9, Charles Long.
1826, July 14, William Fitzgerald Vesey Fitzgerald, now Lord Fitzgerald and Vesci.
1828, July 10, John Calcraft.
1830, Dec. 13, Lord John Russell.
1834, Dec. 30, Sir Edward Knatchbull.

N.B. It is worthy of remark, that of the numerous commissioners who control and regulate the affairs of Chelsea Hospital, only the Paymaster-general, the president of the board, receives a salary. He began, in 1715, when the Earl of Lincoln held office, to draw pay, which amounted then to twenty shillings per diem, or three hundred and sixty-five pounds a year. What the emoluments of the office may be now, it is not my business to state.

Statement of the names of the Governors and Lieutenant-Governors of Chelsea Hospital, with the dates of their respective appointments.

GOVERNORS.

Colonel John Hales, . .	November 10, 1702.
Brigadier-general Thomas Stanwix,	January 13, 1714.
Colonel Charles Churchill, . . .	June 6, 1720.
Lieutenant-general William Evans,	June 7, 1727.
Field-marshal Sir Robert Rich, . .	May 6, 1740.
Field-marshal Sir George Howard, K.B.	Feb. 3, 1768.
Field-marshal Marquis of Townshend,	July 6, 1793.
General Sir W. Fawcett, K.B. . .	July 12, 1796.
General the Rt. Hon. Sir David Dundas, G.C.B.	April 2, 1804.
Field-marshal the Rt. Hon. Sir Samuel Hulse, G.C.B.	Feb. 19, 1820.
General the Honourable Sir Edward Paget, G.C.B.	January, 1837.

LIEUTENANT-GOVERNORS.

David Crawfurd, Esq. . . .	January 1, 1694.
Colonel Thomas Chudleigh, . .	January 14, 1714.
Colonel William Wyndham, . . .	April 15, 1726.
Colonel Thomas Norton, . .	April 22, 1730.
Colonel John Cossley, . . .	July 3, 1748.
Nathaniel Smith, Esq. . . .	November 6, 1765.
Colonel John Campbell, . . .	February 11, 1773.
General Bernard Hale, . . .	May 1, 1773.

General William Dalrymple . . March 22, 1798, who was succeeded by Sir Thomas Trigge, K.B. in 1804, but who was reappointed the 19th October 1804.
General Samuel Hulse, . . March, 1807.
Lieutenant-general Sir Harry Calvert, Bart. and G.C.B. . . . . February 19, 1820.
General the Hon. Sir A. Hope, G.C.B. Sept. 6, 1826.

CHAPTER II.

Sir Stephen Fox, Knight.

THE subject of this sketch was born at Farley, in Wiltshire, on the 27th of March 1627, being the second son of William Fox, Esq. of that place, a gentleman of good descent and very considerable property. Upon his education in childhood and early youth great care seems to have been bestowed; and the proficiency which he made both in learning and accomplishments amply rewarded the diligence of his tutors. And well it was for him that he did not permit the first and most precious years of his life to be wasted; for he had fallen upon evil times, amid which, and long before the period when young men usually embark in a profession, England had become in all its quarters the seat of civil war.

Though the family to which Stephen belonged engaged zealously in the royal cause, and his elder brother John fought in many battles, Stephen himself does not appear to have buckled on the sword. On the contrary, he seems to have devoted himself entirely to literary pursuits. But when the issue of the fight at Worcester took away their last hope from the Cavaliers, he found it impossible to continue any longer an inhabitant of this country. He fled with his brother to Paris, which he reached in 1650, soon after he had completed his twenty-third year.

The Foxes were well received at the court of Charles the Second, as indeed their merits required that they should be; and Stephen, in particular, being patronised by Henry Lord Percy, at that time chamberlain of the household, was soon taken into official employment. How his talents were used, and in what estimation he came to be held, the following extract from Lord Clarendon's History of the Rebellion will show: "On the removal of his majesty from Paris, the charge of governing the expenses of his family, and of payment of

the wages of the servants, and issuing of all moneys, as well in journeys as when the court resided anywhere, was committed to Mr. Stephen Fox; who was well qualified with languages and all other parts of clerkship, honesty, and discretion, as was necessary for such a trust: and, indeed, his great industry, modesty, and prudence did very much contribute to the bringing the family, which for so many years had been under no government, into very good order; by which his majesty, in the pinching straits of his condition, enjoyed very much ease from the time he left Paris."

Mr. Fox received this appointment in 1652, of which he discharged the duties with so much zeal and intelligence, that he won the friendship, not only of his royal master, but of the king's sister, the Princess of Orange. It will be remembered that this lady visited her brother at Cologne, during the temporary sojourn there of the exiled court. Poor Charles was then grievously straitened in his means, of which, as was his custom, he endeavoured to take away the sting by treating it as a sub-

ject of merriment. Yet in no instance had the princess the slightest cause to complain that she had been treated otherwise than became her rank. She was greatly struck, perhaps affected, by the circumstance; and, after closely inquiring into the matter, ascertained that all was owing to the judicious management of Mr. Fox. She presented him with a valuable diamond ring as a mark of her favour, and made an especial request to the king, that, whenever he had any urgent affair to negociate at the Hague, he would send Mr. Fox as his representative. The consequence was, that the subject of this memoir was employed on various important missions, as well to the prince as to the chief men of Holland; and he conducted himself with such address, that, during the continuance of the exile, supplies were from time to time afforded to the king, of which the average annual amount cannot be taken at less than ten thousand pounds.

The same prudence and discretion which qualified him to deal with foreign courts, enabled him to maintain a constant communication with the royalists at home. No move-

ment took place, no project was contrived, of which he was not regularly informed: indeed, so perfect were his channels of information, that he was aware of the death of Oliver Cromwell six hours before the news reached Brussels, and told it to the king when his majesty was engaged in a game of tennis with the Archduke Leopold and Don John. From that time forth his sphere of usefulness became enlarged; indeed, he was more than once selected to carry over to England, not only written despatches,—for these could contain little from the detection of which mischief would be likely to arise,—but verbal messages, such as could be delivered only by a messenger in whom unbounded confidence was reposed.

Mr. Fox married very early in life. He was united to Elizabeth, the daughter of Mr. William Whittle of Lancashire, ere the necessities of the times drove him to abandon his home; and his eldest son, called after himself Stephen, was born in France. This circumstance rendered him, of course, more anxious than he might have otherwise been to secure even the prospect of a more lucrative appointment; and

the king, who knew both his worth and his circumstances, caused him to be sworn in as cofferer of the royal household. But the appointment was not confirmed after the Restoration; Mr. William Ashburnham having produced a reversionary grant from Charles the First, which could not be set aside. What the merry monarch could do, however, he did for his faithful servant, even in his humility. He granted, by a special instrument, bearing date at Brussels, the 23rd November 1658, to Stephen Fox, Esq. and his heirs, an honourable augmentation to his arms out of the royal ensigns and devices, viz. *In a canton Azure, a fleur de lis Or.* Moreover, on all occasions of state and ceremony, Mr. Fox was brought forward. Thus, when the king had consented, on the invitation of the States-General, to make from Breda a public entry into the provinces, Mr. Fox was united with Sir Edward Walker, garter king of arms, to proceed to the Hague, and to adjust all the ceremonies—in that age neither few nor unimportant—of his majesty's reception in the capital.

Whatever might be the case with others, who

had periled life and sacrificed their time in the royal cause, Mr. Fox had no reason to complain that his merits were overlooked after Charles the Second ascended the throne of his ancestors. He was appointed at once to the office of first clerk of the green cloth, at once the most conspicuous and the best paid situation in the household, under the Duke of Ormond, lord high steward. He had held this appointment but a short time, when there was added to it that of paymaster to the king's guards; two regiments having been embodied in 1660-1, in consequence of the tumults that had attended the insurrection of Venner and the fifth monarchy men. Nor did the stream of royal bounty cease here. When the Dutch war broke out, and it was found necessary to increase the army, Mr. Fox was constituted paymaster-general of all the king's land forces; the emoluments arising from which, being added to those of the first clerkship of the green cloth, placed him in a state, not only of independence, but of opulence. Nor could the gifts of Fortune be bestowed on any one who was more disposed to

use them aright. Mr. Fox was a liberal contributor to the fund for building the College of Arms, after the fire of London; he erected, at his own charge, the church of Farley, the vicarage of which he endowed; built the church of Culford, in Suffolk; new-paved the body of the cathedral at Sarum; and repaired the chancel of a church in the north part of Wiltshire, with which he had no concern, merely because the rector was too poor to repair it himself. Besides these acts of beneficence and piety, I find that to him the hospital at Farley owes its existence and its endowment. It was completed in 1678, and comprises lodgings for six old men and as many old women, a chapel, and a residence for the chaplain, who is likewise styled the warden, and is supported by a rent-charge on the estate of Farley, amounting to the sum of one hundred and eighty-eight pounds. Moreover, there is a school attached, which was likewise established by his beneficence, and in which six boys and six girls are instructed by the warden; while at Burne, in Suffolk, and at Ashby, in Northamptonshire,

his bounty found scope in the erection of similar establishments. That, however, which more than all other occurrences in his life seems most to demand our approbation and gratitude, was the active part which he took in the completion of Chelsea Hospital. No matter with whom the idea may have originated,—whether with him, with his master, or with Nell Gwynne; it is certain that but for his perseverance and wisdom, the project would have come to nothing: and that he took little note of self in the whole matter, is demonstrated by the fact that he made over not less than thirteen thousand pounds towards the completion of the noble design.

Stephen Fox was, as he deserved to be, a prodigious favourite with Charles the Second throughout the whole of his career. In 1665, on the 1st of July, he received at the king's hands the honour of knighthood; and, on the funeral of the Duke of Albemarle, April 30, 1670, he was the first assistant in bearing the royal standard from Somerset House to Westminster Abbey. These, as well as the duty which devolved upon him, of bearing, with five

knights as his companions, the canopy over Monk's effigy, when it was removed from the car to the mausoleum in the Abbey, were duties of state, which, even in the seventeenth century, had their uses. Now they might count for little: yet, even in these days, he who should act as one of the lords of the treasury, and in the same year be created first commissioner in the office of master of the horse, would doubtless be regarded as a person of some influence. Such, however, was the political position of Sir Stephen Fox from 1679 to 1685-6; when, the Earl of Rochester being at the head of the treasury, he withdrew for a season from all public business.

When Sir Stephen Fox undertook the duties of a lord of the treasury, he requested and obtained permission to resign his charge as paymaster of the forces; not, however, till he had obtained that appointment for his son Charles, in conjunction with Nicholas Johnson, Esq. whose name stands second upon my list. This occurred in 1679, when Mr. Fox was little more than twenty years of age: yet, the youth of this joint paymaster does not ap-

pear to have told against him; for, his colleague dying within three years, on him the undivided honours, and duties, and emoluments, of the office devolved. Meanwhile his father's dignities continued to enlarge themselves. On the 18th of February 1684, just twelve days after the accession of James the Second, Sir Stephen became sole commissioner for the master of the horse; and though, for a brief space, the influence of Rochester eclipsed him, that cloud, perhaps the only one that ever seriously darkened his horizon, soon passed away. In 1686, I find Rochester dismissed, and Sir Stephen Fox restored to his seat at the treasury board, in company with John Lord Belasis, Sidney Lord Godolphin, Henry Lord Dover, and Sir John Ernly, chancellor of the exchequer.

Thus far we have followed the fortunes of the first individual under whose management Chelsea Hospital arose and flourished; throughout the whole of which he appears in the light of a devoted servant of his prince,—a sincere and unyielding advocate of the rights of monarchy. But the hour was at hand when

the personal allegiance of the minister must needs be put to a test more searching by far than any which had yet been applied to it. James the Second, by his insane attacks upon the liberty and the religion of his subjects, caused even the most determined royalist to weigh in his own mind the relative duties which he owed to the sovereign and to his posterity. It was determined by a small majority that the claims of the latter were to be preferred to those of the former; and Sir Stephen Fox, not, it is understood, without a severe internal struggle, adopted these sentiments. Being in parliament in 1688, as one of the representatives of the city of Westminster, he concurred in the votes which declared the throne to be vacant, and that it ought to be filled by the Prince and Princess of Orange; —on this sole ground, "That popery was inconsistent with the English constitution; and therefore that papists should be for ever excluded from the succession to the throne of these realms."

If even in these days we find it somewhat hard to reconcile to our notions of honour and

personal probity such conduct in one who had tasted largely of the bounty of his sovereign, we cannot be surprised to learn that by the sovereign himself, and by such as adhered to his fallen fortunes, Sir Stephen Fox was regarded as a monster of ingratitude. It was said of him, as of Marlborough, that, after obtaining all that he could expect from the house of Stuart, he turned round, like the wolf in the fable, and bit off the hand that fed him: indeed, so indignant was the Jacobite court, that in every proclamation that issued from St. Germains, of which it was the object to win over partisans by the promise of pardon, Sir Stephen Fox was excepted by name. On him, however, who doubtless had been guided throughout by the stern, though sometimes painful pressure of principle, these proofs of rancour among his former friends produced no effect. He accepted office under William the Third as one of the lords commissioners of the treasury, of which he continued to discharge the duties down to the year 1701; when, conceiving that the time had come when it became him to look to another world than the present, he

gave up his appointment, and withdrew into private life. From his retirement at Chiswick, where he built a house, he never again emerged, except to walk in procession before Queen Anne at her coronation, on the 23rd of April 1702, and to sit for a brief space in that stormy parliament which preceded the rebellion of 1715; and he died at last, on the 28th of October 1716, full of honours, and in the possession of all his faculties, in the eighty-ninth year of his age.

Sir Stephen Fox sat in many parliaments; first for Salisbury, next for Westminster, and, last of all, for Salisbury again. This latter distinction, for such he accounted it, inasmuch as Salisbury being close to the place of his birth, he was accustomed to speak of it as his native city, was pressed upon him by a circumstance which occasioned him great pain: I allude to the death of his son Charles,—first the paymaster-general of the forces, and ultimately vice-treasurer to King William the Third, and receiver-general and paymaster of the revenues in Ireland,—which occurred in the year 1713. But he does not appear to have taken

an active part in the politics of the times. Indeed, his great age, as well as the affliction which the demise of his son occasioned him, rendered this impossible.

Sir Stephen Fox died, as he had lived, a good Christian, a sincere Protestant, a generous and charitable man. His will, indeed, is crowded with bequests to the needy and the afflicted; among which may be enumerated twenty pounds to the poor of the parish of St. Martin's in the Fields, a like sum to the poor of the chapel in Westminster, forty pounds to the poor in the parish of Chiswick, thirty pounds to the poor of Salisbury, twenty pounds to Cricklade in Wiltshire, ten pounds to the poor of Grunsted, Plaitford, and Whaddon, with eight pounds to the poor of Farley, to be distributed at the discretion of his widow. It is worthy of remark, that this lady, who was his second wife,—his first having died in 1696,—was the mother both of the first Earl of Ilchester and the first Lord Holland; for, out of the numerous offspring which his first marriage had produced, not one survived their father.

Sir Stephen Fox was buried in the church at Farley, which, as has already been stated, owes its existence to his piety.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

LONDON:
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CHELSEA HOSPITAL,

AND ITS TRADITIONS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"THE COUNTRY CURATE,"—"THE SUBALTERN,"
"THE CHRONICLES OF WALTHAM," &c.

Go with old Thames, view Chelsea's glorious pile,
And ask the shattered hero whence his smile;
Go view the splendid domes of Greenwich—go,
And own what raptures from reflection flow.
Hail! noblest structures, imaged in the wave,
A nation's grateful tribute to the brave—
Hail! blest retreats from war and shipwreck, hail!
That oft arrest the wandering stranger's sail.
Long have ye heard the narratives of age,
The battle's havoc and the tempest's rage;
Long have ye known reflection's genial ray
Gild the calm close of valour's various day.

ROGERS.

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CHELSEA HOSPITAL.

BOOK III.

CONTAINING MATTER CHIEFLY DESCRIPTIVE.

BRIEF ACCOUNT OF

CHELSEA HOSPITAL.

CHAPTER I.

In which something is said of the localities of Chelsea Hospital.

I DO not know how far I am called upon to describe, in detail, the architectural and local arrangements of Chelsea Hospital, which lying within the reach of every inhabitant of London, whether he be there for permanent or temporary purposes, may at any moment become to the curious an object of personal inspection. The work, if necessary under any circumstances, has not been entirely neglected. A patient historian, while dealing with the parish, within the bounds of which the Hospital stands, has said all, or nearly all, that can be said on such a subject. Still, as I do not write for the exclusive information of Londoners, and as Mr. Falkner's book, however meritorious, seems not to be universally known, a brief account of the

localities connected with the home of England's worn-out and gallant defenders, may not, perhaps, be misplaced when given as an introduction to what remains to be told.

Chelsea Hospital stands upon the left bank of the Thames, about two miles and a half above Westminster Bridge; and occupies, with the buildings, courts, gardens, and offices attached, an area of something more than fifty-four square acres. Its principal courts, or quadrangles, are three in number; of which the central alone existed in 1690; though the good taste of a modern architect has provided that no discordance in style should be any where perceptible between the *nucleus* and the additions which have, from time to time, gathered round it. Over the whole, there hangs an air of sobered and collegiate repose, as far removed from gloom on the one hand, as from garishness on the other; a character every way suitable to the purposes to which the edifice has been set apart, and in strict accordance with the habits and condition of its inmates.

The central court, which is open towards the south, and separated from what are called

the water-gardens only by a low iron railing, is closed in on the east and west by two ranges of buildings three hundred and sixty-five feet in length by forty in width; on the north and south by the hall and chapel, divided one from the other by a handsome cupola and gateway. In these long buildings, or wings, to the extent at least of two hundred feet, the old soldiers are chiefly housed—that is to say, such of them as are rated in the hospital books as privates, corporals, and sergeants. Sixteen wards or barracks arranged each into six-and-twenty bed-places, furnish the men with adequate accommodation; while the sergeants occupy cabins closed in, one at each extremity of the gallery, or ward in which it is their duty to preserve order. For the captains, and light-horse, again, of whom I have spoken elsewhere, distinct lodgings are provided. Some of the former occupy, to be sure, a portion of the eastern wing, though this is an arrangement of modern growth, and the result of changes and reductions in other departments. But the larger proportion of both classes have their domiciles fixed among the buildings that inclose the lesser and more modern quadran-

gles. Finally, at the southern extremity of each wing, so as to project into the water-gardens, are the apartments of the governor and lieutenant-governor, both comfortable dwellings, altogether free from ostentation, yet well fitted for the uses of the distinguished officers, to whom the honour of presiding over the first of England's military establishments may be assigned.

The chapel and hall present, when examined from without, a perfect uniformity of appearance. Each has its plain brick front, indented with tall arched windows; and each appears to lean upon the noble stone pillars that flank the central gateway; while along that face which looks in upon the square, is a piazza, or covered gallery. Beneath are benches, on which the old men may occasionally be seen smoking their pipes in the heat of a summer's day; while from either end branches off a passage, opening out a communication with the lesser, or flanking-quadrangles. Moreover, the cornice of this piazza bears a neat inscription, indicative of the purposes which the hospital is meant to serve, and partly commemorative of the names of the sovereigns to whom the country stands

indebted for so noble an institution. I do not think that any memorial remains of the individual by whom this legend was composed, — at least, I have not been able to trace it, if such there be. But the scroll itself is exceedingly appropriate; it runs thus:

> "In subsidium et levamen emeritorum senio belloque fractorum condidit Carolus secundus, auxit Jacobus secundus, perfecêre Gulielmus et Maria Rex et Regina."

Finally, I may state, in reference to this part of my subject, that there is a statue of Charles the Second in the centre of the square, cast in bronze, in the garb of a Roman warrior, and facing the north. It is said to be the production of Gibbons; but as a mere work of art, it cannot be very highly commended.

With respect to the lesser or flanking squares, they are given up entirely to the lodgings of the officers of the establishment, to public offices, including clerks' chambers, board-room, &c. and, as has just been stated, to the accommodation of a certain number of captains, and light-horsemen. In both, the buildings are lower and less solid than those which surround

the principal square. But the general character is the same throughout. Brick walls, inlaid with a profusion of square windows, all of them deep seated, and carefully touched in the mouldings; free-stone finishings to each angle, gateways flanked by free-stone pillars, and a roof universally high and covered with grey shining slate, point to a period when, in the arrangement of such edifices, every approach to a classic model was in this country carefully eschewed.

Chelsea Hospital is, of course, designed to furnish an asylum for those members of the regular army alone, whom wounds, or sickness, or old age may have totally disabled. Its inmates are therefore, from the first to the last, invalids, that is to say, men affected by some infirmity or other; which though not visible to the eye of the common spectator is by the patient himself abundantly felt. Even in the "depths" of Chelsea Hospital, however, there is "a deeper still," so that out of the five hundred and fifty individuals that make up the weakness of the garrison, there are generally from sixty to one hundred cases of extreme

debility. For their reception an infirmary has been erected; and he who is really anxious to behold the perfection of such establishments, cannot do better than seek for it here.

The infirmary, fitted up for the accommodation of eighty patients, is divided into two departments; one of which, under charge of the physician, contains sufferers from such maladies as do not arise from external violence, while within the other the surgeon dresses old hurts, or deals, as he best can, with sores and recent injuries. Not that either physician or surgeon can do much to perfect the recovery of men whose constitutions long before they came under his care, were thoroughly broken down. But whatever can be effected by great kindness, by extreme attention, by a generous diet, by the unrestricted indulgence of every proper wish, to run life's sands out smoothly, and alleviate sufferings that the skill of man may not hope to remove, is here fully accomplished. To the honour of the country be it recorded, that no comfort of which his condition stands in need, is denied to the dying veteran. He inhabits a clean, and airy and spacious chamber. He has nurses to

wait upon him by day and night; fuel, food, drink, apparel, all are at his command, not only in abundance, but delicately. Tea, coffee, wine, brandy, fresh eggs, mutton, poultry, and the best home-baked bread, broths, fish, all that the sickly appetite can desire or the feverish imagination fancy, are administered; without one moment's unworthy reference to expense, though never in a spirit of extravagance. And if ever there existed a grateful set of men upon earth, among these poor fellows you will find them. Fretful they may sometimes be, when the fit of pain is upon them; impatient and unreasonable when sickness presses them sore. But no one has ever yet conversed with them in their hours of comparative ease, without receiving an impression every way favourable to their tempers as men, and to their feelings as Christians. On the whole, therefore, the infirmary of Chelsea Hospital may be truly pronounced the noblest portion of a noble institution: because in it not only are the bodily wants of a most deserving class of persons supplied to the uttermost, but sentiments are generated in their minds out of which it is impos-

sible to conceive that some improvement to their moral nature shall not arise. For the chaplain, not less than the physician and surgeon, is expected frequently to visit the infirmary. And he who writes these lines can testify, that nowhere are the visits of one, who comes with a message of peace, more thankfully received, or more gratefully acknowledged.

Speaking of the diet in the infirmary reminds me of that which is day by day issued out to the inmates of the wards. Though less diversified, of course, than that afforded to the sick, it is both abundant in quantity, and excellent in quality. A breakfast of cocoa and bread-and-butter—a dinner of mutton, or beef, with potatoes and vegetables in abundance, a pint and a-half of the best porter that London can produce, and an allowance of cheese, furnish each man with about forty-eight ounces of nutritious food daily; a proportion fully adequate to the necessities of the youngest and the most hard-working, and in this case greater than can sometimes be consumed. Yet would it be unkind to curtail the allowance; for there are comparatively few of these old men who have not a wife, or a child,

or near connexion of some sort, dependent on them; and the fragments of their food which they are unable or unwilling to consume themselves they rarely omit to divide with their relatives.

As excellent care is thus taken to provide for the bodily wants of the pensioners, so are they not left without resources by an appeal to which they can at all times find both an agreeable and useful occupation for their minds. Chelsea Hospital can boast of its library,—the exclusive property of the pensioners,—which, if it contain neither a very extensive collection of books, nor any curious specimens either of manuscript or typography, serves all the purposes which it was ever meant to serve, and is tolerably well frequented. Except in the event of a severe illness, the pensioners are not usually permitted to carry books home to their own wards; but a ticket from the chaplain gives to each who chooses to apply for it a right of admission to the library itself, where benches and tables are always prepared, and a cheerful fire kept burning. There, day after day, may be seen groups of students not unworthy of the pencil which has already, though under different circum-

stances, immortalised them, each storing his memory with the peculiar matters which most fall in with his tastes, and improving his moral being while he exercises his intellectual faculties. It is worthy of remark that the inmates of Chelsea Hospital are not, in general, devourers of mere trash. Sir Walter Scott's, and a few other novels, such as Captain Marryatt's, are always acceptable to them. But in the main their habits lead them to the perusal first, of works having a high religious tone and bearing, and next, of history, books of travels, voyages, and military narrative.

Another resource against *ennui*, as well as a means of restraining them from a too frequent recurrence to the public-house, was supplied not many years ago by the erection of a smoking-room—a detached apartment just inside the western gate, furnished with table, benches, and a stove. It has proved eminently useful,—and the introduction into it of cards and dominos, has not, as far as I can learn, brought with it any mischievous consequences. No doubt there is at all times some risk, lest men who idle an occasional hour away over bits of bone or paint-

ed pasteboard, should be tempted to play for stakes higher than their circumstances will authorise; or that, losing their tempers, they may be hurried into the utterance of expressions which shall jar against the feelings of their neighbours, or still worse, lead to a violation of the third commandment; but I do not find that any such results are produced here. On the contrary, a penny or two, at the utmost, occasionally changes hands, while rioting and brawling are strictly prohibited. Yet are these old men not without still purer and more effectual resources against *ennui;* and it is very gratifying to me that I am in a condition to show, that they are indebted for it to the same noble lord who brought them and me into official communication with one another.

The hospital itself, properly so called, stands in the centre of a wide space of open grass land and gardens. In front of the pile lies a field, called Burton's-court, containing an area of about fourteen acres, separated from Green's-row and Smith-street by a lofty brick wall—from Franklin's-row by an iron railing. Laid down in grass, and formally, but not untaste-

fully planted with limes and horse-chestnuts, Burton's-court furnishes to the inmates of the pile a pleasant, because a retired, place of exercise. But the produce of the soil being appropriated to the governor, the soil itself cannot be converted to any other purpose than the rearing of a hay-crop in due season, and the pasturage of cattle afterwards. In like manner, the public kitchen-garden, from which both officers and men receive a slender supply of vegetables, is of necessity given up to the exclusive controul of the head gardener. So also the water-gardens, which, running down from the back of the building to the Thames, comprise a wide terrace, laid with luxuriant turf—two canals of stagnant water, a broad gravel walk passing with an arrow's straightness between them, and shaded on either hand by a row of pollarded limes, is resorted to exclusively by those among the officers to whom keys are entrusted. For the men, therefore, as their peculiar demesne, no space for many years existed. They might, indeed, wander round the gravel roads in Burton's-court, or sit upon the bench beneath the cloister in front of the chapel; but elsewhere

they were destitute of such conveniences as others within the establishment enjoyed. At last, in 1826, out of a legacy bequeathed to the hospital by Colonel Drouly, governor of Carisbroke Castle, who had himself risen from the ranks, a plot of land, lying to the south-east of the pile, where once the festivities of Ranelagh went forward, was, by order of the board of commissioners, purchased. The object of the commissioners, in effecting that purchase, was to hinder the growth of any nuisance such as might seriously interfere with the health or comforts of the inmates of the hospital. Yet the fact of employing the pensioners' money to accomplish that end, clearly established the right of the pensioners themselves to the property of the land so purchased. Was then, this right either disputed or set at nought? Nothing of the sort. The plot of ground lay, to be sure, from year to year, a perfect desert, producing spontaneously a scanty crop of sour grass, of which the money value, together with a trifling rent, which some neighbouring butcher paid for the privilege of turning in a few sheep, was carried to the account of the Drouly legacy. Yet

we cannot say now, after the results of a better experiment have developed themselves, that all was made of the field of which it was capable. It remained for Lord John Russell to convert a waste into a smiling garden, and by so doing, not only to enlarge the circle of the men's bodily comforts, but to contribute, in a high degree, to the amount of their innocent recreations.

The reader of Grose's Military Antiquities has not, probably, forgotten the terms of indignant sorrow in which the antiquary expresses himself, while noticing the gross abuses that prevailed during his day, in the distribution of the lesser patronage of Chelsea Hospital. "It is a melancholy consideration," writes he, "that among the many superannuated quartermasters, sergeant-majors, and sergeants in and about that hospital, none can be found worthy and able to fill up the inferior offices of the house. Were there any properly qualified to be found among them, it is not to be credited that these appointments would be bestowed on gentlemen's valet-de-chambres, or other discharged domestics, which is said to be some-

times the case; as the persons who have the disposal of those places must well know how few rewards are in store for the inferior ranks of military men, particularly those above-mentioned; and yet it is they who are in a great measure the nerves and sinews of our armies, who bear the brunt of the battle and fatigues of the day. To rob them of their right in this charity, is peculiarly cruel, as it is in part the produce of their own money. Several of the places, though of humble denomination and small nominal salary, would be considered by many married subalterns as a noble provision for themselves and families."

Such is the language made use of by one who wrote seventy years ago; had he lived to the present day, he would have seen, that feelings in agreement with his own could operate in the breasts of those who having the power, had also the will to remedy the evil complained of. And this matter of the Ranelagh field being one clearly in point, it is just that I should put it in its proper light.

CHAPTER II.

In which objects are described that tempt us to moralise a little.

THERE are some still living, though their numbers must, I should conceive, be inconsiderable, whose awakened recollections will doubtless carry them back to days when an evening at Ranelagh was accounted by the noblest and the fairest of England's sons and daughters, one of the most agreeable interludes in a life whether of business or of pleasure. In the middle of a field formally planted and laid out in shady walks and long straight avenues, stood the Rotunda, an edifice slightly constructed of brick and wood-work, spacious and not inelegant in its proportions, a sort of humble imitation in short of the Pantheon at Rome. Drawn round a stack of solid chimneys, which

formed a centre to the pile, and in some degree supported it, the Rotunda was distributed, internally, into two circles, both of them fitted up with boxes on either side of a broad avenue, and both exhibiting, at measured intervals, their orchestras for the accommodation of musicians: for music and dancing were the sports of the hour, of which the latter was pursued exclusively within an open space round which the inner circle ran, where, gazed at by crowds of well-dressed people of all ranks, the beau and belle of their day showed off their graceful figures in a minuet. Meanwhile, serenaded by a dozen bands, groups of pedestrians promenaded round and round each charmed ring, till the sound of a bell gave notice that some favourite singer was about to perform, or weariness, or the recognition of friends in one of the side-boxes, drew them away to some new and more agreeable occupation. Neither were such as preferred the cool airs of heaven to the heated atmosphere of the Rotunda, without their resources. From the branches of the trees that shaded every walk, festoons of coloured lamps hung down,

and beneath their canopy, bright eyes made answer to the tale which is seldom told with more effect than in the intervals of music and dancing.

Such was Ranelagh sixty years ago, towards which, when Belgrave Square, and the streets and buildings beyond it, had no existence, our grandfathers and grandmothers, then in the pride of youth and beauty, used night after night to betake themselves. The hour of assembly was from eight to nine o'clock; that of departure about eleven or twelve; while land and water alike furnished a highway to such as made "Pleasure's Temple" their point of attraction. They whose habits induced them to adhere to the solid earth, passed from Piccadilly, or St. James's Park, through open fields, and were set down, opposite to the Chelsea Bun-house, before a fine old Elizabethan mansion, of which not a fragment now remains. Through that noble lodge they were ushered into the scene of fairy revels; and there again, when weariness overtook them, they found their carriages waiting to convey them either to their own homes, or to some other resort of the

happy. Meanwhile the bosom of the Thames was covered with barges and wherries, all of them laden with the most distinguished fashionables of the day; and all steering their course from Westminster-stairs, the ordinary point of embarkation, to a quay or landing-place below the Rotunda, to which an avenue of sycamores communicated. The avenue still remains, but both Rotunda and quay are gone, and with them habits of life, which, whether for good or for evil, brought the higher classes, more frequently than they come now, into contact, during their hours of relaxation and amusement, with the classes beneath them.

If I were a moralist, in the ordinary acceptation of the term, the impulse upon me would be irresistible, to edify my reader by drawing for him a contrast between the state of society as it now is, and what it was when Ranelagh existed in its glory. I believe, however, that he is the wisest man, who, instead of mourning over changes that come as surely as day follows night, makes up his mind to extract as much of good, and as little of evil, as he can from all that he sees and hears around him. At all events, I

am very certain, that society, whether improved or deteriorated, cannot be rolled back again to what it was sixty years ago; and hence that to indulge in complaints because things are not exactly as a man might wish them to be, is far less profitable than the occupation of him who strives to adapt himself to things as they are. Not therefore by me shall the social habits of bygone generations be represented as tending more than our own to attach the several orders of men to one another; though it is just possible that they who remember how strong was the tie that bound the old landlord to the old tenant, may, without any suggestions on my part, fall into this opinion. But this much I may venture to say, that the aristocracy of England do themselves grievous injustice, whenever, through the influence of fashion or any excess of refinement, or a too rigid adhesion to their own particular set, they shut themselves out entirely in their hours of relaxation, from the acquaintance of their inferiors. In this age, in particular, when there are so many willing, for the worst purposes, to stir up the hatred of the poor towards the rich, even the love of seclusion,

which in all cultivated minds is both strong and natural, ought to be resisted: for if they, who now take up their opinions from the writings of men to whom slander is an occupation because they hate the virtues which they will not imitate, could but witness the simplicity and gentleness which characterise the manners of the highest classes of English society, prejudices would, I am sure, be removed from their minds, which operate only to their own hurt, and to the injury of the whole social system. Nay more, though there may be, and doubtless are exceptions (and where such do occur they cannot be too rigidly marked), it will, I think, be found, that nowhere are the virtues which adorn domestic life more sedulously cultivated than in those very circles of which the humbler classes see nothing, but of which hearing only the most extravagant and unfounded calumnies, they entertain the worst opinion. Why should this be? A very slight sacrifice of personal convenience, particularly in the country, would remove the evil. Is not the gain more than adequate to the loss?

There is no denying that one effect of the political changes which we have lived to witness, many of us not without alarm, has already manifested itself, and will more and more continue to manifest itself in this: that upon the minds of men, both in public and private stations, are forced certain great truths, which, though they ought never to be forgotten, are apt somehow or other to slip out of view. The first is, that all men have a right to be treated at all times with courtesy and consideration; the next, that both the cheapest and the most effectual means of establishing our own influence in society, is to deal with those among whom we may be thrown courteously and considerately. How ridiculously, in this respect, has the value of mere money been in our money-loving country overrated? A kind word; a gentle bearing; an appearance of interest in the well being of those with whom he converses — how much farther are these seen to go in insuring for a great man the esteem of his inferiors, than even substantial favours, provided they be ungraciously bestowed; and when the necessities of your case require you to make demands upon

the services of these inferiors, only feel that you stand towards them in the relation of a friend, and you need not hesitate to require at their hands a degree of self-devotion, such as no prospect of reward, either immediate or remote, would have induced them to exhibit. These are old truths, I am aware, never denied, yet scarcely acted up to as much as they might be in any circle; and grievously overlooked by that most odious of all odious classes, your sycophants and hangers-on, that attach themselves to every party in the state. But they are certainly beginning to be felt more extensively than, within the limits of my own experience, they once were; nor can we doubt, that the power which always brings good out of evil, will more and more diffuse the knowledge of them abroad.

Now, can any thinking man regret this? Surely not. He who can attain a great public good by practising a great private virtue, will surely not complain, when the only sacrifice required at his hands is, that he shall himself experience the luxury of knowing, that he has gladdened the hearts of others;

and as to society at large, its moral tone will undeniably be elevated in exact proportion to the success which attends our efforts to operate, for the general good, upon the best feelings of individuals, instead of by corrupting their principles and hardening their hearts.

You promised not to moralise—what are you doing now? True, true, good reader! I pray thee, bear with me, for it is not very easy to stand upon the ruins, even of the Rotunda, without looking farther than to the scene which immediately surrounds us; yet that is sufficiently attractive too.

I stated in the previous chapter, that on the decay of Ranelagh, a large portion of the ground which was formerly used as a place of public amusement, passed, by purchase, into the possession of the in-pensioners. For several years it lay waste; but a better spirit at length arose among the authorities to whom the care of the old men is entrusted, and a wall was built along its eastern border. Under the shelter of this, the old men henceforward found a pleasant walk, even when the wind blew cold and cutting, and for some years more

nothing farther was attempted. At last, Lord John Russell became paymaster-general, and in the exercise of the kindly feeling which distinguished all his dealings with the pensioners, he caused the Ranelagh field to be laid out, wherever there seemed to be sufficient depth of soil, into portions or lots, which the old men were permitted to occupy, each as his private garden. At the same time shrubs were planted, new gravel walks marked out, the rank grass mown and reduced to order, till in the end there came forth, what the visitor may behold now, one of the most picturesque and interesting specimens of gardening in the vicinity of London.

It was not, however, in order to please the eye alone, that these improvements were introduced. If there be a lack of anything within these walls, it is of some occupation, which, without subjecting the old men to a compulsory toil, shall yet excite their interest, and fill up what might otherwise become a blank in their existence. The idea that they would find this in their little garden-plats, suggested itself to the mind of Lord John Russell, and the event has in

all respects answered to the anticipation. Many an individual, who formerly, from sheer listlessness, would repair to a neighbouring alehouse, and waste his morning in such society as it afforded, finds now both society and employment in dressing his little plot of ground. And that their comforts might be complete, on the summit of a gentle mound that overlooks the cultivated patches, stands a summer-house, beneath the shadow of whose roof the veterans from time to time repose. There "in fighting their battles o'er again," or discussing the news of the day, or comparing the results of their respective operations as gardeners, or, it may be, in still graver discourse, many an hour passes over them, not unprofitably either to mind or to body, seeing that the last is refreshed, and the first innocently amused, if it be not enlarged and elevated.

Ranelagh is exclusively the retreat of the men, the water-gardens the sacred resort of the officers, save only on the Sundays between the first of April and the first of October, when their privacy is, in my humble opinion, most unwisely invaded. Far be it from me to advocate

that mode of observing the Lord's day, which, while it cuts off the humbler classes from innocent recreation in the open air, drives too many of them to seek for amusement in the recesses of the gin-shop; but I do not exactly see the wisdom, or the necessity, of disturbing on the Lord's day the quiet of Chelsea Hospital, by throwing open to the public, gardens by far too narrow in their dimensions to be more than an object of a moment's idle curiosity to the visitors. For the gardens of Chelsea Hospital are no more public gardens than those which attach to St. James's Palace; and his Majesty would doubtless be astonished were his privacy to be broken in upon, regularly as Sunday came round, and himself and the members of his family excluded, by strangers, from the enjoyment of their own quiet walks behind the royal residence.

The water-gardens, if they merit observation at all, do so upon the ground that they offer the most perfect specimen of the old Dutch, or rather, French style of gardening, that is now to be met with in England. Existing in the precise state to which William the Third brought

them, they have their straight broad walk, their rows of pollards, their grass plats closely shaven, their canals, and their terrace, which stretches, under the shade of some lordly planes, along the bank of the Thames. The general effect is, however, striking, especially to him who, standing at the bottom of the long avenue, gazes upwards through the vista upon the hospital itself. But, having observed that, and cast a rapid glance over Chelsea Reach towards the Surrey hills—having noticed how picturesquely the old wooden bridge at Battersea is displayed against the horizon, and remarked upon the crowds of boats, barges, and sailing-vessels which pass and repass you every minute, your work of examination is done; and you may retrace your steps without fearing that any material object has been passed by, in your search after the curious and the recondite.

CHAPTER III.

In which we deal with both the living and the dead.

I AM not without apprehension, courteous reader, that in thus plunging you, abruptly, *in medias res*, I may appear to have dealt, as well towards you as towards the subject under consideration, with much less of ceremony than both had a right to expect. You have been told, for example, that Chelsea Hospital contains so many quadrangles, and that there are certain pleasure-grounds and gardens annexed, without having been made aware of the important fact that both to building and gardens there are means of ingress. Nay, to the very place of sepulture I had well nigh conducted you, describing it, as I have done other places, in detail, but that its position, close to the eastern gate, reminded me that some notice ought long

ago to have been taken of the gates themselves. In few words, then, these are in number three, of which those at the extremities conduct into the flanking squares, while the central, or royal gate, leads from Green's-row into Burton's-court, and thence, by a straight avenue, directly to the vestibule which separates the dining-hall from the chapel. The royal gate, a handsome iron grating, flanked on either side by well-executed trophies, and supported by lodges, is never used except on occasions of state; the eastern and western approaches are always kept open. Be it your part, under my imaginary guidance, to enter the hospital from the east, sometime about half-past ten o'clock, on a fine, clear, sunny morning in May. In order to reach your point thus early, you must, of course, breakfast betimes, and traverse St. James's-park, Queen's-row, Ebury-street, and the scene of Wilkie's picture. But the chances are, that you will have no cause to regret this, more especially if your visit of inspection be paid on a Wednesday or a Friday. It rarely happens that, out of a body of five hundred invalids, one or two are not committed every week

to the dust; and Wednesday and Friday being here the canonical days for interments, you may chance to be present at the ceremony. Let me, then, assume that we have traversed the intermediate space together, and are standing at this moment at the extremity of Jew's-row, though prepared, by the simple operation of throwing our right shoulders forward, to make good our entrance into the hospital. See, there is some operation in progress more important than usual. The gates are closed, the guard is turned out, and the sentry holds the postern in his hand, that he may admit well-dressed and respectable-looking people, at the same time that he shuts out the mob. Examine the bearing of these men closely, and having done so, retain the indifference which on ordinary occasions may pervade you, if you can. There are just twelve of them, with a sergeant and a corporal, of whom three, including the sergeant, have severally lost a leg; two present each an empty sleeve; and the remainder are furrowed over by age, and heavily laden with infirmities. Yet, how erect and steady is their port! There they are, with the three-cornered

hat of William the Third's day, surmounting the red frock of a similar date—noble specimens of what soldiers once were, gallant ruins of men who never knew in youth what fear was, and are not now likely to forget what is due to their well-earned reputation. And observe the sentry at the gate; — how good-humouredly he repulses the crowd, chiefly of boys, that press upon him, though his sole weapon be now the staff, which is used indifferently to command attention, and to support the steps of him who wields it. But, as I have just said, he has no orders to exclude well-dressed people, and will not, therefore, resist our effort to establish ourselves within the barricade, if such be your desire. Move forward then, and place yourself just beyond the guard-house, till the procession, of which the approach is announced by the roll of the muffled drum, and the shrill notes of the fife, shall have passed. We can then fall in with the rear, and be witnesses to the ceremonies, whatever they may be, that attend the funeral of a pensioner.

The drum will have been heard some time, and the well-known air, the 149th psalm, re-

cognised, ere the procession comes in sight, winding round the angle of the court. It appears, however, at last, headed by the firing party, twelve veterans. accoutred for the occasion in old black waist-belts, from which, in the rear, depend old bayonets, and to which, in front, are fastened old cartouche-boxes. Their muskets, somewhat the worse for wear, and stripped of the slings which formerly attached to them, are reversed, not perhaps with the nicety which a firing party from the Grenadier Guards might display, but after a fashion which sufficiently indicates that the old men have not forgotten the lessons learned in early youth. The tread of the men themselves, likewise, is orderly; and they are commanded by a sergeant, who marches behind the rearmost file, with his partisan or halbert reversed. Next to the firing party move the drummer and fifer, two feeble grey-headed men, in whom it would be difficult to recognise the relics of the light-hearted lads whose merry music has startled many a maiden from her broken slumbers, and called her to the window that she might look her last at some favourite partner in the dance, or, it may be,

at one who had established still stronger claims upon her memory. And now come the chaplain and his clerk, of whom it would be unbecoming in me to say more than that both have seen some service, and that both carry about in their own persons sensible proofs that where there is service there is usually danger. These, again, are succeeded by the coffin, which, being covered with a black pall, and surmounted by the hat of the deceased,—the single military trophy of which his latter days could boast,—is borne on the shoulders of six of his comrades. His relatives, if he have any, now fall into their places; the nurses who attended him in his last illness succeed, and the whole procession is closed by the inmates of his ward, among whom it rarely occurs that he had not one or more intimate and familiar friends.

As the closing files pass the grave-yard doorway, we attach ourselves to the little column, and are introduced into an open area, oblong in shape, totally devoid of ornament, and fenced about with lofty brick-built walls. Not yet, however, have we leisure to look round; for the procession having advanced about half-

way towards its further extremity, defiles somewhat to the right, and halts beside a mound of fresh earth. Here, at the foot of the grave, the clergyman takes his station; while the firing party form line along its edge, leaving, however, space enough between for those whose business it may be to lower the coffin into the dust. Meanwhile the mourners, including nurses and pensioners, in attendance, arrange themselves in a sort of half circle about the grave. And now the chaplain, raising his hat, begins the service, during the progress of which you cannot better employ yourself than by looking round upon the countenances of his audience. Of levity during the performance of any portion of divine service, I have never among soldiers observed a tittle. On the contrary, their manner is always subdued and respectful—such as becomes men who are not unaware that with them "life is indeed in the midst of death." Yet striking as the deportment of young soldiers may be, even in situations similar to this, it is not only different from that of the veterans now beside us, but it is a thousand times less impressive. Examine

the countenances of these men minutely; and, as they stand uncovered, there is ample opportunity of doing so. Theirs is not the expression of men who fear to die; but it indicates that each is at this moment taking a hurried survey of the numerous escapes and deliverances which he may have personally experienced; or else that he is calculating the probable duration of the period that shall intervene ere the same service shall be read over his own mortal remains, with which the remains of his comrade are now committed to the earth. Hence reverence, fortitude, and resignation, are strongly depicted in every line, not unmixed with the higher and holier sense of religious assurance, and a lively Christian faith. For there can be no greater mistake than to suppose that the old soldier, as we find him at least in Chelsea Hospital, is an irreligious man. Thoughtless he may have been, and wayward—perhaps profligate and vicious in his youth—but now that life has fallen with him "into the sear and yellow leaf," he has learned to seek in religion —that kind of religion which teaches us to be grateful for mercies already received, and to

look forward not without hope to still greater mercies hereafter — such consolations and refreshments as this world can neither give nor take away. Therefore, not with the indifference which often marks the manner of those, whose career has been less exposed than his own to difficulties and temptations, does the old soldier listen to the short and beautiful service which our church has appointed to be read at the burial of the dead. On the contrary, he *feels* where common men scarcely *hear*; and from his soul comes the Amen which answers to the touching petition, in which "we meekly beseech our Father to raise us from the death of sin to the life of righteousness; so that when we shall depart this life we may rest in Him, as our hope is this our brother doth."

But the service is not of long continuance. The chaplain has ceased to speak. The coffin is lowered into the grave, earth is consigned to earth, dust to dust, ashes to ashes. And now the sergeant, taking a pace to the front, gives the word of command, and his party come to attention, shoulder their arms, and present.

Their volley may be less exact than it used to be — but no matter. It tells the neighbourhood that a gallant spirit has gone back to Him who gave it; after which the men half-cock their firelocks, face to the left, and the yard is soon emptied.

There is not much in the grave-yard of Chelsea Hospital, which is likely to arrest or rivet the attention of a stranger. Like most other places of sepulture in and around London, there hangs over it an air of gloom and desolation. For though it be so far decently kept, that neither weeds nor rank grass are allowed to overrun its surface, in every thing that could by possibility be construed into an attempt at decoration it is wanting. Nor, indeed, does it appear till very recently ever to have fallen in with the fantasies of Englishmen to beautify or adorn the receptacles for their dead. In almost all the countries on the Continent, we find the burying-places neatly planted and laid out; and in some parts of Wales, a similar taste prevails: but in England, if from time to time the nettle-crops be shorn down, and the mounds restored which the feet

either of children or of sheep may have defaced, as much is done as anybody seems to consider desirable. For no human being visits the grave of his fathers, or his children, except as a matter of duty or of necessity, and the grave-yards are in consequence left desolate, as if they were taboo'd. On the other hand, there is a strange propensity among us, to crowd into these gloomy spaces a multitude of unshapely monuments, flat stones planted perpendicularly in the earth, and engraved with the names and ages of the deceased. Of these, in the dormitory of Chelsea Hospital, there is not an extravagant display. A few, planted chiefly towards the western extremity, mark the spots where officers, or civilians, or their wives or little ones repose; but the tombs of the poor pensioners are almost all nameless. Still, here and there we do meet with a tablet which tells the passer by that a brave man sleeps beneath, and of one of these, as somewhat remarkable in its way, I copy the inscription.

Here rests William Hiseland,
Who merited well a pension
If long service be a merit,

Having served upwards of the days of man.
Ancient but not superannuated,
Engaged in a series of wars,
Civil as well as foreign;
Yet not maimed or worn out by neither;
His complexion was florid and fresh,
His health hale and hearty;
His memory exact and ready:
In stature he excelled the military size;
In strength surpassed the prime of youth;
And what made his age still more patriarchal,
When above one hundred years old,
He took unto him a wife.
Read, fellow soldiers, and reflect
That there is a spiritual warfare
As well as a warfare temporal.
Born VI of August 1620.
Died VII of Feb. 1732. } Aged 112.

I have made many anxious inquiries about this veteran, but it grieves me to be compelled to acknowledge, that they have produced no satisfactory results. All that is known of his history stands recorded on his tombstone; and as I have given the scroll at length, my reader must be content to weave out of it for himself, whatever tissue of striking or romantic events his fertile imagination may represent as most appropriate.

CHAPTER IV.

In which the hospital is further described, and some of its arrangements noticed.

THERE are but three points more towards which it will be necessary to direct my reader's attention, previous to a personal introduction into the society of the in-pensioners themselves. Of the Board-room, an apartment in which the commissioners hold their sittings, and the invalided soldier receives his discharge, I need say very little. It is a commodious and comfortable saloon, which, besides affording accommodation to this court of honour, witnesses twice a year the festivities of the inmates of the place, where, on the founder's day, and the anniversary of the reigning monarch's birth, they dine together. The ceremony of discharging a disabled soldier is, moreover,

abundantly simple. Previous to his removal to Chelsea, he has undergone an examination by the medical officers of his regiment, and of the invalid depôt at Chatham; which is repeated, though of course more summarily, before the surgeons of the hospital; and fortified by their report, as well as armed with his discharge and certificate of service, he presents himself in the presence of the commissioners to claim a pension. The amount of this is determined, with reference to the period, more or less prolonged, of the individual's service, or the extent of his disability. Formerly a good deal more of discretion was vested in the commissioners than they can now exercise; and I have never heard that they abused it. But within these last few years, the cry of economy has so far prevailed, that new regulations affecting the rates of pension have been issued; the effect of which is very seriously to diminish the amount of retirement allowed to soldiers who shall have enlisted subsequently to a stated period. Nobody who considers this will doubt for a moment, that the government of the country is disposed to practise a rigid economy; but

how far such economy is consistent with the idea of enticing into the ranks an order of men superior to that by which they are mainly filled up, is a point for those who advocate both principles to determine. Every soldier, be it observed, brings with him a character from his commanding officer, and as a proof that those who thus claim from their country a means of moderate subsistence in their old age can sometimes show that they have earned it, the following cases are subjoined of the sort of history which such documents occasionally elucidate.

Angus Ross, Sergeant Major, 79th regiment:

Served 34 years and 5 months, of which 3 years in Portugal and Spain, 3 years and 5 months in Flanders and France; was present at the battles of Salamanca, Pyrenees, Nivelle, Nive, Toulouse, Quatre Bras, and Waterloo; was wounded in the left cheek and right leg at Waterloo slightly; distinguished himself at the battle of Waterloo by voluntarily proceeding in search of, and procuring a waggon-load of musket-ball cartridges, for that part of the line occupied by the 79th Highlanders, when the ammunition carried in the men's pouches was by the whole nearly, and by many individuals totally expended, after several attempts having been made by

others without success.—*Character:* a most *excellent* and *efficient* soldier, seldom in hospital, trustworthy and sober.

John Jones, Colour-Sergeant, 48th regiment:

Served 31 years and 1 month, of which 3 years in Portugal, Spain, and France, 4 years and 8 months in New South Wales, 10 years and 10 months in India; was present at the sieges of Ciudad Rodrigo and Badajos, and the battles of Salamanca, Vittoria, Pyrenees, Nivelle, Orthes, and Toulouse; also at the taking of the Coong country, East Indies.—*Character:* unexceptionable.

Robert M'Kay, Sergeant Major, Grenadier Guards.

Served 32 years and 2 months, of which in Walcheren 1809, Holland and Belgium 1814; five times under the enemy's fire during that time: was at the battle of Waterloo, where he was wounded. In Portugal 1827 and 1828; saved the life of private H. Warrington when bathing in the river Tagus, 1828.—*Character:* most exemplary and meritorious.

William Flintham, Colour-Sergeant, Rifle Brigade.

Served 23 years and 4 months. Served in France, North America, Malta, Pyrenees, Bayonne, Orthes, Tarbes, Toulouse, and at the siege of New Orleans.—*Character:* good, gallant, excellent, trustworthy, and sober.

From the Board-room we proceed to the Hall and Chapel, noble apartments of their kind, and eminently illustrative of the consummate

skill of the architect in managing his proportions. They measure, respectively, one hundred and ten feet in length, thirty in width, and differ in their general arrangements only so far as the uses to which they are severally applied, seem to require.

The hall is an exact parallelogram, with plain plastered walls, and a floor covered with freestone. The roof is flat. There is a dais or slight elevation at one end, and a gallery, I believe for musicians, at the other; and, day and night, tables stand covered, as if all the inhabitants of the pile took here their refections; but the practice of dining together has long died out. Among the officers it ceased in 1796, among the men some years previously; and now, while the former live at home in the bosom of their own families, the latter receive their messes at a sort of buttery-hatch at the head of the hall, and bear them away to their respective wards. There they are portioned out to individuals, so that each has it in his power, if he be so disposed, to share his provisions with those to whom Nature has given the strongest claims upon his affections.

The hall, though plain, and so far strictly in character with its supposed uses, is not without its ornaments. Over the high table, and occupying the whole length of the western face, is a painting, designed and begun by Verrio, though finished by Henry Cook, which represents Charles the Second on horseback, surrounded by groups of heathen gods, with a distant view of Chelsea Hospital in the background. The painting, which was the gift of one of the Earls of Ranelagh, contains the following inscription on the frame:

> "Carolo Secundo, Regi optimo, hujus Hospitii foundatori, dominoque suo clementissimo, Ricardus Jones, Comes de Ranelagh, posuit."

The likeness to Charles is striking; but the value of the painting, as a work of art, cannot be estimated very highly.

Far more appropriate, however, and far more attractive are those decorations of the hall, for which Chelsea Hospital stands indebted to the wise policy and good taste of His present Majesty. My readers are probably aware that the flags and other trophies, captured from the enemy in war, have heretofore been conveyed

to the Cathedral of St. Paul's, there to rot and waste away, unvalued by the body to whose keeping they were intrusted, and unseen by all the world besides. To such a height, indeed, was this indifference to the monuments of England's former glories carried, that out of the many flags taken by Marlborough, only three or four shreds survive, the streamers of the rest having mouldered away in some damp recess, while the staves were used by the vergers as poles wherewith to hunt rats and other vermin out of the vestry-rooms. William the Fourth, not unaware of the great moral lesson which the display of such trophies is calculated to teach, as well to the young soldier as to the old, caused the wrecks not long ago to be rescued from their hiding-places, and committed to the charge of his veterans for ever, as the legitimate representatives of those whose valour won them. Accordingly there are suspended round the hall the ensigns of Regal and Republican France, of Spain, Holland, and other European nations; besides many for which the establishment stands indebted to the liberality of the Honourable the

Court of Directors, whom their sovereign's example induced to send hither trophies of our achievements in the East. These occupy, in a double row, the spaces that intervene between the windows, while in front of the music-gallery, elevated above a bundle of spear-handles, waves the union jack.

From the hall to the chapel the visitor passes across a noble vestibule lighted from above by a cupola, and which, besides serving as a communication to both apartments, constitutes the principal entrance into the Hospital itself. He then ascends a flight of steps which conduct him to the chapel door; and I am greatly deceived, if the effect produced upon him, when, passing the threshold, he finds himself in the house of prayer, be not such as to set his previous calculations at nought. Let me, however, recommend to such as are desirous of seeing this part of the Hospital to advantage, to pay their first visit on a Sunday morning, during the performance of divine worship. The benches which occupy the body of the place are then crowded with old soldiers; whose grave, but not austere countenances, lighted

up from time to time by a display of deep devotional feeling, seem to me to present to the eye of a painter, subjects too inviting to be overlooked. How decent, how much more than decent, is the deportment of these worn-out warriors! how humble their attitude in prayer; how keen and animated their attention during the delivery of a discourse, which, if it strike but the right chord, is seen not unfrequently to move them even to tears. And yet there are those who have spoken of the soldier, both in his youth and in his old age, as of a being inferior in all the qualities that dignify and adorn the man, to his countrymen of more peaceful occupations. It was a base calumny which pronounced, that "the greater the rogue, the better is he fitted for the ranks of the British army;" and he who doubts that it was so, need only take his station where the reader is supposed to be standing now, in order to be satisfied.

By its general form, as well as in its dimensions, the Chapel of Chelsea Hospital accords well with the hall. There are, however, these trifling differences in their details: that

whereas the roof of the hall is flat, in the chapel the ceiling is slightly arched—while the exact parallelogram which holds good in the structure of the former, is in the latter spoiled by a curve or bend in the eastern wall, within which stands the altar. So also in reference to the fitting up of the two apartments, no point of similitude can be traced between them. In the chapel the walls are panelled with Dutch oak, elegantly, though not richly carved. The ceiling too has a good deal of carved work about it, and the organ-loft and altar-rails are both of oak, and both marked by the carver's hand. Over the altar, likewise, is a fresco-painting, one of the two that are to be found in England, which represents the Resurrection, as that awful scene is described in the twenty-eighth chapter of St. Matthew's Gospel. It is the production of Sebastian Ricci, and has been pronounced not destitute of merit. In other respects the resemblance between this chapel and that of one of the colleges in Oxford or Cambridge is very striking. While benches, now happily supplied with backs, are set for the men in the

centre of the aisle; along the sides are pews for the officers; the governor and lieutenant-governor occupying each a series of stalls beneath the organ-loft.

I have elsewhere explained, that for its massive communion-plate, not less than for certain illustrated vellum prayer-books printed in black letter, Chelsea Hospital is indebted to the liberality of James the Second. By William the Fourth, gorgeous coverings for the altar, desk, and pulpit, were on his accession presented. These are exceedingly beautiful, yet by the pensioners, though they esteem them highly, they are held in far less value than other decorations that hang round the chapel. I allude to the profusion of banners, richer, more varied, and grouped with even purer taste, than those which ornament the walls of the dining-hall. In the chapel are deposited the standards of Tippoo Saib, the whole of the eagles, thirteen in number, that were wrested from Napoleon's legions, flags taken from the Americans, from the French, from the Prussians, from the Spaniards, from the Rajah of Bhurtpore, from the king of Ava, from every power, in short,

with which, in every quarter of the world, during the last half-century, England has been at war. I cannot pretend to describe the effect produced by the display of these banners, as they wave over the heads of the very men whose personal exertions contributed to acquire them; nor account for the half triumphant, half mournful glance, which from time to time the veteran turns towards them, in the intervals of prayer, or it may be while prayer is going forward. But if they speak to him of the vanity of earthly renown, if they carry back his thoughts to other years, and cause him to institute a comparison between what he himself was then, and what he is now, they will convey to the grey-headed warrior moral instruction more salutary than he can gather from any other source except his Bible. Nor will the young soldier who chances to visit the asylum within which, after years of service, he looks forward to find a home, fail to derive, from what he sees around him, a powerful incitement to good conduct. Beholding how the veteran is honoured, and perceiving that similar respect is to be acquired

only by similar achievements, he, too, will learn to put a control upon himself, — inasmuch as the old men will tell him that such trophies can only be won by men, who are not more brave in the field than orderly in their quarters, not more eager to meet the enemy than patient under the hardships and privations which open out the road to battle and to victory.

I have now done with my descriptions, and probably my reader will scarce desire that it should be otherwise. I must not conclude, however, without stating, that as Chelsea Hospital takes rank as a royal garrison, a guard is every day mounted; that in former years the old men used to carry arms; but that of late they have been relieved from the incumbrance of weapons, which in general they are too much debilitated to wield. Moreover, it is but an act of justice to those in authority to state, that in points of greater importance than the appropriation of Ranelagh field to the uses of the pensioners, Chelsea Hospital is now delivered from the reproach which in other years was cast upon it. The fashion of appointing

cast-off valets, and persons of even more equivocal claims, to situations in the Hospital, has for ever passed away. Soldiers, or men who have been soldiers, are sought out and put into every situation for which they are qualified; and the time will, I trust, yet arrive, when by soldiers, or by men who have served in the army, the Hospital shall in all its departments be peopled. Neither have the meritorious class of half-pay officers been entirely forgotten in recent changes. Lord John Russell has the merit of having been the first to attach three half-pay captains, and as many subalterns, to the strength of the Hospital, to whom apartments are awarded, with a supply of coals and candles, and a slight addition, in each case, to the amount of half-pay. I fear, indeed, that in settling the value of these allowances, due consideration was not paid to the high price of every necessary of life in the immediate vicinity of the metropolis; and I know that the result has in almost every instance been, that the party nominated to the office has been disappointed. But the intention was humane and considerate; and now that

the first step is taken, no human being would venture to raise his voice against a second, even if it carried the paymaster-general into the extravagance of somewhat bettering the invalid's condition.

BOOK IV.

CONTAINING MATTER PRINCIPALLY OF ORAL TRADITION.

ORAL TRADITION.

CHAPTER I.

In which the Reader listens to a Conference touching the Punishment of Death.

We have now taken a general survey of the Hospital; and will, if you please, gentle reader, retrace our steps into Ranelagh, where, under the shelter of their own little rustic temple, we shall probably find a group of old warriors enjoying the balmy air of this fine summer's morning. How fortunate we are — there they sit, a dozen of noble fellows, perfect specimens of what the good old soldier ought to be: keenly and sensitively alive to the honour of their profession; yet inclined neither to conceal their own errors, nor to palliate those of others. Come, you may take your seat among them with an easy mind. They have seen too much of the world, and held familiar intercourse with

too many of their fellow-men, to be at all disturbed by our presence; and as to their conversation, depend upon it if you fail to be interested in that, the fault will be yours, not theirs. Are you apt to be incommoded by the smell of tobacco? No? That is well; for a soldier cannot repeat his story, with any degree of effect, if you rob him of his pipe. But take him in the midst of his smoking, and let him speak in his own way, and the mind must be strangely constituted indeed, which his eloquence has no power to control.

"You were talking of the recent motion for the abolition of corporal punishment, captain. What is your opinion upon that subject? Could the army be managed without corporal punishment? and are those the soldier's best friends, who clamour for its abolition?"

"Why, sir, if you ask me whether the army could be managed without corporal punishment at all, I will answer without hesitation, that it could not. I admit that in my young days, the heaviest punishments were too promiscuously awarded. Men have been flogged for crimes which would have been sufficiently

recompensed by a week's drill; and even death itself was here and there inflicted, when something less might have served the purpose. But now you are going all to the opposite extreme. We read in the newspapers every day, of men absenting themselves from quarters, knocking down non-commissioned officers, and committing all sorts of atrocities, and they are confined for it to barracks, or sent to the treadmill among common thieves and vagabonds. Is this the way to keep up the discipline and spirit of the army? No, no, sir. The good man has no cause now, he never had much, to dread punishment at all. The bad man deserves punishment; and that is the best which comes most summarily, and is strictly confined to him who has earned it. I say then, retain the power to punish corporally, however sparing you may be to exercise it; for it is not only the most effectual in reference to the guilty, but it imposes the least degree of hardship upon the innocent."

"How do you make that out, friend?"

"Why thus, to be sure. A man strikes his sergeant or corporal on guard, or, it may be,

forces a sentry. In former times you would have tried that man by a regimental court-martial, and punished him; and in the course of a week afterwards he would have been in his place again, and doing his duty. Now you must report him at head-quarters, keep him in confinement till a garrison or district court-martial is assembled, and when all is done, you send him for three months to the tread-mill. Don't you see, first, that his going to the tread-mill operates nothing as an example, because nobody sees it? and next, that for three or four months the good men of the regiment have extra duty to perform, because a bad man is absent. Now, I am no advocate for too free an appeal to the lash. Our best officers have always been the most sparing to use it; but this I do say, that if you carry your foolish notions much further than they go at present, you will soon have your army in such a state, that the sooner it is disbanded altogether, the better."

"Well, friend, I am not going to contend with you upon this much hacknied subject. I perceive, indeed, that your opinions coin-

cide exactly with those of your great chief; and though his grace's judgment seldom needs the support of any other men's opinions, I think that yours is in this case, of incalculable value even to him. But I did not come here to argue abstract questions. You said just now, that in your younger days the punishment even of death was at times hastily inflicted. Have any instances of the kind ever chanced to come under your own observation?"

"I will not say that I ever knew a case in which a man was executed for an offence that had not been pronounced capital by the articles of war. But I have known instances in which the extreme mismanagement of those in authority seemed to me to drive poor fellows on to the commission of such offences. I admit, sir, that such were of very rare occurrence; and I have had some experience too, for I served his Majesty in almost every country under heaven, a full quarter of a century. But one cannot forget these things when they do happen. Somehow or other they make an impression on the memory, which no lapse of time can

efface; and an event of the kind, at which I was present, is just as much before my eyes at this moment, as it was twenty years ago."

"You would oblige me,—I think I may add you would oblige us all, very much, by describing it."

The old man smokes for a minute or two with increased energy, as if the clouds which he scattered around left his brain the more clear, and is profoundly silent. All eyes are, however, bent upon him; and we collect from their expression that such is his custom when he is about to spin a yarn. Neither are we deceived. He has finished his pipe; he knocks out the ashes, he lays it down beside him on the bench, and thus begins.

"Well then, I'll tell you what happened in a regiment that was once brigaded with ours, and to an officer who afterwards became one of the most distinguished in the British army. You will excuse me if I don't give you the colonel's name, nor yet the number of the regiment; but if there be any here who served in Sicily in 1807, they will perfectly understand me; and as to the rest, I don't see why I

should enlighten their ignorance at the expense, perhaps, of casting an unmerited stain on a brave and good man's reputation.

"In the regiment to which I belonged there was a man called Tims, a good soldier, and a sober, quiet and inoffensive man when not provoked, but singularly obstinate in adhering to his resolutions when he once formed them. For some cause or other he took it into his head to grow tired of his old corps, and made application to be received as a volunteer into the ———— regiment. I must inform you, indeed, that the discipline in our regiment was very severe. We had at our head a gentleman, who sat in parliament for ————shire, and who seemed to put a much higher value on his dignity as a member of the House of Commons, than as the commandant of one of the finest battalions in his Majesty's service. There is no accounting for taste, neither would it have signified to us the value of an old tobacco-pipe, had not the general of our brigade chanced to take a totally different view of the subject. But the consequence of their difference was, that the men of the ———— were liable

to perpetual annoyances,—the general tormenting us in order to punish our commanding officer, and the colonel punishing right and left as often as he got angry with the general. If I recollect right, it was this that produced a feeling in Tims's mind, such as he could not overcome. He had been himself reduced from the rank of sergeant; he had been repeatedly sent to drill; and more than all, had witnessed the degradation and punishment of men whom he loved and respected; and nothing would serve him but to get out of the regiment, by a fair exchange if such could be effected, if not by desertion.

"His wish was at last accomplished. In the ———— there was a youth who had a brother in ours, to whom he was very desirous of being united, and the two colonels making no objection, we got the recruit, and Tims went to the ————. He carried with him the esteem and respect of all his comrades; and as the two corps chanced to be quartered together, we saw almost as much of him after he had changed his facings, as while he continued a member of our own light company.

"Col. ——, of the ——, was then accounted a very strict officer. He became, I believe, afterwards in every thing the soldier's friend; and I don't mean to say that even then his motives were faulty. But he entertained the idea, happily now exploded throughout the army, that the only way to preserve discipline in a regiment is to govern with extreme severity. Among other schemes which he adopted to keep the men sober was this. In Sicily we had an allowance of wine daily—a pint for each man, and it was sufficient. Of course the drunkards did not think so, and wine being very cheap in that country, every man that felt disposed to get himself and his comrades into trouble, possessed abundant opportunities of doing so. Colonel ——, in order to put a stop to this, issued an order, that as often as a man should be found drunk when warned for parade or duty, not only his wine but the wine of the whole company should be stopped. It was a rash, and I must add, an unjust regulation, which while it punished the innocent, served in no degree to restrain or reform the guilty; for the soldier who can so far disgrace

himself as to come drunk for duty, is not the sort of person to be acted upon by any regard for the feelings or comforts of his comrades. Nevertheless, the system was persevered in with the utmost rigour, and it led to the following result.

"In the same company with Tims, who soon rose by his good behaviour to the rank of corporal, was a man called Smith; one of those determined rascals with whom there is no dealing; a fellow who earned a flogging regularly once a month, and was seldom more than a week at a time out of hospital. If he saw the gallows before him, and was assured that he should hang for it the next hour, Smith could not have kept himself sober, provided wine or spirits were within his reach; and the consequence was that the men of his company suffered on his account so much, that their patience could scarce hold out. It chanced on a certain occasion, after Smith had been, as usual, about a week returned to his duty, that he appeared drunk at guard-mounting. There was no hiding the circumstance, neither indeed

did the man deserve to be screened; so he was ordered to the rear, stripped of his arms and accoutrements, and sent to the guard-house. Tims was likewise on guard, and went to his post with a sad countenance, which, as his fellow-soldiers afterwards remarked, grew more and more gloomy in proportion as the hour for relief came round. At last he was relieved, and with the men of his company, who had taken the same tour of duty, he returned to his barrack-room. Not long afterwards the regiment was ordered under arms to witness a punishment. Smith had been tried as soon as he became sober, found guilty, and sentenced to a flogging; and the parade was formed in order that the award of the court might as promptly as possible be carried into execution.

"The regiment was drawn up in three sides of a square; the prisoner was marched forward; the proceedings of the court-martial were read aloud; and the colonel declared his determination not to abate one lash. Something, moreover, seemed to have ruffled him that day; for before he commanded the prisoner to strip, he desired

Corporal Tims to step forward, and began to blame him severely, in the hearing of the whole parade, for Smith's misconduct.

'You are the corporal of his squad, sir,' said he, 'and I hold you responsible for his behaviour, as well as for that of the squad in general; indeed, if I served you right, I should reduce you to the ranks for neglect of duty; but I will not go so far this time. Only mark my words, and let all the non-commissioned officers of the regiment observe them also: I am determined to put a stop to drunkenness; and if they will not assist me of their own accord, I will try whether I cannot devise some means of compelling their assistance. You may go back to the ranks, sir. Your wine, and the wine of the whole company, is stopped for a month.'

'This is very hard, colonel,' replied Tims, saluting his commanding officer with great respect. ''Tis very hard both upon me and the rest of us. Our wine has been stopped these five months for that one man. What can we do with him?'

'Do!' cried the colonel in a passion. 'Shoot him if you will. I don't care what you do, so that you keep him from disgracing me and the whole regiment.'

'Very well, sir,' answered Tims; and then turning round he cried aloud, 'Comrades! you hear what the colonel has said. I will do you one service, at all events. For myself, I don't care what the consequences may be, but you shall never again be harassed to death for such a thing as this.'

"There was a profound silence on the parade, so that Tims's voice was heard throughout as distinctly as a bell is heard at midnight. Neither did anybody make the least attempt to interrupt him, when, turning away from the colonel, he placed himself close to Smith, in such a direction as left in the prisoner's rear a space perfectly open. I cannot tell whether we were surprised at the movement, for the whole thing passed in shorter time than I have taken to describe it, though now my impression is that my own mind, at least, misgave me. But the result could not have been anti-

cipated by any one. It was this: Tims clapped the muzzle of his firelock to Smith's temple, and shot him dead on the spot.

'Now,' exclaimed he, casting away his weapon, 'take me, and do with me what you will. My life has been a burthen to me these six months past; and if by making it the sacrifice I can obtain better treatment for the regiment, I shall think it well bestowed.'

"I cannot venture to describe the effect that was produced on the minds of all who witnessed the deed. Its consequences to poor Tims were inevitable. He was disarmed, ironed, put into the black hole, tried, and condemned to be hanged—a sentence which was carried into execution soon afterwards. So universal, however, was the regret experienced for his fate, and so high the esteem in which his comrades held him, that, the very night after, the men both of the ———— and ———— regiments stole out of their quarters after roll-call, and tore down the gibbet. But that was not all: Colonel ——, as I have already said, a just and kind-hearted man by nature, was so deeply affected by the occurrence, that from that hour

he changed his system of managing his regiment. Lax and remiss he never became, but he always tempered justice with mercy; and he found, as officers invariably do, who possess good sense enough to draw the line properly, that there is at least as much to be done with the men by kindness judiciously applied, as by severity.—That is my story; now tell me one in return; for I have nothing more to say."

There was a silence of some minutes' duration after the captain ceased to speak, and his comrades looked as men are apt to do when such a tale has been repeated in their hearing.

"Your's is a melancholy yarn, Dan," at length observed a one-armed corporal; "but I can match it. Your colonel may have been hasty, and we all know that he was unwise; but at least he was neither cowardly nor treacherous. Now listen to me, and I will tell you of a non-commissioned officer that was both, and of a good man who became his victim.

"You must know that I, too, served in the Mediterranean, and that the circumstance which I am going to describe came to pass much about the same time with your tragedy.

In the same regiment with me, there was a man named Lednor, a good man, ay a religious man, unusual as, I am sorry to say, it then was to find a soldier religious. Lednor had once been a sergeant, though for some offence or other, so trifling in itself that I cannot recollect its nature, he was reduced to the ranks. I remember, indeed, that the thing could not be avoided; that it was not through any undue severity on the colonel's part, for, God bless him! though a strict man, he was not, like yours, a cruel or a capricious man. But you know that in garrison and brigade military faults will sometimes be committed by the best of men, which the best of commanding officers dare not overlook, however willing. Such then was Lednor's case; who did not cease, when a private, to support the good character which he had maintained while a sergeant, and who was, I have reason to know, marked out for promotion again on the first opportunity. Poor fellow! his promotion was not of the kind which either he or his comrades expected.

"When the ——— lay at Malta in 1814, there was at the head of the garrison

what is called a peculiarly smart officer, that is to say, a gentleman who would never be content unless everything relating to the soldier was in apple-pie order, and thought it necessary to ascertain from time to time, with his own eyes, that his regulations were rigidly enforced. Among other matters which gave him great concern may be enumerated his care of the men's barrack-rooms. No article which might have been in use, was on any account whatever to be left lying about. The men's brushes, their combs, their necessaries in general, were to be packed in their knapsacks regularly every day; indeed, the fact of having a morsel of bread on the outside of his havresack instead of within, would have subjected the unfortunate culprit to punishment. Now, I am not going to find fault with the general because he had an especial regard to order. We all know that a slovenly barrack-room is the most comfortless of dens, and that the soldier who is allowed to be careless in his quarters, will soon become careless in the field also. But there are limits within which even the love of order might be circumscribed. General ——, however, did

not seem to feel this; and all our officers were compelled, in self-defence, to become, some to a greater and some to a less degree, positive martinets.

"I need not tell you that it is customary for the officer of the day to inspect the barracks when the regiment is on parade, and that an orderly sergeant attends him. We had in our corps a Sergeant Barnet—a man whom nobody liked, a sneaking, bullying, yet fawning chap—who favoured one man and not another, not through any regard for the good of the service, but from motives of selfish convenience. He had made up very much to Lednor while the latter was a sergeant as well as himself; and it was always a subject of surprise how Lednor, a really good man, could tolerate the society of a sneak like Barnet. Yet so it was; and, either because he knew that Lednor's reduction was only temporary, or because he made of his good-nature a positive convenience, the intimacy between the two men did not cease, after Lednor had lost his stripes. For Sergeant Barnet being a married man, and Lednor single, the latter was able to do to the former

frequent acts of kindness, which the former was ever prompt to receive, and, to say the truth, was nowise backward to acknowledge.

"The regiment was one day on parade, when Sergeant Barnet, acting as orderly, went with the officer to visit the barrack-rooms. Among others, they came to that in which Lednor slept, and lo! his shoe-brushes lay on the top of his knapsack, which was likewise unbuckled.

'Whose brushes are these?' demanded the officer. The sergeant told him. 'Ah! I am surprised at that,' said the officer; 'he is an orderly man in general: I did not expect to find his berth in this state. However, there's no help for it. Let him go to drill, in heavy marching order, for nine days, and see that his wine is stopped.' Now, the being sent to drill at the period of which I speak, was another sort of affair from the drilling that goes on at present. Men were marched about, with all their baggage and equipments upon them, from day-light till dark, never resting except during the space of time allowed for eating their provisions. Nine days' drill, therefore, particularly when accompanied by the stopping of one's wine, was a

heavy punishment; and probably there was not another officer in the regiment who would have ordered it on such an occasion as this. But the officer in question was a severe man, and, as Sergeant Barnet knew him to be so, he himself neglected to state how poor Lednor's brushes came to be out of their place. The fact of the matter was this—Sergeant Barnet himself coming home just as the drums were beating for parade, had no time to go to his own berth, and there clean his shoes, but, running into Lednor's, he took the poor fellow's brushes out of his knapsack, and having used, forgot to put them by. If he had been man enough to state this, it is probable that even the officer then on duty would have overlooked it. But his courage failed him; he received the officer's commands, and the inspection went forward.

"As soon as the inspection was ended, Sergeant Barnet sought out Lednor, and told him with all possible abruptness that he was ordered for drill.

'Why so?' said Lednor, very much surprised. 'What crime have I committed?'

'Oh, I don't know;' was the reply. 'Your

berth was out of order, and you must go to drill.'

'That is impossible, Sergeant Barnet,' answered Lednor. 'I packed everything up just before the last drum beat, and I am sure none of my comrades would play me so vile a trick as to pull them about after I was gone.'

'That 's no concern of mine,' replied Sergeant Barnet, striving to stifle the reproaches of his own heart by working himself up into a rage. 'My orders are to send you to drill, and I am bound to see them obeyed. So, put on your pack and accoutrements, and march off immediately, if you don't desire that worse should come of it.'

"Lednor was a thoroughly good man, yet he was only a man after all. He could not refuse obedience to the command of a superior; but he lost no time in commencing such a series of inquiries as made him, in the end, fully aware of all the circumstances of his own case. No change was, however, perceptible in his manner. From day to day he underwent his punishment, and at last wore it out. And now, having returned to his room at the conclusion of his nine

days' drill, he found that, in addition to his three comrades, Sergeant Barnet was there. He took no notice of the sergeant. He made no return to his salutation, but, unbuckling both belts and knapsack, he hung up the former on their proper nail, and placed the other at the head of his bed. His bayonet, however, had not been wiped; so he drew it from the sheath, and passed it once or twice through his hand, which was moist with perspiration. Sergeant Barnet stood at that moment with his face towards the window, so that Lednor was in his rear. The temptation was too strong for Lednor. He made a lunge with his weapon, and the sergeant, springing from the ground, cried aloud, 'I am wounded.'

'I could not do it,' exclaimed Lednor, casting the bayonet from him. 'Some power held back my arm. He deserves to die, but I could not kill him.'

"Nor was he killed. The point of the bayonet penetrated the flesh about an inch, but no vital part was struck, and the sergeant walked out of the berth unassisted, and withdrew to his own quarters.

"Though no murder had been committed, it was evident to all who witnessed the deed, as well as to the unhappy perpetrator himself, that in the eye of the law he was just as guilty as if Sergeant Barnet had died upon the spot. The consequences, also, were never for a moment doubtful. He neither attempted to escape, nor offered the smallest resistance to the guard, which entered immediately to secure him, and he was borne off to the black-hole with a settled conviction on his mind that nothing could save him. It is true that the whole story no sooner went abroad, than by all ranks and classes he was pitied; nay, there were those in authority who would have willingly screened him had he been disposed to purchase life at the expense of an untruth. For the judge-advocate, among others, visited him in his cell, and implored him not to confess. 'Say only,' was that humane functionary's advice, 'say only that it was an accident, and, my word for it, we will get you off. You had been all day at drill—you had tasted no wine for a week—you were very much enfeebled, and, when in the act of wiping your bayonet, you fell upon

the sergeant. Take up this line of defence, and you may be got through.'

'No Sir,' replied Lednor calmly, 'I will not purchase life by such a gross violation of the truth. I did mean to kill him, and must suffer the punishment which so grave an offence deserves. But I am alone in the world now, and my life will have been well spent if it produce the effect of screening innocent men from the tyranny of such as he.'

"Lednor adhered to his determination. When the day of trial came, he admitted at once that his design had been to rid the regiment of a tyrant; nor could he account for his failure except by attributing so unexpected an issue to some higher power by which his arm had been held back. Under such circumstances the court had but one course to pursue. He was condemned to die the soldier's death, by shooting. Never for a moment had he looked for any other result, nor did he express the smallest wish to have the sentence commuted; but he had a petition to present to the colonel, and the colonel visited him in his cell to receive it.

'What is it that you desire, Lednor?' said

the commanding officer, very much affected. 'I am too sincerely grieved to see you in this situation to think of denying you anything which it is in my power to grant. What can be done for you?'

'This, Sir, and only this,' replied Lednor with perfect calmness — 'that you will order Sergeant Barnet to command the party by whom I am to be shot.'

"The colonel gazed at the man with astonishment. 'Why so?' demanded he; 'what benefit could you derive from that?'

'No matter, sir,' was the answer; 'such is my request, and I pray you not to reject it.'

"Word came to Sergeant Barnet, that such a petition had been presented, and it cut him to the quick. The wound had proved to be so very slight that he had refused to go into the hospital, and though exempt from parades, continued to walk about as usual. But no sooner was he informed of the strange request which Lednor had advanced, than his heart sank within him. He became seriously ill. He put himself at once upon the doctor's list, and never afterwards was fit for duty. As to Lednor, his fate was a me-

lancholy one, even to the last. He was taken out on the day appointed, and with some difficulty persuaded to have the cap drawn over his eyes; but the party failed even then to do their work correctly. They all loved him; they were nervous and unsteady, and only two balls out of twelve took effect. These struck him backwards for a moment, but he was immediately on his feet again. Upon which the provost's sergeant ran up, and shot him through the head with a carbine. Such was the fate of as good a soldier as any in the king's service; and such my tale of punishment. Who can match it in point of severity?"

"As we 've got upon the subject," interposed one whose shattered frame gave evidence of no ordinary service, "I will try my hand at a yarn too. I don't know whether it will go beyond, I doubt whether it can come up to, either of yours; but this I perfectly recollect, that never did man suffer amid such a universal lamentation, as the poor fellow whose fate I am going to describe.

"The regiment to which I belonged was quartered, in the year 1812, at Zante, one of

the Ionian islands. It was the custom of the garrison then to furnish out-lying pickets, which relieved one another about ten o'clock in the morning, at posts which were distant from the city about five miles. Now, whatever may be thought of pickets when an enemy is in front, by us they were regarded as mere relaxations. The men told off for that duty escaped, what all the rest of the garrison had, a tedious drill of five or six hours' continuance; and all of us looked forward to the season when our turn should come, as schoolboys anticipate a holiday. You have both alluded to the prevalent offence of that period,—drinking. We were not more free from it than other corps, though our commanding officer used every possible exertion to repress it. But I am afraid that it was — I wish I could add, that it no longer is, the British soldier's vice; the correction of which would render him, what no soldier ever yet was, or probably ever will be, quite perfect. But I have no concern with that matter at present; let me tell my story.

"In our grenadier company there was a man called Jem Corns, a tall, strapping, pow-

erful fellow — somewhat given to drinking, to be sure, but no sot, and never, as far as I know, incapable of doing his duty. It was his turn, as well as mine, on a certain day, to go upon picket, and we fell in, as usual, for inspection. Jem had acted imprudently that morning. He had drunk a glass or two of aquardente, just enough to make his face red, but not sufficient to unsettle him; and, the sergeant who inspected us happening to be a taught hand, Jem's imprudence did not escape him.

'You are drunk! Corns,' was the sergeant's address; 'you are not fit for picket. You must fall to the rear.'

"Now, Jem felt that he was not unfit for picket, though the fatigue of a field-day might have possibly upset him; so he denied the charge as peremptorily as it was advanced, and hesitated to obey the order. The sergeant most improperly struck him with his cane. I saw Jem's cheek flush to a deep colour, but he said not a word. He quitted his place in the front rank, and retired behind the line.

"All this occurred previous to the arrival of

the officer, who came up, however, immediately afterwards, and demanded, as usual, whether everything was right? whether the party was complete, and the men sober?

'All sober, sir,' replied the sergeant, 'except Corns. He is drunk; and I made him fall out.'

'Hulloa, Corns!' cried the officer, 'how is this? how come you to be drunk on such an occasion as this?'

'I am not drunk, sir,' answered Corns. 'I don't deny that I have taken a glass, but I am quite fit for picket, and I hope you won't take away my turn.'

'Silence! sir,' exclaimed the officer, 'or I will send you to the guardhouse.'

"Now, you must know, that this officer was a very sharp hand, and Jem did not particularly like him. They had never, indeed, had words before, because he was not of our company; but it was known to us all that he was very free in dealing his blows about, and that he had even cut one man in the calf of the leg with his sword. Had Jem been without his glass, the circumstance would have either not

occurred to him at all, or having done so, it would have produced no effect upon his feelings; for Corns was a good soldier, and on common occasions particularly civil. But to-day he was just so far beside himself as to be ripe for a dispute, no matter who the party might be which should seem to provoke it. He accordingly repeated his denial of the charge brought against him, and reiterated his demand to be sent with his comrades to the outpost. The officer could not endure this: he, too, got into passion, and Jem was ordered into confinement.

"Had the officer permitted the thing to drop here, as almost any other person in his situation would have done, no great harm would have come out of it. Jem would have been tried by a court-martial, doubtless, and received his punishment. But punishment for such offences, as you all know, never degrades a soldier in the eyes of his comrades; degradation being the consequence of a degrading crime, by no means of a fault which is purely military. The officer, however, was a hot-headed man; and perceiving that Jem continued to remonstrate and complain when given in charge to a

corporal's party, he had the excessive imprudence to draw his sword and to walk after him.

'If I hear you speak another word, you rascal,' cried he, 'I will cut you down!'

"Jem was already on the verge of madness, and the threat thus uttered carried him beyond it. He had his musket, with the bayonet fixed, in his hands, and turning sharp round, he brought it to the charge, right opposite to the officer's breast.

'You have cut down others,' cried he, 'but never, while I have this to defend myself with, shall you cut down me.' Then flinging the firelock from him, he doubled his fists. 'Come on, if you dare,' he continued: 'your sword against my fists; come on, and see who 'll get the worst of it.'

"I have not a word to say in defence of such outrageous conduct. It was the act either of an insane person or a mutineer, and it could not be overlooked. Jem was seized, manacled, and dragged to the black hole; whence, as soon as a court could be assembled, he was led forth to trial. The evidence against him was but too clear, the proofs of his guilt too unerring;

and, his crime amounting to mutiny in what might be called the enemy's presence, only one sentence could be awarded. He was condemned to be shot. Yet, I can't tell how it came to pass, there was at this time no authority on the island competent to carry such a sentence into effect. The consequence was, that the proceedings of the court-martial were sent to England for the Prince Regent's approval, and nearly eight months elapsed ere his royal highness's will became known.

"During this protracted period Jem Corns was treated with as much of humanity as was at all compatible with his situation. He received the ordinary diet of a soldier; he was permitted to walk round the ramparts, attended by a single sentinel; and an opinion came to be very generally entertained that with him 'the bitterness of death was passed.' Jem never came into the notion of his friends. 'They cannot pardon me,' was his sole answer to such as talked to him of a prolongation of his days. 'I have been guilty of mutiny, and to spare my life might cause the crime to be committed by others, and so cost many lives.

I am just as much at a loss as you are to account for the delay, but, depend upon it, I shall suffer.' Accordingly, he never once ceased to make ready for the great change which impended; and he became at last so calm and so resigned, that I question whether the announcement of a commutation of his sentence would not have disappointed him.

"It was towards the close of the eighth month from the date of his trial, that Jem leaned one morning over the ramparts, and watched, with the sentry who had charge of him, a vessel, as she made her way slowly towards the harbour. The signals which streamed from her mast-head soon showed them that she was a packet, and from her rig and build they were at no loss to determine that she came from Falmouth.

'Here comes my death-warrant,' said Jem, turning to his guard; 'I am sure that the order for my execution is on board that ship.' The sentry tried first to laugh, and then to reason him out of this idea, but he failed by either method to accomplish his purpose. And the event proved that Jem's forebodings had

not misled him. That packet did bring the minutes of the court-martial, with his royal highness's approval, the latter having, as was pretty well understood, been extorted, not without great reluctance on the part of the Prince. However, that is neither here nor there. Jem's death-warrant was read, and orders were issued for the execution at an early hour next morning.

"As soon as the fact was communicated to him, Jem shut himself up in his cell, and spent the whole of that day, and a large portion of the night, at his devotions. The only person, indeed, whom he would see, was the chaplain; and of food he scarcely partook at all. But when he came forth next morning, so far was he from being weakened by his fast that I never saw him march more firmly, or look round with a more undaunted countenance. Jem was an excellent singer; and ever since his trial had taken especial delight in church-music. He now sang, as he proceeded to the place of execution, the 104th Psalm; and so clear and full, and unbroken was his voice, that we heard it distinctly over all the in-

struments in the band. At last we reached the fatal spot, an empty space in the gorge of a bastion, the inner face in the parapet of which had been newly plastered and fronted with a sort of stucco. With his back to this wall, he was directed to kneel down; and he agreed to do so as soon as he should have shaken hands with the men of his company, and bid them farewell. I have witnessed many affecting scenes, as you may imagine, but I never saw anything like that. He was permitted to go through the ranks, and each man, as he gave him his hand, burst into tears. He was turning away, when he observed, resting with his face on the rampart, the officer for mutinous conduct towards whom his life was forfeited.

'Mr. ——,' said he, 'I hope you, too, will shake hands with me. I bear you no ill-will—I hope that you bear me none. I deserve my fate, and I pray God that my blood may not lie heavy on your conscience.'

"The officer gave him his hand, but he shed no tear, though his face was deadly pale; and he immediately afterwards staggered from the

parade in a fainting condition. Meanwhile Jem took his station. He besought the commanding officer to exempt him from the humiliation of having the nightcap drawn over his eyes, and assured him in the most pathetic terms that he would not flinch. But the colonel could not consent. He judged, and with great reason, that the sight of their comrade's features would probably render the firing party unsteady, and he would not run the risk of that merely to indulge a fancy in itself so little reasonable.

'Well! comrades,' cried Jem, as he knelt down and permitted his face to be covered, 'I will obey my commanding officer to the last. And mark me—Don't be afraid. Take good aim, fire steady, and let every ball hit me. See, I turn to you a good front.'

"He faced full towards them; and the few words which he spoke were as clear and as firm as if he had been giving orders to a platoon to fire with blank cartridge; neither was his manner without its effect on the party. They became quite cool and collected; and on the signal being given, they fired with such accuracy that

not a ball missed its mark. All went clean through him into the stucco beyond, and he died without groan or struggle.

"I can't tell you what became of the officer who brought Jem to his court-martial. We never saw him again, and I rather think that he sold his commission, and quitted the service."

CHAPTER II.

In which the subject of conversation is changed.

"WELL, comrades," interposes a sergeant—a fine old fellow, with a singularly comic expression of face—"you have told the gentlemen so many stories about hanging, and shooting, and so forth, that it 's ten to one if they don't leave us impressed with an idea that there is no such thing as fun at all in the army. For my part, I have had to deal with smart officers as well as the rest of you, but somehow or other I never came badly out of such dealings. I 'll tell you what once happened, and if my tale do not end quite so tragically as yours, why that 's no fault of mine.

"The regiment to which I belonged occupied, in the year 1808, the town of Messina, having for its partner in doing the duty of the

garrison, the 21st or Scotch Fusileers. Colonel Adam then commanded the 21st—as taught a hand as need be, but a good officer too, and perfectly just in all his dealings. His name, however, was up in the place, and we were all confoundedly afraid of him; for he did his own duty strictly, and he would never allow other people to neglect theirs. In particular, it was his custom, when field-officer of the day, to visit the guards when he was least expected, and never to overlook the negligence either of officers or men if he found them napping. He once served me a nice trick, though I got the best of it in the end, and became a mighty favourite with him ever afterwards.

"The main guard consisted of a captain, two subalterns, three sergeants, four corporals, two drummers, and eighty rank-and-file; and the guard-house stood at no great distance from Colonel Adam's quarters. It happened, on a certain occasion, that I was senior sergeant of that guard when Colonel Adam chanced to be field-officer of the day. It happened, too, that he visited us a few hours after guard-mounting, at a moment when all the officers were absent.

I saw him coming, and sent off one of the drummers to look for them, but none of them arrived till after the guard had been formed, and the colonel had expressed himself very much annoyed at their conduct. At last the lieutenant made his appearance.

'Where have you been, sir? and where is your captain?'

'He is visiting the sentries, sir.'

'And the other officer?'

'I suppose he is doing the same thing, sir.'

"The colonel fumed and fretted for a minute or two, but appeared to credit the story; so he desired that they would never again be absent all at the same time from their guard, and rode away.

"Now men," says I, as soon as we were dismissed, "I advise you to look out. He'll be in upon us again, sooner or later, and woe be to us if he don't find everything in the nicest order. Accordingly, there never was such regularity at the main-guard as prevailed throughout the remainder of the day; and when night came, we were more than ever determined not to relax in our vigilance.

"As a measure of precaution, I charged the men not to lie down till after the grand-rounds should have passed. They obeyed me very rigidly, and kept walking backwards and forwards in front of the guard-house till past eleven o'clock. The officers, of course, took their own way, and retired into their own apartments, of which the doors were shut, and we saw no more of them. At last, about a quarter past eleven, the flare of a lantern gave notice that the field-officer was approaching. 'Who goes there?' called the sentinel. 'Rounds.' 'What rounds?' 'Grand-rounds.' 'Turn out the guard.' It was done, sir, in the twinkling of an eye. The men were all ready, and in half a second the line was formed. And now it remained only to summon the officers, who, very much to my surprise, had not been roused by the bustle of our formation. I ran to the glass-door which separated their apartment from ours, and knocked loudly,—but no notice was taken. I knocked again,—still all was silent.

'Hulloa there!' exclaimed the colonel, 'why don't you form your line, sir?—why don't you desire me to advance?'

"I could not refuse to take this hint, so I returned to the guard, and with great reluctance required the grand-rounds to advance. They did so, and Colonel Adam immediately fell upon me.

'What is the meaning of this delay?' demanded he.

'I could not desire you to advance, sir, till I had called my officers,' replied I. 'I have called twice, but I can make nobody hear.'

'Very well, sir; do your duty,' answered he, 'and dress your guard. Your line is a very bad one.'

"I proceeded to obey his orders forthwith. 'Drummer Short, and Sergeant Slack,' cried I, 'dress back. Long and Jup, dress up.'

'What the d—l!' exclaimed the colonel, 'do you mean to insult me? Consider yourself under arrest, and go and call your officers.'

"For the life of me I could not tell how I had offended the colonel. I had only done my duty, and knowing the names of all the men in my company, I had simply made use of my knowledge. What could be wrong in that? However, this was not the time to remonstrate;

so I went again to the officers' room, and again knocked and called without receiving any answer. I then burst the door open, and found the three gentlemen stretched on their sofas, black in the face, and a pan of charcoal burning beside them. The mystery was now solved; they were insensible, from the effects of the poisoned atmosphere; and, had they been left a few minutes longer in that state, must have perished. But, by dragging them out at once into the open air, we restored them to their senses, and they were soon able to return to their duty.

"Well, the night passed, and in the morning I was still in arrest, when after breakfast I received an order from our own commanding officer to attend him. I went to his quarters, where I found Colonel Adam; and the following scene occurred.

'Sergeant,' said my own colonel, 'what is the meaning of this? Colonel Adam tells me that he has been obliged to put you in arrest—what have you been doing?'

'Nothing, sir,' says I, 'as I know of. I tried to do my duty, and knowing that Colonel

Adam was a taught hand, I was more than commonly on the alert. My officers were absent, to be sure, but I could not help that; and the colonel himself knows that they could not help it neither. I think I am the party aggrieved. Did the colonel find anything irregular about my guard?"

'I have nothing to lay to your charge in that respect,' says Colonel Adam. 'You had your line formed time enough, and everything else was in order. But do you think that I will allow you, or any other man, to make songs upon me?'

'Songs, sir!' says I. 'I never thought of such a thing.'

'No!' cries the colonel. 'Didn't you say, when I desired you to dress your line—

Short and Slack,
Dress back—
Long and Jup,
Dress up.'

"There was no standing this. I thought my own colonel would have dropped from his chair, and Colonel Adam himself, who drawled out the names with the queerest tone imagi-

nable, joined in the laugh too. Neither could I restrain myself; and for a minute we all roared again. But Colonel Adam was the first to recover.

'Now, will you say,' cried he, 'after this, that you did not mean to insult me?'

'To be sure I will, sir,' says I. 'Sergeant Slack, and Drummer Short, and Long and Jup all belong to my own company; and I refer you to the colonel whether it is not so.'

The colonel could scarce control himself sufficiently to assure Colonel Adam that I spoke the truth, and then, Lord, how he did shriek! But the short and long of the matter was this: Colonel Adam gave me the best glass of Hollands I had tasted since I left England, thrust a couple of dollars into my hand, begged that I would return to my duty; and was my steady friend ever after. Now, that's what I got for encountering one of your smart officers."

"That reminds me," exclaims another of the party, "of a circumstance that befell at Jersey, when I was serving out my time there in a veteran battalion. There was a post in the island, to arrive at which the guard was

obliged to march over a long flat piece of sandy beach, passable only at particular hours in the day, because entirely overflowed at high water. I was ordered for this guard one boisterous day in November. The wind blew as if it would have blown its last, and from time to time a smart shower came from the westward, to avoid which both men and officers were glad to face about, and cower under the shelter of their great coats. You may believe, that men marching on such a day and in such a place, would not keep their ranks very correctly. In fact, we straggled tremendously, and our officers, moving one in front, the other in rear, had too much sense to take notice of the circumstance. Well, on we trudged, thinking of nothing at all, but the wind and the rain that beat upon us; when all at once who should meet us but the general, a confoundedly sharp old fellow, with a timber-toe, and a pair of lantern jaws, and a small grey eye that could look you through and through, as easily as you would say Jack Robinson. The general had a great notion of how guards and pickets ought to march. Though he himself, therefore,

could hardly make head against the storm, and kept his cloak and hat together only by holding on with might and main; he no sooner came within ear-shot, than he hollowed out in an angry tone,

'What's the meaning of this? Why don't you lock up? Was there ever such unsoldier-like marching?'

"Then addressing himself to the officer who led, he exclaimed, 'What's your name, sir? what's your name?'

"The officer holding his right hand up to his ear, and half-lifting his face towards the general, replied, 'Watt, sir.'

'What's your name, I say?' repeated the general, in a towering passion.

'Watt, sir,' answered the officer again, still holding his hand behind his ear.

'Did ever man hear the like of this?' cried the testy general, and turning to one of the men, he cried, 'Who commands this company? what's the name of the captain commanding this company?'

'Witch, sir,' answered the man as loud as he could bawl.

'Why this, to be sure, this company. What's the name of the officer commanding it?'

'Witch, sir,' again replied the soldier in a still louder tone than before. This was repeated several times, till at last the general became so angry, that he ordered the whole party to halt, and turning his back to the wind began to harangue them.

'I've been forty years in the service, and never in the whole course of my career, have I witnessed insolence to a superior to be compared with this. I meet an armed party, and find fault with the order of march; I desire the officer leading to tell me his name, and instead of that, he persists in saying "What, sir? What, sir?" as if he could not hear me. I then address myself to one of the men, and desire to be informed who commands the company, and his answer is, "Which, sir? Which, sir?" when it is evident there is but one company here. Now, do you really suppose I am going to believe that you are all deaf, or stupid, or that, being persuaded of the contrary, I can look upon your behaviour as other than a stu-

died insult to myself? No, by ——; and as sure as you have given the insult, you shall reap the reward of it. Come forward the captain commanding.'

" The captain did step forward. He had, up to this moment, been in the rear, and could not conceive why there should have been a check in the line of march.

' I desire to know your name, sir?' demanded the general.

' Witch, sir,' replied the officer; ' Captain Witch, of the —— veteran battalion.'

" The general stared. ' And your name, sir?' addressing himself to the officer to whom he had first spoken.

' Watt, sir; Lieutenant Watt,' was the reply.

The old fellow could not stand this; neither indeed could we. He burst into a roar of laughter, in which we all joined heartily. ' Oh then, by my soul, my good fellows,' said he at last, ' there 's been no insult after all, but a mistake entirely on my side. This officer answered correctly enough when he told me his name was What; that man was not farther out when he answered Which to my question. Go

your ways, and I 'll order you some grog to make amends for your halt in the rain. But, for God's sake, don't keep a What and Which in the same company any longer, else more mistakes will happen.'

" You may suppose we trudged on, after this, in better spirits than before; and many a good laugh we had over the What and the Which during the time that the battalion continued to hold together."

" Oh, if you 're on the subject of fun," interposed a third veteran, " I 'll tell my story too. It was no joke at the time it happened — the accident which I am going to describe,— but I 've often laughed myself at the recollection of it, and you may laugh too, if you are so disposed.

" You must know, that I began my military life as a militia-man. When Billy Pitt raised his supplementary forces, in the year 1798, I enlisted in the West Middlesex, and was sent with my regiment to do duty at Gosport over the French prisoners, who, to the amount of some thousands, lay in a temporary erection, called Fortune Prison. The prison itself was

a queer sort of a place, built by contract, and of course very insecure, having a low ground-work of brick, about four feet from the foundation, and all above made of boards, pitched without and plastered within. It was surrounded outside by a palisade, between which and the dead wall of the pile was a lane, some twelve feet in width; and along the outer circumference of that palisade the sentries took post day and night, to the number of thirty. Each man had, of course, his box, and each box was numbered, so that we might never commit any mistakes as to our stations; and the guard that mounted every four-and-twenty hours to supply the reliefs, consisted of a captain, two subalterns, two sergeants, four corporals, and a hundred and twenty privates.

"I was quite a recruit when we arrived at Gosport, so had all the process of drill to go through; which I accomplished within a reasonable time enough, and was pronounced fit for duty. It soon came to my turn to mount guard; and I was sent, together with detachments from some older corps, to take the duty at Fortune Prison. A first guard is always a

nervous thing to a young soldier; and there were circumstances attending this which made even the veteran think of it gravely. For there were some desperate characters among the people whom we were appointed to watch, and nobody could tell how soon they might attempt to force an egress. Nor was this all. There was one post in particular, numbered eleven, of a very ominous cast, where several sentries had been assassinated already; and more were expected to suffer. I must describe it more fully, in order that you may the better go along with me in my narrative.

"Number eleven sentry-box stood at a point in the circle which looked towards the town; close to it was the mouth of a blind alley, that communicated with the yard of the Blue Boar, and the yard wall itself came in upon the post so closely as to throw the sentinel into a narrow lane. Besides this, number eleven was the only station where no light was permitted to be shown. Elsewhere lanterns were hung up upon the palisades, by means of which the sentries could distinguish a little what might be going on around them; but here, either because

it faced the sea, or for some other cogent reason, which was never explained to me, no light could be exhibited. The consequence was, that facilities were offered at this point to the French prisoners, of which they frequently availed themselves. If the sentry was the sort of man to be gained over by a bribe, they gave him money to shut his eyes, and escaladed the palisade; if he refused to be tampered with, and they were determined to go off, they watched their opportunity and put him to death. More than one man had been stabbed when on that post; a fate which had overtaken a soldier of the Flintshire, only two nights before it came to my turn to mount the guard.

"I was not marked out for this station, for my number was not eleven; and I had no business to go there. But I was a young hand in the midst of old ones, and they bullied me into the post of danger. 'Oh, hang him, he 's only one of Billy Pitt's Tear-droppers; he shall go to the wall. If anybody must die, better that a Tear-dropper should be the man than an old soldier.' Well, I did not like, at the very commencement of my career, to do an unkind thing

by reporting my comrades, and getting them into trouble; so I yielded with as good a grace as I could put on, and consented to take number eleven. While the daylight lasted, the arrangement gave me no uneasiness; I was just as safe there as anywhere else;—but when night set in, with a fearful storm of wind and rain, my heart sadly misgave me. I grew more and more uneasy as the hour drew nigh which was to see me marched off, and at last I made a final appeal to the sergeant.

'It 's no use bothering now,' was the affectionate reply. 'If you determined to make a fuss about it, you ought to have done so in time; but I am not going to alter the whole arrangement of the guard to please a nincompoop like you.'

'That 's what I call nice,' says I to myself; and away I trudged to take my place in the relief.

"It was nine o'clock when thirty fresh hands marched from the guard-house. There was no occasion to load, for that was done every morning at guard-relieving in the sight of the prisoners, and we never drew our charges till we went

off duty; therefore, we had only to support arms, face to the right, and move on. I think I never was out in a more tempestuous night. The wind roared through the chimneys of the prison; the rain came down as if from buckets; and the darkness was so profound that you could not see a yard before you.

'Mind that you keep a particular look-out,' was the sergeant's parting injunction to each of us as we took possession of our posts. 'This is just the sort of night when the rascals are likely to try some desperate measure; so don't close your eyes or ears for a moment, and be sure to give the alarm on the very first move.'

"These were his instructions to others. To me he was even more kind than to the rest. 'I say, Will,' said he, 'mind what you 're up to. It was just such a night as this when the poor Flintshire man got stuck; and you 've no lantern, you know, like the others; so be alive, my man, and take care of yourself. We 'll be with you in a crack, as soon as we hear your shot or call.'

'Monstrous pleasant,' thinks I; 'how very civil he is. It would have been quite as agree-

able though, if he had got me out of the scrape altogether, by restoring me to my proper place on the roster.' But it was no use growling, so I promised to be as watchful as a lynx, and was left alone.

"We had no great-coats then, as soldiers have now, each made to fit a particular wearer, but in every sentry-box a coat was hung up, and the sentry, whether tall or short, was expected to take the benefit of it. You perceive that I am no grenadier; and as the King's tailor at Gosport seemed disinclined to save his cloth, I found, on trying the coat in number eleven box, that it would hold at least two of me. The sleeves came far over my hands, the circumference would have gone round me thrice, and the skirts,—why, they were worse than a lady's train—they dragged upon the ground both behind and before, a foot at least. I felt indeed that I might have passed muster as a scarecrow when thus swathed; but as to any power either to fight or run away, I had none. I therefore hung up the benjamin again on its nail, and made up my mind to get wet in real earnest; for I had no stomach for stand-

ing still in the sentry-box. To be sure, it faced the palisade, and as one's eyes get so accustomed by degrees, even to total darkness, that you can observe objects when they are in motion, so it is possible that I might have been able to do my duty in any common case, and be under cover at the same time. But the recollection of the Flintshire man's fate, and the dread of encountering a similar, should I for a moment stand still, kept me, during the first hour and a half of my watch, in perpetual motion. And you may judge that my beat was none of the most agreeable, when I tell you, that the lane being soft and muddy, I sank at every step up to the top of the shoe. Still, on I trudged backwards and forwards, with eyes as wide awake as ever were those of Argus; and as to hearing, in spite of the whistling of the blast and the rushing of the rain, I believe that not a mouse could have stirred within the circle of the palisade and I not have known it.

"It was the regulation on the Fortune Prison guard, that every quarter of an hour the sentinels should give notice that all was well.

The cry arose with number one, who said, in a loud voice, 'Number one, and all's well;' number two then took it up, and so it went round the building till it reached number thirty. If any number omitted to catch and forward the signal, an alarm was instantly taken, and the patrol went round to ascertain the cause of his silence. I had repeated the cry either six or seven times, I don't exactly remember which, and was still, though getting deeper into the mud, and more thoroughly soaked, pacing my round, when a drain or gutter, that ran along the eaves of the prison, suddenly burst above me, and the water came down upon my head as if it had been poured out of buckets. This was too much even for me to stand; and as the front of my box was flooded nearly half leg deep, I jumped over the hollow, and reached the box itself with a bound. I felt the machine rock; but ere I could determine in my own mind the cause of its shaking, down it came flat upon the ground! It fell forward too, into the very midst of the puddle, thus putting me into as perfect a trap as ever caught mouse; with this difference in the mouse's

favour, that he is not often immersed, chin-deep, as I then was, into water. It was to no purpose that I kicked and sprawled about; it was quite as useless to roar out. No human being could hear me; and while the water rose every minute higher and higher, I felt that I was powerless.

"Well it was for me that the accident occurred just before the minute arrived for passing the cry round the building. Had it been otherwise, I must have been drowned; for it was impossible to shift my posture, which was flat upon my belly, and the only means I had of avoiding suffocation was by holding up my head, and puffing and blowing like a porpoise. How I did curse my own precipitation, and pray for the arrival of the patrol! At last the patrol did come. The sentry-box was lifted up; I was dragged out from beneath it, more dead than alive, and carried off to the officer's room, who kindly dosed me with mulled elder wine and brandy, and caused them to strip me of my wet clothes, and lay me to sleep in a blanket. You may laugh at my scrape if you please, and I can now join you very

heartily, for I never suffered the slightest inconvenience from my ducking: but when I lay under the sentry-box, like a carp in a preserving-trough, you may depend upon it I had no inclination to laugh then."

"But what was the cause of your misfortune?" we ask, as soon as our composure returns. "Sentry-boxes are not liable to be upset in ordinary cases by people jumping into them."

"Neither would mine have been," replies the old fellow, "but for the rascally Frenchmen. The fact was, that for four or five months previous to this unlucky night, the rascals had busied themselves to undermine their prison; and though their sole instrument was a piece of an iron hoop, they had succeeded in carrying a shaft clean under the sentry-box, and out by the back of a dunghill in the yard of the Blue Boar inn. The earth, too, as they scooped it out, they stowed away in their hammocks, which in three separate tiers hung always from the roof; and the mouth of the mine they masked by covering the loose bricks with drawings, such as Frenchmen delight in, and execute very skil-

fully. Ay, and more than all that: so cleverly was the work engineered, that they contrived to open out their chamber close beside a slush-hole in the yard, and in such a position towards the sentry's post, that a dung-heap came right between them and his observation. Eight or ten of them likewise had actually escaped, ere the heavy rain weakened the top of their mine so much that the weight of my body, cast suddenly into the box, forced it through. It turned out, therefore, that I could not have more effectually done my duty than in the awkward plight in which my comrades found me; for the effect of my fall was, to stop up the chamber, and send all the poor devils back again into limbo who had not stolen out ere the accident happened. You may believe that after this a more strict look-out than ever was kept. Ay, and to crown all, the party which effected their escape, after stealing a boat, and arriving within sight of Cherbourg, were all retaken by one of our cruisers, and brought back to their old quarters on a day when, as chance would have it, I was again on duty over Fortune prison."

"Nay, if that be your game," observes a fourth veteran, "I can tell my story too, though it differ somewhat from yours, and may, in the ears of the very precise, savour of profaneness. But you know that hunger puts all men to their shifts, and when bread is scarce, soldiers can't always consider whether the mode of seeking it be quite according to rule, or otherwise.

"When Sir John Moore's army was retreating through Galicia, a party of the 15th Hussars, in which regiment I then served, arrived late one night at a solitary house midway between Lugos and Valmeda. We had had nothing to eat all day, and were famishing, particularly for lack of bread, which had not crossed our lips for some time back; and as the Spanish peasants generally keep some loaves in store, it became our great object to get possession of the prize at every hazard. A close search, however, in all quarters where such things used to be found, proved unavailing, and we sat round the hearth in the kitchen, wet, weary, cold, dissatisfied, and out of humour. At last it was observed that the padrone and his wife, having seated themselves on a huge chest, near the

fireplace, could not, by entreaties, or any other device, be induced to move. 'I'll be shot,' cried a man of the horse artillery, 'if the old rascal's store of bread be not in that chest; and hang me if I don't get at it in spite of him.' We laughed, and asked him how he would proceed.

'Oh, I'll tell you how to proceed,' cried he. 'The Spaniards, you know, are a mighty pious people, and we must humour them. Let's sing a hymn on our knees, and when they see us in that attitude, the chance is much against us if they don't kneel too.'

'A hymn!' shouted we; 'what hymn?'

'Nay,' replied the artilleryman, 'I dare say you are all wretched hands at psalmody; but surely we all know "God save the King." So here goes, boys—Down with you on your marrow-bones, and up with the stave.'

"Down, accordingly, we all knelt; and with faces as grave as if we had been in church, struck up God save the King. The Spaniards stared. One of us contrived to make them understand that we were chanting a hymn to the Virgin; and sure enough they too knelt down, and put their hands together. This was

all that our friend desired. He quietly raised the lid of the trunk, withdrew half a dozen loaves, popped them into a nose-bag, and never was noticed. We had a capital supper that night, and many a good laugh afterwards at the recollection of our successful psalm-singing."

CHAPTER III.

In which a fresh topic is introduced.

"EVERYBODY knows," we observe, after a short pause, "that British troops, in all the essential qualifications that are requisite to form an army, come behind none in the world. Our system of discipline is beyond all comparison superior to that even of Prussia. Our men have a dogged and immoveable courage, of which neither French nor Germans can boast. Our tactics are more simple, our evolutions more rapidly performed, than those of any other European power; and in physical strength, and the capability of sustaining fatigue, nothing comes near us. Yet we seem to be wanting in that spirit of chivalry which some of our neighbours undeniably possess; and of intelligence, there is perhaps a less proportion in our ranks than elsewhere. How do you account for these

facts? Whence does it arise that we read of fewer instances of individual heroism among British soldiers than among the soldiers of almost every other country in Europe?"

"In the first place, sir," replies our next neighbour, "I am not quite prepared to grant your premises: in the next place, if people in general hear little about our personal exploits, it is because we have no great taste for boasting. But they who, from experience, are acquainted with the stuff that makes up the composition of a British soldier, will be the last to say that he is wanting, either in intelligence or individual gallantry. Lord love you, sir, there's not a man in this house that couldn't tell you a dozen stories at the least, out of every one of which, if a Frenchman had them, he would cook up a romance. Intelligence! what sort of intelligence do you want in a soldier, except that he shall always have his wits about him, and be able to make the most of the circumstances in which he is placed? And as to gallantry, fellows that never lay down their arms till ordered to do so, but fight on, when the odds are three, four, or six to one against

them — if that be not a proof of gallantry, I can't tell you where to look for it."

"Yes, but have you ever known a case in which an individual British soldier has withstood the attacks of odds so fearful?"

"Ay, to be sure I have—fifty such cases; and by the same token, one has just come into my head, which, if it be not irksome to you to listen, I may as well repeat to you."

We urge the veteran, of course, to go on; and he begins thus.

"The regiment in which I served was one of those that, in the year 1799, formed a portion of the force that was employed, under his Royal Highness the Duke of York, in an expedition to the Texel. When we received our embarkation orders, we were, in point of numbers, very weak, for we had gone through the entire campaigns on the Continent, and recruits came in too slowly, after our return home, to make good the casualties which war and climate had occasioned. But that which could not be effected by the ordinary course of enlistment, the encouragement given to volunteering from the militia brought about. Some hundreds of men

from the Sussex regiment joined us at Barham Down; and such was the urgency of the case, that time was not so much as given to exchange their old uniforms for that of the regiment, ere, together with their new comrades, they were hurried on board ship.

"The voyage to Holland produced no very remarkable adventures. We had bad weather, and the raw hands suffered in consequence. Nevertheless, we took our share in the landing, and when the action was over, and we mustered on parade, it would have puzzled you to show a more motley group in the army; for our very muskets were not all of the same bore or make; and as to dress, it was a hodge-podge from the right of the line to the extreme left.

"The light company in particular presented a singularly grotesque appearance, being composed almost entirely of the Sussex light-bobs, who in a body had come over to us; and never were men, designed for skirmishing, more inappropriately appointed. I say nothing of their tight leather breeches—that was the fashion of the day,—nor yet of their tin kettles and jugs, so fastened to their knapsacks, that at every step

there was tinkling enough to disturb the Seven Sleepers. But their head-gear, instead of being low and convenient, and fitting well to the sconce, appeared to have been made for the single purpose of attracting attention. They wore huge bear-skin caps, very handsome, I allow, and therefore not inappropriate to troops intended for parade, and nothing else, but quite out of character among such as were designed to clear woods of ambuscades, to steal unobserved upon an enemy's encampment, and to fight, themselves, under cover as often as an opportunity occurred; to watch an enemy in pursuit, and harass him when retiring, Lord! how the old hands did laugh at them; particularly our Lieutenant Fitzmorrice, a fine, merry, gallant Irishman, whom everybody liked, and who had a kind word to say of everybody. 'Look at those beggarly militia-men!' was his constant cry. 'Did the eye of man ever see such creatures? They are, for all the world, like a bundle of top-heavy nine-pins; the first high wind will blow them away, or leave them bare-headed.'

"The militia boys took it all in very good

part; and there was one in particular, a queer-looking clod, called Joe Jowler, that was never behind the smartest of them in giving jibe for jibe. They did their duty, too, very bravely in the sort of scrambling fight that put us in possession of the sand-hills, and made no difficulties about outposts, or any other matter to which it was necessary afterwards to turn them. All this had the natural effect of reconciling more and more to one-another the discordant materials of which the battalion was composed: but the circumstance which ended for ever the disposition on our part to speak slightingly of the bear-skins befell in the action of the 19th of October. It was this:

"It may be necessary to remind you, perhaps, that the plan of attack for that day included a wide movement to the left by Sir Ralph Abercromby's column, which was directed to turn the enemy's right, and fall upon their line of communication. Our regiment formed part of Sir Ralph's column, and we began our march about eight in the evening of the 18th, in order that, ample time being before us, we might reach our point before day-break, at which hour the ge-

neral advance was to take place. Well, away we set, under as heavy a fall of rain as ever came from the heavens, along a narrow road, a sort of lane, hemmed in on either side by steep banks, and so soft under foot that every step the men took sank them up to the calf of the leg. Our progress, with these difficulties to contend against, could not fail to be slow; and as halts and checks from time to time occurred, the men, wearied and cold, and wet and uncomfortable, fell asleep upon their feet. But this was not the worst of it. We had been given to understand that not a shot would be fired till we should have taken possession of the town of Hoorne, the key of the enemy's position on the extreme right, and a principal post for keeping open their communications with the rear. Neither had we been kept in ignorance as to the circumstance which rendered such a disposition necessary. There was a broad dyke or canal in our front, which it would be necessary to cross, while the bridge lay quite within the control of the enemy, and it was well understood that the very first alarm of an attack upon the lines would lead to its destruction. Never for a mo-

ment, therefore, had it entered into our commander's head to conceive, that either through carelessness, or a rash and ill-judged impetuosity, the attack on the other flank would be precipitated. But he was mistaken in this. There lacked full two hours from the dawn, when, far away to the extreme right, a fire both of cannon and musketry was heard, making us aware that the battle was actually begun by the Russians, while as yet we were three or four long miles from our ground of operations.

'Push on, push on,' was now the word that passed from the rear to the head of the column, and the men, as if receiving fresh vigour from the sound, floundered forward. At last the day broke, and we found ourselves at the dyke, close to the ruins of a bridge, of which nothing remained except one or two planks, which the enemy had either forgotten or been too much pressed to remove. Of these our advanced guard took immediate possession; and by means of them we made ready to force a passage, in the teeth of a windmill, crowded, as we could plainly see, with men. Accordingly, the light bobs sprang forward, while a

six-pounder, opening with good effect, soon emptied the mill, and the dyke was crossed. But we did not know the amount of force that was before us. After passing the mill, we emerged into a bean-field, of which the crop was partly standing, and in part made up into shocks; and there came from behind the latter such a volume of musketry as cut us down, company after company, by whole sections. Out of that to which I belonged eighteen men were killed and wounded ere we had an opportunity to return a shot; nor was it possible to tell, except by the smoke of their muskets, whence the fire of the enemy proceeded.

"It was now that our light company began to extend their ranks, and to skirmish with the enemy's sharp-shooters, amid the laughter of the old soldiers, and considerable merriment among themselves. Yet, it is fair to add, that in spite of their tall caps they did their work capitally. Nor among them all was there one who set more systematically and judiciously about it than Joe Jowler. Joe was a tall, raw-boned, sinewy fellow, somewhat advanced in years for a skirmisher, yet full of spirit, and ready to

crack his joke, both in season and out of season. His comrades often tried to make a butt of him, and now and then he would seem for a few minutes to be what they wished, but he never failed, in the long-run, to turn the tables upon them, and raise the laugh at the expense of his tormentors. As I was saying, none did his work to-day more coolly, or with better system, than Joe. Down he went upon his belly, drawing himself along like a snake through the standing beans, till, having driven off a couple of French riflemen from behind a shock, he there took his station. We had seen him fire several times with effect, and gave him a cheer as often as a Frenchman fell, when all at once three strapping grenadiers rushed from behind another shock, and made as if they intended to take him prisoner; but Joe was as cool as a cucumber. His firelock happened to be loaded at the time. He brought it to the 'present,' and shot one dead. Without an instant's delay he sprang upon another with his bayonet, and ran him through, and then, clubbing his musket, with one blow of the butt he knocked the head of the third to atoms. This

done, he clapped his hairy cap on the point of his bayonet, and turned round.

'What do you think of the beggarly militiamen now?' cried he aloud.

'That they are as fine fellows as ever served the King,' replied Mr. Fitzmorrice, seizing him by the hand; 'and that you are the bravest of the brave. There's a guinea for you, my man; and mind, as often as the anniversary of this day returns, come to me and you shall have another.'

"Joe took his guinea, put it into his pocket with a laugh, and returned to the fight; which ended on our parts in a retreat, not through any fault which we had committed, but owing to the blunders of others.

"It's not worth while to tell you how we executed this retrograde movement. It was a sad scramble, at the best: regiments getting mixed all higgledy-piggledy, and nobody caring to look behind till he arrived at the ground which he had quitted something more than four and twenty hours previously. Talk of fatigue, I never knew what the word meant till then, for my shoes came off in the mud, and there

were none at hand to supply their place, for our knapsacks had been cut off by the general's order, and left on the field. However, that has nothing to say to the tale of Joe's heroism. Thousands saw what I have described to you; and though no public fuss was made about it, either then or afterwards, I question whether any of Napoleon's guards ever did a more dashing thing, or, as you would express yourself, ever displayed a greater share of personal gallantry."

"I quite agree with you, friend: Joe's was a truly brave exploit, and deserved notice. Was he promoted for it?"

"Why, no, sir," replies our old informant, somewhat sorrowfully; "he was not promoted for it; neither did he desire promotion, for he couldn't read or write, and promotion would have done him no real good. But, if our old commanding officer had continued with us, I am sure he never would have suffered punishment, at all events."

"You don't mean to say that such a man was ever punished?"

"Ay, but he was, though; and under cir-

cumstances that gave great pain to the whole regiment. Years had passed since the affair of 1799; and regularly as the 19th of October came round, Joe went to Mr. then Captain Fitzmorrice, and got his guinea. You may believe that he made free enough with his money; indeed, it was an understood thing, that all eyes should be shut to whatever little irregularities he might commit that day; and Joe was too good a soldier to make them great ones. At last, however, we got a new commander, a man who did not know the regiment, and was quite ignorant of Joe's merits; but a great disciplinarian, who punished the good men, when they made a slip, even more severely than the bad, for the sake, as he was pleased to say, of example. Joe did not think of ascertaining whether or not his new commanding officer would fall into the practices of the old, but went, as usual, on the morning of the 19th for his guinea, and long before noon was as merry as a grig. The colonel ordered him to be confined; had him tried by a court-martial, and sentenced to be flogged. The regiment paraded as usual on

such occasions, and Joe was led out, very much to Mr. Fitzmorrice's surprise; who had gone into the country early on the 19th, and did not return for two days. When he saw who the culprit was, and heard the colonel desire him to strip, he stepped out of the ranks, and entreated that the man might be forgiven, in consideration of his great gallantry, of which he detailed the particulars. Now, though Joe had been too proud to tell this tale himself, I do think the colonel might have listened to Mr. Fitzmorrice; but he would not listen.

'I don't care what the man may have done,' was his answer. 'He has been convicted of drunkenness by a court-martial, and he must take the consequences.'

'Then, sir, for my sake pardon him,' replied Mr. Fitzmorrice. 'If there be blame anywhere, it rests with me, for I gave him the money, and forgot to tell you how for many years past he has been permitted to spend it at his pleasure.'

'That 's nothing to me, sir,' answered the colonel sternly. 'If others choose to wink at irregularities, I will not. The man must take his punishment.'

"He did take it. But Mr. Fitzmorrice, returning his sword to the scabbard, quitted the parade, and never did a day's duty with the regiment afterwards. I can't tell what became of him. I think he exchanged into some other corps; but I know that he carried with him the unfeigned regards, as he had always possessed the devoted attachment, of every man in the regiment."

"Your story reminds me of the exploit of a dragoon, during General Fraser's unfortunate expedition into Egypt," interposed a second veteran. "As I was an eye-witness to the whole transaction, and bore my share in the perils and fatigues of the campaign, the anecdote, whether interesting or not, may be received by you at least as authentic.

"In the year 1807, the Sublime Porte having changed sides in the war-dance which then amused all Europe, a determination was entered into by the British government to play the same game in Egypt which they had hindered the French from playing, a few years previously, under Bonaparte and Menou. Such at least was our view of the case, when, together

with two more battalions, the flank companies of some others, a detachment of artillery, a few artificers, and forty men of the 20th dragoons, we embarked at Messina on board of three transports, and set sail, under convoy of a prodigious fleet, for the Red Sea. Our voyage was not a very pleasant one. We encountered a good deal of bad weather, which, without perhaps delaying us very much, made us all extremely uncomfortable; and when we arrived at last at Monfalout, a little to the east of Alexandria, a full half of the squadron which accompanied us was missing. The general, however, recollecting the consequences which attended Sir Ralph Abercromby's unavoidable delay at his anchorage, determined to land while yet the water was smooth, and to commence operations immediately. Accordingly noon of the same day saw eighteen hundred men ashore—the total amount of force which was at his disposal—and in full march towards Alexandria, of which it was his object to gain possession.

"I need not detain you by describing how this handful of men won so important a city. The

outer barricade was carried at the point of the bayonet; and we were making preparations to storm the place itself, when that portion of the fleet which had lagged behind hove in sight, and covered the surface of the bay with a forest of canvass. The general had already sent in a flag of truce with a summons; to which the Turks had replied by bidding us do our worst. But, with the appearance of what they believed to be a new fleet on their shores, their courage evaporated. They, in their turn, became the parties to open a negotiation; and within eight-and-forty hours from the landing of our first division, the British flag was hoisted on the towers and mosques of Alexandria.

"It soon appeared that the Turks, though cheated into a surrender of the capital of Lower Egypt, were not willing to resign, without a struggle, their dominion over the country; and that the exaggerated notion which they had formed at first of the amount of our force had died away. Rumours came in, from hour to hour, of formidable preparations that were making to receive us; while of the Mamelukes, the only armed band that had espoused our cause,

no intelligence could be obtained. General Fraser, however, felt that nothing was to be gained by delay. So he distributed his little army into two brigades and an advanced guard, and pushed upon Rosetta. Once more the bold front shown by the English sufficed to ensure a victory. The Turkish garrison, overcome by a sudden panic, fled, and crossing the Nile, left the detachment in quiet possession of the place.

And now there occurred an event which not only occasioned deep regret at the moment, but exercised over the whole of our future operations the most baneful influence. The officer in command of the corps to which Rosetta had surrendered, forgot that as much depends upon vigilance in war as upon courage. His men were fainting for want of water. He did not so much as use the precaution to plant guards, but permitted them to pile their arms in the great square of the town, and to disperse hither and thither in search of refreshment. It was an unwise act, and it was fearfully requited. The inhabitants, perceiving the helpless situation of our men, mounted the tops of their houses, and made signals to the Turkish force,

which still lingered on the opposite bank of the river. The signals were understood and answered. Some swam their horses across the stream, others followed in boats, and all crowded in overwhelming numbers towards the town. Meanwhile, the natives within the walls, concealing their creases under their capotes, came with pitchers of water to our disarmed soldiers, as they wandered one by one through the streets; and while the poor fellows were drinking, ripped them up at a blow. It's no use describing the scene that followed. The Turks broke-in in great force; our people were cut off from their arms, and out of the whole body that had entered the town, only a broken remnant escaped to tell the tale of their own improvidence, and the melancholy fate of their comrades.

"From that hour the confidence which had heretofore animated us seemed to give way; and though the object of our enterprise was still prosecuted, our movements were destitute of the activity and decision which characterised them at the outset. Of Rosetta it was essential to gain possession, and it could now be re-

duced only by process of regular siege. But we had no battery-train, we were destitute of horses, the roads were little better than tracks along the sandy plain, and our numbers altogether inadequate to a service of such extent and hazard. Still General Fraser would not rashly abandon an enterprise, into which he had very rashly been hurried. We obtained some camels, and loaded them with ship's carronades on one side, and shot, and shell, and cases of powder on the other. Our field-pieces, eight in number, a brigade of seamen undertook to drag; and to facilitate their progress, a body of natives were provided with planks, which, under the direction of certain naval officers, they laid down transversely in front of the guns, so that the wheels of each might be lifted out of the sand. The process was this:—before the leading gun began to move, a platform was prepared for it, which the Arabs continued to fabricate with the loose planks till the last gun had passed; and then gathering up their boards, they once more headed the train, and so kept it slowly, perhaps but constantly in motion. And yet I have no right to speak of the movement

as being too slowly conducted. For, in spite of the cumbersome nature of this novel machinery, the army marched in one day nineteen Italian miles, and completed its investment of Rosetta, with the greatest order imaginable.

"To cover the siege, in the event of any attack from above, it was judged necessary to push forward a detachment towards a neck of land, which, lying between the river on the left and the Lake of Elko on the right, is capable of being maintained by an inferior force against one greatly superior. Four light-companies, under the command of Lieut.-Colonel Macleod of the 78th, formed this detachment, and occupied the village of El Hamed, behind a canal, throwing out a picket to secure both front and rear, of which the latter was by no means more safe than the former. For the Lake of Elko is so shallow that it may be forded in many places, and there was almost as much risk of molestation, either through its fords, or from the opposite side of the Nile, as by a bold advance along the isthmus. Moreover, to keep open the communication between El Hamed and Rosetta, a sergeant's party of twelve men,

with a six-pounder, were planted beside the tower of Abbe Mandour,—a half-ruinous building, with a dilapidated staircase, which commanded an extensive view over the surrounding country. It was my fortune, being then a sergeant, to command at this post on the day when Tremble particularly distinguished himself, so that I not only escaped the horrors which I am going to describe, but was enabled to watch the progress of the affair, from its commencement to its termination.

"I alluded a short time ago to the friendly relation in which we stood with the Mamelukes, the remains of whom had, by the victorious soldiers of the Porte, been driven off into Upper Egypt. These no sooner heard of our projected invasion than they undertook to support it, on the condition that we would restore to them, if successful, their ancient privileges; and avenge them on their oppressors. As yet, however, we had neither seen nor heard of them. But now, while the siege of Rosetta was going on, and our army lay as has just been explained, several Arabs made their way into our lines with letters; which, bearing

the signatures of one or other of their chiefs, informed us that they were in full march through the desert; and that by-and-by we might expect to be joined, for that they had succeeded in seizing the command of the Nile, and would come down to us in boats. This last piece of information was communicated on the 20th, not long after I had assumed my command at the tower, and it came in such a shape that my friends, even among the superior officers, appeared not to doubt its authenticity. But General Stuart, who commanded under General Fraser, seems to have always distrusted the channel through which these despatches were conveyed. Like the rest of us, he saw the Turks assembling in thousands on the opposite side of the river, and knew that the Bedouins were, almost to a man, opposed to us; and his advice continued to be, even now, when others expressed themselves the most assured, 'Keep a good look-out, for your Mamelukes may turn out, after all, to be Turks in disguise.' To-day he was more than commonly uneasy, desiring that our sentries should be very much on the alert, and that whosoever should fail to

answer, after being thrice challenged, should, no matter from what direction he came, be shot.

"The post near the tower of Abbe Mandour was a very insecure one; indeed, frequent attempts were made to surprise it; and, on one occasion, the whole party, including the sergeant-in-command, had been cut to pieces. We found their bodies still exposed when we went to take possession; and, bloated as they were from the effects of the night dews and noon-day heats, the stench was terrible. We dug holes for them in the ground, and buried them as well as we could, if that can be called burial, which implies little else than the covering them over with loose sand, which the first high wind was sure to disperse; provided the wolf-dogs that gathered round us in packs after dark, did not anticipate that circumstance. For I need not remind you that the whole surface of the country presented little else than an ocean of low sand-hills, all of which rolled about and shifted their places according to the direction of the wind, with the violence, and almost with the regularity of waves. Here and there, to be sure, a grove of date-trees diversified the scene, as well

as indicated the spots where water might be had for digging. But except where these tiny spots of green interposed to relieve the eye, a scene more perfectly desolate, and arid, and repulsive, it would be difficult to conceive.

"I know not whence it came about, whether because it was looked upon as inadequately guarded, or that its services were required elsewhere, but I found, on going to my post, that the six-pounder had been removed. The loss of the gun placed me and my party, indeed, in a great measure at the enemy's mercy; for they had armed boats upon the river, from which they were kept from firing only out of respect for the accuracy and good will with which our gunners used to answer their salute. It appeared, however, that not as yet had the enemy discovered our exposed condition; for I planted my sentries as usual, and they were not molested; but as their intelligence was excellent, it seems very improbable that they would have continued long in this, to me, most satisfactory state of ignorance. Be this, however, as it may, no opportunity was ever afforded of judging how the discovery would affect them; for events

were hurrying forward a catastrophe, eminently disastrous in itself, and scarcely less deplorable in the consequences to which it led.

"We were all unusually on the alert throughout the night of the 20th, and General Stuart had well nigh fallen a sacrifice to our vigilance; for he, too, being on the rove, came up from the lines at Rosetta, alone, and by an unusual route; and was fired upon, happily without effect, by one of my sentries. His object was to ascertain whether all was well; and he seemed pleased when I assured him that we had seen nothing on the move. He was kind enough, likewise, to approve of my intention, in case my post should be attacked,—of withdrawing my men inside the tower, and pulling up after me the plank by means of which the sentry was in the habit of escalading the broken staircase. This done, he returned again to Rosetta. But if the night passed quietly, the case was very different when morning came in. My orders were,—to plant a sentinel on the top of the tower, and to keep him there from the first streak of dawn till dark. The man took his station as usual; but had not long maintained it ere he called

aloud that the river was covered with craft. I ran up, and saw, sure enough, prows, boats, and a couple of gun-brigs in full sail towards us; the whole of which I ascertained, as daylight came in, were crowded with men. What could they be! Turks or Mamelukes? On that head, too, I was not long left in doubt. For they made good their landing, about half way between the tower and El Hamed, and formed up, and advanced at a rapid rate upon the latter position.

"While I watched with breathless anxiety the issues of this movement, I saw come riding from the rear, Tremble, a man with whom I was well acquainted, and who seemed to be the bearer of orders. Tremble was the best horseman in his regiment. He was bold, strongly built, active, and enterprising, —in a word, but for his determined propensity to drink, he would have been the model of a good soldier. To-day, however, he had all his wits about him, and he made the best use of them. Colonel Macleod had a picket of eight-and-twenty men close to Lake Elko, which threw out its sentries, in a sort of skirmishing order, across the isthmus. Between

it and the main body, the Turks, who were all mounted, immediately threw themselves, and the picket was surrounded. It seemed, indeed, the object to suspend all operations against El Hamed itself, till they should have cut the outposts to pieces in detail; and with this, which lay nearest at hand, they made their beginning. Tremble's orders, it afterwards appeared, were peremptory to reach El Hamed with as little delay as possible; and he was not to be deterred by the sight of some thousands of Arab horse between him and the point of his destination, from obeying them. But, instead of a fair dash to this point, he made a departure to the right, so as to join himself to the officer commanding the picket, of whose unskilful distribution of his men, Tremble's soldier's eye made him aware, and whom he was anxious, if possible, to save.

"Collect your men, sir, for God's sake," exclaimed he. "Form them into a dense body, and I will keep off the Arabs in the meanwhile." But it was too late. The Arabs gave their charge with the fury and speed of the whirlwind, and the scattered sentries were cut down to a man.

"I have reason to know that Colonel Macleod saw the flotilla approaching long before I did, and that he had time enough to call in his party, had he availed himself of it. Unfortunately, however, he neglected to do so, either from a disinclination to take the responsibility on himself, or because he doubted the policy of such a move; but, whatever his motive might be, the result was fatal. The pickets were wholly destroyed. They fought, indeed, with the most determined resolution, and Tremble wielded his sword, among others, with the best effect; but they were overpowered by weight of numbers, and died where they had stood. It was now that Tremble performed an exploit, the extraordinary valour of which has probably never been surpassed. There were two men left of those that had passed the night at the picket fire; one, the surgeon of his own regiment, the other a seaman.

'Come, sir,' said Tremble to the first, 'lay hold of my stirrup; and do you, Jack, take a grasp of the horse's tail, and I'll carry you safe through to El Hamed.'

"He was as good as his word. Though the

enemy drew up in dense array to oppose him, he charged with these two men hanging on, as I have stated; and tumbling the Arabs over like nine-pins, fairly opened a way for himself, with his sword, through the midst of them. His horse, indeed, was so severely wounded, that it dropped dead immediately on his arrival in Colonel Macleod's square. But he reached it, with his two companions, and offered, if anybody would lend him a horse, to cut his way back again to Rosetta.

"All this, sir, I saw with my own eyes; as well as the desperate affair that ensued, when, victorious over his detachments, the Arabs pressed their united force against Colonel Macleod and his band of heroes. The charges of these wild men are of a sort which none but those who have witnessed them can imagine. They come and go like the simoom; sweeping upon you with a rapidity which sets calculation at defiance, and then, when repulsed, they wheel about as if horse and man were one animal, and away, hanging over the brute's sides, and so securing themselves from the effects of your shot. I cannot tell how many

charges of this kind Colonel Macleod's brave men sustained and repulsed, though, as each took place, their front became more and more narrowed, the dead being left where they fell, while the wounded were carefully removed into the centre of the still diminishing square. At last Colonel Macleod was killed by a musket-shot through the brain; when the command devolved on a foreigner, a Major Voglesang; but he exclaiming that 'it vas van bat job,' refused to issue an order, a Captain Macallister, the next senior, took the lead. Every thing was done that valour could do against odds so fearful, but it was of no avail; for the wounded cried to their comrades, 'Do not leave us,' and those that were not hurt could not stop their ears to the cry.

'What will you do, men?' exclaimed Captain Macallister: 'make good your retreat, and leave the wounded to their fate; or stand and fight it out?'

'Fight it out, fight it out! We cannot give up our comrades to certain death,' was the answer. And they did fight it out. After losing two-thirds of his party and exhausting his

ammunition, Captain Macallister hung out a white flag, and the survivors, laying down their arms, were marched prisoners up the country."

"And what became of Tremble afterwards?" we asked.

"You know, sir, that the whole expedition ended in smoke; and that we were glad to purchase back our prisoners, by surrendering Alexandria, and evacuating the country. Well then, Tremble came back with the cartel, and his gallantry had been so conspicuous, that there was every disposition on the part of the officers in command to do something for him. But he stood in his own light. No consideration of profit or honour would induce him to abstain from liquor, and it was found impossible to promote him. I served with him afterwards, when I was orderly sergeant, and he orderly dragoon to General Sir John Stuart; but even that situation he could not keep. So true is it, that whatever other good qualities he may possess, a soldier never can make his way in the profession, nor earn an honoured name, unless he be sober."

"And what became of the doctor and the sailor?"

"Oh, they both came back too, and the latter when questioned on the subject used to say, 'D— my eyes, if I can tell how I got into the square, only that I took a round turn about the horse's stern, and was towed along at the rate of nine knots an hour.'"

CHAPTER IV.

In which mention is made of strange things that occur in the lives of soldiers.

We laugh a good deal over these stories, and in the wantonness of an excited curiosity, turn the conversation into a new channel, by remarking, that "Soldiers appear in general to be exempt from the superstitious weakness with which seamen are affected. You never hear of soldiers being visited by the inhabitants of the unseen world, or receiving impressions beforehand of their own deaths, or the deaths of their comrades. How is this fact to be accounted for? Soldiers and sailors in the British service spring for the most part from the same classes of society, and are usually masters of the same kind of education. Whence should it arise that the seaman's feelings should be so much

more morbid, or his imagination more excitable, than that of the soldier?"

"If the case be as you represent it," replies a fine old fellow in a captain's coat, "the seaman's occupation, his constant intercourse with nature in her loneliness, and the state of excitement in which he always lives, may sufficiently account for the fact. But are you correct in your judgment? I suspect not. We have our legends of ghosts, and presentiments, which are just as well authenticated as those that pervade the fleet; and if you please I will give you a specimen. You will probably smile, and go away incredulous; but to the truth of the details I am a living witness. My story is this:

"In the year 1799 I was quartered at Dover, at a time when the constant expectation of an attack from France kept the inhabitants of the Kentish coast very much on the alert. The garrison was strong, consisting of not less than six battalions, four of which occupied the castle, while the remainder were distributed between Fort ——— and the heights, so that the duty, though strictly attended to,

was not severe, by reason of the numbers that were present to take their share in it. It was my fortune, good or bad, to find my quarters in the castle, and to be an eye and an earwitness there to the circumstance which I am now going to describe.

"On a certain night in the winter season, the 14th of January I well recollect, I was upon guard, and had for my comrade a man called Giles Markham, a native of Tewkesbury, and a very extraordinary fellow. Giles was one of those reckless beings, who if in secret they admit that things may be which are not vouched for by their outward senses, take good care that their belief shall not be made known to others: a bold, boisterous, rollicking, habitual scoffer; a fellow who would turn into ridicule the gravest subjects, and then laugh at you for not falling in with his humours. In particular, Giles scouted the idea of any state of existence beyond the present. 'Live for the day, boys,'—such was his favourite maxim,—'and let to-morrow and next day take care of themselves. You have Scriptural authority for that, and the advice is a good one. At all

events, I shall never trouble my head about such far-off places as heaven and hell, till some inhabitant of the one or the other comes back to tell me how they carry on the war there.' There were plenty in the regiment to laugh at Giles's philosophy; there were some whom it rendered serious; but there was nobody that ever expected to find him reclaimed from his folly, at least by the process which he actually underwent.

"As I have just said, Giles and I were on guard together, one night in the month of January. The air was cold and bracing. There was a sharpish frost, but no wind, and a young moon struggled to outshine the millions of bright stars that twinkled, like so many diamonds, in the deep-blue vault of heaven. Within the guard-house a large fire blazed cheerily, and a merrier set of fellows never sat round it, especially Giles, who seemed half mad with fun and frolic, keeping all of us in a constant roar of laughter. At last it came to his turn to mount sentry. It was eleven o'clock, and he was to be at his post till one, when I should relieve him,—a circumstance which I very much

regretted, because it would hinder me from listening to the conclusion of a story, which the order to fall-in had interrupted. However, the thing could not be helped, and was not worth grumbling at. Away went Giles in the train of the corporal, whose business it was to carry that relief round; and the rest of us, as if incapable of further enjoyment, lay down upon the guard-bed, and fell asleep.

"I don't know how long I might have forgotten myself, only I recollect that the fire was beginning to burn dull, when the voice of the sentry at the guard-house door, followed by the rushing of some person into the room itself, awoke me. I jumped up, and saw by the red light of the embers, that the intruder was Giles Markham. His cheeks were as white as a sheet—his limbs trembled—his firelock, which he had brought with him, fell with a crash to the ground, and he threw himself, apparently unconscious of what he was doing, on the settle. The whole of the guard were by this time alarmed, and we crowded round him, demanding—

'What's the matter, Giles? what has happened?'

'I've seen my mother,' said he, in a choaking voice.

'Seen the devil!' replied the sergeant. 'And suppose you have, why did you quit your post?'

'Was I to go into the sentry-box while my mother was there?' demanded Giles, still shaking from top to toe, as if with an ague-fit. 'I tell you I couldn't do it—no, not if it were to save my life.'

'None of your gammon, Mr. Markham,' said the sergeant; 'and recollect that there are such things as the articles of war:—it won't do to crack your jokes at the expense of them.'

'It 's no joke, as I've a soul to be saved!' exclaimed Giles, somewhat recovering his composure, but with great solemnity. 'You may believe me or not, just as you please, but I saw my mother five minutes ago as distinctly as I see you at this moment.'

"Giles's manner was so grave, that such of us as had watches almost unconsciously pulled them out. The hands pointed to five-and-twenty minutes from one, and we made a memorandum of the circumstance; after which the sergeant resumed.

'I am sorry for you, Giles, but this must be reported to the officer. If he chooses to believe your tale, it will be the better for yourself; but I cannot hide from him that you have deserted your post, and you must take the consequence.'

'I don't care what the consequences may be, or to whom you report me,' replied Giles. 'Call the officer as soon as you like. I will state the truth to him before you all, and I am willing to abide by the result of such inquiries as the colonel may choose to institute. When the officer comes, you shall hear my story, and I think it's the last you are ever likely to get out of me.'

"The officer was called. The circumstances of the case were made known to him, and he lost no time in demanding from Giles an explanation of his case. Giles had wonderfully recovered a command over himself before the gentleman came in, and was thus composed, but very serious, when he proceeded to speak.

'You know where my post was,' said he, 'on the platform of number five battery, which overlooks the sea. The sentry whom I relieved reported that all was well, and over the surface of the channel, as far as the eye could reach, not a

thing was moving. The noises from the town, likewise, grew every moment more interrupted, and at last died away, so that, when the clocks struck twelve, there was no sound to mingle with their chimes, except the roar of the tide upon the beach. I have often done duty at that post before, but never till then felt calmed, and sobered down by it. Lord knows what influence was upon me; but as I walked backwards and forwards, now gazing up into the sky, now turning my glance towards the quiet ocean, I was conscious of emotions such as had long been strange to my breast, and affected me very deeply. I considered my past life; and the conviction came upon me with irresistible violence that it was not what it ought to have been. I remembered the early lessons of religion which my mother taught me as I sat at her feet in the long winter's evenings, and saw her weep, from time to time, over my father's vices, which were great. "What," said I to myself, "if I had treasured them up!—what, if I had acted upon them! How different might have been my situation now!" And then,—laugh at me if you will, but it is true,—my eyes filled, I can't tell

why, and my spirit rose in something like prayer to its Maker. Ay, you may well stare to hear me use such language, but what I tell you is the fact. I halted beside the gun, leaned my hand on the muzzle of my piece, and wept like a child. But the feeling which urged me to this, though pure and righteous, was not yet deep-seated. A tear fell upon the back of my hand, and glittered in the star-light. I looked at it, was ashamed of what I considered my weakness, brushed it off, and, dashing my sleeve across my eyes, stood erect.

'"What," said I to myself, "has it come to this? Am I a child again? No. I have taken my line, and I will keep it; so, mother, give me no more of counsels, for they come too late."

'Well, I faced about, walked to the end of my beat, and, fancying that I stood in need of rest, I marched towards the sentry-box. Comrades, as sure as there is a heaven above our heads, my mother stood there. I gazed upon her. She was pale, and I thought wasted; and her eyes were fixed upon mine with an expression of sorrow, which I shall never forget to my

dying day. I stood as if frozen to the spot. I could not advance—I dared not retire. I was no longer the master of myself. "This day twelvemonths," said she, "we shall meet again." I heard her voice, and it was such as it used to be, when she spoke of fearing God and keeping his commandments. Somewhat feebler, perhaps, but still soft as the notes of a silver trumpet. It went to my heart. My hair bristled up. I would have spoken, but the words stuck in my throat. What could I do? I fled from my post; and now you may make a prisoner of me or not, just as you choose, for I am sure that my days are numbered.'

"You may believe that we listened to this tale with feelings widely different from those which, on common occasions, used to affect us. Some would have ridiculed it if they could, but their own sneer was forced; and on the rest it made no impression. At length the officer spoke.

'You have told a strange story to account for your commission of a serious military offence, Markham; but this I will do for you. A prisoner you must be, and a report must be

sent in to-morrow morning to the commandant; but he shall likewise be made acquainted with your tale, and I will make it my request that he deal leniently with you. You are a native, you say, of Tewkesbury. Does your mother still live there?'

'I have every reason to suppose so,' answered Giles, 'unless indeed she be, as I make no doubt she is, in her grave.'

'Very well. Your mother shall be written to; and if we hear from her that she is neither in her grave, nor yet within a day's march of Dover Castle, you will be punished. If it be otherwise, I will intercede for you, and try to get you off.'

"Giles thankfully came into this device, which was carried through to the letter. He was kept a prisoner all night; — he was reported next morning; and two letters were dispatched, one to his mother, another to the parson of the parish in which she was supposed to reside. In due course of post there came back answers to both; one in the hand-writing of Giles's father, the other from the clergyman. The latter stated that he had received an intimation, the

very morning when the colonel's application arrived, that the woman concerning whom the inquiries had been instituted was to be buried next day. The latter stated that his wife, after a lingering illness, had died at half-past twelve o'clock on the night of the 14th of January. Here, then, was a coincidence, if such it may be called, for which the wisest will, I think, find it difficult to account. Neither did the wonders of the case end there. Giles was of course released, and returned to his duty; but he became an altered man. Nobody ever heard him make use of a profane jest again, or even a loose expression. He walked softly, like one that mourneth for his mother; he was a constant attendant on public worship. He prayed much when alone; and exhorted his comrades to take warning by him, and change their mode of living. He very seldom alluded to the past, and, when he did, it was gravely and solemnly; and above all, he counted each month and week as it rolled on, not anxiously, but solemnly. We shifted our quarters in the summer, and by most of us Giles's adventure in Dover Castle had ceased to be spoken of: but he never forgot

it. But why make a short tale long? We were in Ashford barracks when the 14th of January came round; and Giles seemed as calm and as healthy as ever. He had gone through a fatigue duty with his accustomed spirit, and went to bed, after saying his prayers. Sir, he was found dead in the morning; and I myself entertain not the shadow of a doubt that he died just as the hands of the clock pointed to half-past twelve. Now, what think ye of that? Are there no such things as warnings when men are about to die?"

"Your story is a very striking one," interposes a man who had not hitherto spoken; "and I cannot pretend to tell anything at all to match it. But what I have seen I may describe, in order that the gentleman may not go away impressed with the idea that soldiers are not warned as well as sailors, when they are going to die.

"It was my good or bad fortune, call it which you will, to serve during the late war in Canada, and to be engaged in most of the affairs that occurred on the frontier, between the troops of the United States and our own. There

is a custom among some of the Peninsular heroes to undervalue Brother Jonathan as a soldier: let me assure these gentlemen that their estimate is formed on most mistaken grounds. At the commencement of the struggle, the American troops might be indifferent enough. They were altogether without experience, and their system even of drill and internal economy was not good. But, in the later campaigns, they displayed to the full as much both of courage and intelligence as could have been displayed by any troops in the world; and as to their humanity and generous bearing towards their prisoners, nothing could exceed it. Jonathan is a queer fellow in some things, but he is substantially honest and right-hearted; and for the rest, he is not one whit more of a boaster than Jean Crapaud, though he very often does what Crapaud does not,—carries his boasts into execution.

"It happened once upon a time, during the progress of the war, that the regiment to which I was attached lay in position not far from Niagara on the St. Lawrence. Our outposts, occupying the north bank of the river, felt themselves

perfectly secure,—at least in that portion of the line which it was our especial business to observe; —for we took up our ground at a place called Chippeway, and pushed forward our sentries to the water's edge. I do not know whether you are acquainted with that wild country, or have personally witnessed the phenomenon which I am going to describe; but if not, it is necessary that you should be made aware of it. At Chippeway, then, I must inform you, that the influence of the rapids which end in the Falls of Niagara, have begun to be felt. The river, after flowing on in a smooth and silent stream, seems here to change its character; not only pouring its waters forward with accelerated velocity, but, in particular states of the atmosphere, exhibiting an appearance which I have never beheld in any other stream. Without any apparent cause for it, the water will, here and there, rise up like a pillar, which, boiling over at the top for a moment or two, falls to pieces amid a cloud of foam. And then, as to sounds, the roar of the great waterfall can never be said to be absolutely mute; but from time to time, when the condition of the air is favour-

able for the transmission of sound, its effect is tremendous. Over the noise of a battle I have heard it; and not even then without a sense of awe amounting almost to terror. Such, then, was the post committed to our keeping on the 15th of July 1814, and such the picket of which, being then a corporal, I contributed to take charge.

" There was a man in my company, by name James Sweetlove, an honest, simple-minded, quiet fellow,—a good soldier too, as far as sobriety and cleanliness contribute to make a soldier, but altogether deficient in the sort of spirit which goes far to carry him through whatever difficulties and dangers may beset him. Sweetlove was married, and having left his wife and two children in England, never ceased, from the hour of his arrival at head-quarters, to bewail his hard fate. He was exceedingly attached to them;—it had well-nigh broken his heart to abandon them: and the constant burthen of his song was, that they would never meet again. All arguments, all jokes, all remonstrances, failed to turn him aside out of this melancholy state of feeling. 'Well, well,'

was his habitual answer, 'you may say just what you please, but when I embraced my wife and little ones on the beach at Portsmouth, something whispered in my ear, that it was for the last time: and you will see whether or not it spoke truly.'

"Jem Sweetlove was on picket with me during the night of the 15th. It came to his turn to mount sentry by the river's side at midnight, and he went to his post, not gaily, for Jem was never gay, but as free from oppression as we had seen him since he joined us. Well, I returned to the picket-fire, after planting the reliefs, and had sat about half an hour, chatting, as men are apt to do in such situations with their comrades, when a musket-shot from the line of sentries caught my ear, and a general alarm was excited. We all stood to our arms; but the firing was not repeated; and no tumult in the front succeeded it. The officer, accordingly, after waiting about ten minutes, desired me to ascertain the cause of the shot; and taking with me a file of men, I hastened to obey his orders. Beginning on the right of the line, I ascertained, first from one sentinel

and then from another, that all was quiet in the front, though they too had heard the shot, and for a moment had been startled by it. As I approached the centre, however, where Sweetlove kept post, the intelligence communicated was more explicit. In a word, it was believed that Sweetlove had fired, — but why, nobody could tell, for there had been no movement either on the river or along the opposite bank since the relief went round.

"Forward I now pushed, towards Sweetlove's station. There was no moon in the heavens, but the stars were out by millions, — and by their light objects could be discerned at some little distance. Carefully, therefore, I looked abroad, being unwilling to censure without reason; yet I could see nothing, except the mighty St. Lawrence rolling on in its solitude. I was therefore ready to discharge a volume of abuse at the culprit, when I beheld him make a sudden spring towards the river, cast his firelock from him, and jump in. 'Is the man beside himself!' cried I, as we ran forward to save him. Neither was it an easy matter to accomplish that object, for the current was

strong, and the channel deep; and the stream had swept him a considerable distance into the rapids ere we succeeded in getting hold of his clothes, and dragging him to the shore.

"It was no time to find fault when the poor fellow stood before me drenched and shivering, and looking as wild as a startled hare. I therefore contented myself by demanding from him, on our way back to the picket-fire, an explanation of what had happened. At first he seemed unwilling to give it, but at length said—

'It 's all over with me, corporal! You have often ridiculed my assertions, that I should never see my wife and family again, but before many hours pass you will change your note. I shall be a dead man to-morrow.'

'Pooh! nonsense, Jem,' cried I, 'this is the old story over again. Why, man, your chances are just as good as those of the rest of us,—only you have no heart; and more die for lack of that than by sword or bayonet. Cheer up, cheer up! and tell us why you fired?'

'It was not I that fired. My piece went off in the struggle,—but I never touched the trigger.'

'What struggle, Jem?—for heaven's sake

don't speak in riddles! There was nobody near your post when we came up; with whom then could you struggle?'

'With my wife, corporal!' replied he. 'Ay, smile and look incredulous, if you choose, but what I tell you is a fact; and you yourself will admit that it was so, before to-morrow's sun goes down. Listen, then, and you shall hear all.

'You had not left me more than ten minutes, when, on making a face-to-the-right for the purpose of walking my rounds, I beheld, with what feelings you may judge, Margaret standing near me. She was very pale, very thin, and dressed in a long white wrapper. Her hair had broken loose, and was streaming from beneath her cap; and the expression of her eyes was so sorrowful and sad, that it went to my very heart. For a moment she looked at me in silence; and then her thin white lips moved, and she said to me — 'Jem, leave this place, or it will be too late!' As I hope to be saved, there was no delusion in the case. I heard the words as distinctly as I hear my own voice now; and I answered them by stating, that I neither could nor would desert my post. She

repeated her entreaty; and, finding that I persisted in my determination, she seized my firelock, and strove to wrest it out of my hand. In that struggle the piece went off, and then Margaret, letting go her hold, drew back from me I know not how, for her limbs never turned, and her face was still towards me, with an expression in her eye of the same deep melancholy which had so much shocked me at the first. I gazed after her, when all at once I saw her with my two babies in a canoe. She was pale as before, but they were as red as my coat, — and a horrible red savage sat in the stern, and steered her towards the rapids. Margaret waved her hand to me, and said, — 'We meet to-morrow!' I saw that they were getting into the current; I heard the roar of the waterfall below: — what could I do? I cast my firelock from me, and sprang into the water to save them!'

"Sweetlove told his tale with a voice and manner so calm and collected, that it was impossible to question his own firm belief in the reality of the vision. He persisted, too, in his belief that he should not survive the morrow, and appeared

altogether so shaken, that it was judged expedient not to employ him again as a sentry. He therefore sat by the fire all night; and when daylight came in, we saw that his hair had suddenly changed its colour. Five hours previously it had been dark brown; now it was as grey as that of an old man of ninety. But this was not all: the enemy attacked us soon afterwards in force, and our pickets were driven in, though not till Sweetlove, who behaved like a gallant soldier, had received his fatal wound, and fulfilled his destiny.

"But I have not yet done. About six weeks after the battle, letters arrived from England, one of which gave an account of the decease of Mrs. Sweetlove and her children; the children having sunk under an attack of scarlet fever, and the mother dying of a decline. Now, what think ye of all this, which is true as I am a living man?"

"Oh, if that be the sort of thing you are in search of," interposes a third veteran, "I can tell my stories too; both of which may be authenticated by reference to an officer who holds rank in this establishment. For, to a certain

extent, he was connected with both, and, I dare say, recollects them.

" The regiment in which I served was employed in the expedition to the Helder in 1799, and part of it took a passage in the ship of war, in which the officer to whom I have just alluded, served at the time as a midshipman. Among other individuals embarked, was an Irish drummer, by name Corney Nolan, as brave a fellow as ever drubbed sheepskin or cracked a joke in the presence of an enemy. It was remarked of Corney, that from the hour of his embarkation at Margate till the boats pushed off for the Dutch coast, he never once smiled. Had he been left to himself, he would have kept below during the voyage, for he seemed to have the greatest horror of the deck, indeed, he invariably quitted it as soon as the muster was over, and hid himself among the berths. It was of no use to badger or tease him about his conduct. He would neither change it, nor explain the motives that swayed him, but answered always: 'I have my reasons. Let me alone, and mind your own matters.' At last the Helder point was made; the boats

hoisted out, and other preparations made to land.

'Now then,' said we, 'Corney, tell us why you were so gloomy on board. It 's not like you at all to be out of spirits; what ailed you?'

'Faith, then, I 'll tell you, lads,' answered Corney, 'for we 're out of the mess now at all events. The devil, for one time, has told a lie, anyhow, and maybe he 'll tell more. An ould hag lucked at my hand in Tipperary long ago, and said, that I 'd die in the wather. Now, I don't mind dyin' like a man, with the inemy afore me; but to be drowned like a blind puppy—I could not fancy that at all at all. But there 's the land! Hurrah! boys; hurrah! and there's the French rascals a-top of it! Let 's charge them! and I 'll show you how!'

"Just as Corney spoke, our boat ran into a shoal and grounded, about a hundred yards from the beach. There was a considerable surf running, through which it was necessary to wade; and Corney being the first to jump in, took our present adjutant on his back, and began to push towards the sands. But before

he took three steps a musket-ball struck him in the breast, and he fell dead. Corney, too, accomplished his destiny, for he died in the water after all. This, then, is one of my stories; now for the other.

"When the same officer, of whom I have already spoken, held a captain's commission in the Royal Scots, he had for a servant one Sam Rogers, a man with whom I long lived on terms of great intimacy, and who, as he had received a superior education, so was he perfectly free from everything like a tendency to superstition. On the morning of the day when we drove in the enemy's pickets into Flushing, he came to his master, and said, that he had had a fearful dream, and wished to communicate its purport to somebody.

'What was it, Sam?' asked the captain; 'let 's have it. I like to hear of dreams above all things.'

'You need not talk so lightly of the matter, sir,' replied Sam, 'for my dream refers to you as well as to others.'

'So much the better, my good fellow,' cried

the captain. 'Out with it; I'm dying to hear it.'

'So you shall, then, sir,' said Sam. 'I saw in my sleep a dark cloud pass before my eyes, which gradually opened out, and displayed behind it a thin fleecy vapour, that floated up and down for some time. By and by, shapes began to appear on the vapour; and I beheld, to my astonishment, the coats of arms of several officers, both of the Royals and of other regiments. They were all marked in characters of blood. Below one was written the word KILLED; below another, WOUNDED.'

'And what legend might mine bear, Sam?' demanded his master, still laughing.

'You will be wounded, sir; but Captain Talbot, of the 5th, will be killed, and Lieutenant Wallace of ours likewise. But this is not all. The shields melted away; and there came a voice from behind the cloud, which said, "You must die also!" Now, sir, so confident am I that I shall not survive many hours, that I beg of you to ascertain whether everything that you have committed to my care is safe.'

"The captain would have treated this request with ridicule, but Sam was determined; and he had his own way. The property to be accounted for was, indeed, of trifling value; for we landed, at Flushing, in the lightest possible order; yet Sam insisted upon his master's taking charge of his own haversack. And it was well that he did so. Of the officers whom he named as doomed to the slaughter, neither escaped. He himself was killed early in the battle, and the captain received a wound, of which he still feels the effects, and will probably continue to feel them till his dying day.—Have not we soldiers, then, just as many warnings, both of our own fate, and of the fates of our comrades, as seamen?"

"Pooh, pooh!" exclaims a fourth warrior. "Is that all that you can tell the gentleman? These are but every-day occurrences. But let him read this. It is a true copy of a letter that was delivered in by the person to whom it is addressed, and is yet preserved among the records of the Prize Office. Talk of men being forewarned of their coming deaths! That's nothing! Read my letter, sir, and ask the

chaplain whether it be not a genuine document."

We take the epistle thus handed to us, and find, what the reader finds below.

"Copy of a letter from Sergeant Thomas Davis, 76th regiment, to his wife.

"April 15, 1811, Dublin.

"My dear dear wife,

"I received your loving letter in Fermoy. I am very happy to hear that you are in good health, and my family. Dear Mrs. Davis, I have rote these three lines on the 15th instant, but I stopped my hand until the 24th of April 1811, untill I should see how I would pass the Bord. I remain in Fermoy hospital for a long time. They turn me out uncured. I came on the coach to Dublin, having got a very good pass. I thought to remain in Dublin untill I would pass the Bord, untill I would get some money to bring me home to my dear family. But when I came to Dublin I got worse. There is some prize-money coming to me, I hope that you will get for my family. Dear wife, I was

going to rite to you for some money to bring me home, but now it is all over. Lord have mercy on me! I departed this life on Sunday, about two o'clock. I had not one shilling to bury me in a strange place. You may come to see where I am buried, if you chuse. I hope you will pray for me. Dear wife, I am no more in this world. If you come to Dublin, come to No. 11, Duke Street, Dublin. I have got a young man to rite for me, by the name of John Garland—I bein' so bad that I could not rite it myself. I was in hope of getting my half-year's salary on the 24th of this month, and twenty pounds prize-money. No more at present from Thomas Davis, sergeant of 76th regiment of foot, Ireland. I remain for ever."

"Is this really a genuine letter?" ask we.

"As genuine as the Bible!" answers our gallant friend, with imperturbable gravity; "and, for my part, I think it a great deal more wonderful that a man should write to his wife after he is dead, than that a dead wife should appear to her husband, and tell him that

his hours are numbered. Don't you think so too, sir?"

"It would be hard to decide between them," is our reply; "but this last has the merit of being more uncommon, at all events."

CHAPTER V.

In which we take up new ground, and deal with Biography.

"Now then," we interpose, seeing that the day is stealing from us fast, "we have but one more request to make; which is, that some of you would give us a sort of sketch of your whole lives, or, at least, of the principal occurrences that have characterised them. We may be mistaken, but we have always believed that a soldier's life, if fairly described, would be found more prolific in striking incidents than that of any other living man. More especially are we led to form this opinion in reference to old soldiers,—to men who served in the first American war, or in times anterior to that. But probably none of the actors in those stormy scenes survive."

"You are mistaken, sir," interposes one of our gallant friends; "Chelsea Hospital has always been remarkable for the great longevity of its inmates. It is not very long ago since a comparison was instituted, in this respect, between our asylum and that at Greenwich; and the advantage was found to be on our side, to an extent which you would probably not imagine. In fact, the average of our ages was very nearly equal to the greatest amount of theirs. And to come down to particular instances. There are those still living who have conversed with a Chelsea pensioner and heard from his lips an account of the execution of Charles the First. The man was very old when he told the tale to one who is now an old man himself, but was then in the prime of his youth; and he stated, that his mother held him above the crowd, he being a child, so that he might see the awful sight. And the effect produced upon him was such, that he could never afterwards forget it. He spoke of the King's calm pale face, of the scowl that sat on the countenances of those around him, of Bishop Juxon as striving in vain to repress his agita-

tion, and of the breathless silence with which a countless multitude gazed upon the preparations. And when the fatal blow fell, and the King's head was held aloft, there was such a cry, so shrill, so heart-piercing, that it never ceased to ring in his ears all his life long.

"This, however, is not the only instance which we have had among us of life protracted beyond a century. In the grave-yard lies a veteran whose tombstone records, that he married at the age of a hundred, and died at a hundred and twelve, leaving a numerous family behind him. I myself perfectly recollect an old man, who used to sweep the court, and never complained of fatigue, at the age of one hundred and seven. And we have now in the house two, who can look back upon a hundred years, and are yet comparatively robust. Thomas Rosewarren, one of the light-horse, has turned his hundred and fifth year, and is yet as well able to give the history of his early life as any person of half his age. And William Taylor, now in his hundred and third, is scarcely less intelligent. It so happens, that

Taylor has never seen much active service. He was trepanned in the year 1762, and compelled to enlist in the Athol Highlanders, which became afterwards the 77th regiment of foot; but he never went abroad with it; and having taken service for three years only, or till the conclusion of the war, he obtained his discharge, not long after the peace of 1763. He afterwards enlisted in the 104th, and came eventually to serve in a veteran company, from which he was invalided in 1802, and has since 1834 inhabited the hospital. Something he might have to say, if you could lead him on, respecting a mutiny that broke out at Portsmouth in 1763, where it is understood that he played a conspicuous part. But of operations in the field he knows nothing, never having had any share in them. With Rosewarren it is different; and I think that you might find the trouble amply repaid, if you would go over to his room in the infirmary, and converse with him."

We adopt the hint thrown out by our gallant adviser, and repair to the infirmary, where seated in an arm-chair by the side of

the fire, we discover as fine a specimen of the soldier of the old school as the eye of man would wish to behold. His hair, white as the drifted snow, is yet luxuriant about his temples, and his figure, somewhat above the middle height, is straight and symmetrical, affording abundant proof, that in other days it must have been singularly handsome. His face bears a strong resemblance to that of the Duke of Wellington, and the very tones of their voices resemble one another. Rosewarren's eye, like that of the duke, is dark blue, and full of expression. His eyebrow is thick but not heavy, and is considerably darker than the hair of his head. His other features are sharp,—a Roman nose, a cheek which falls in slightly at the mouth, a chin corresponding in shape and size to the mouth, and a smile which wins the heart of him who looks upon it. There he sits, contented and tranquil when alone, and always ready to converse freely, and like a cavalier, with such as approach him. As a specimen of the old soldier's manners and memory I may be permitted, before I bring

him upon the stage, to relate two anecdotes concerning him.

A lady, who will corroborate my statement, but whose name, having no authority to print it, I of course withhold, came more than once in the course of last summer to see Rosewarren, and, being much struck with his gentlemanlike and soldierly air, she was desirous of doing him some little act of kindness. She observed that his watch-ribbon had become shabby, and proposed to give him a new one. "What colour would you like?" said she. The old man looked at her, and replied with the grace of a knight-errant, "I will wear your ladyship's colours, if you please." He got her ladyship's colours two days afterwards, and has worn them ever since.

Not long afterwards the same lady brought a noble marquess, a member of his Majesty's cabinet, to see her cavalier, and introduced him to the old man. The marquess, on questioning him relative to his services, ascertained that he had fought at the battle of Minden, on the first of August 1759. "You were commanded on

that occasion by the Marquess of Granby," said the nobleman. "Pardon me, sir," replied the old soldier, "I wish we had been; there would have been in that case no ground of accusation against us. Our leader was Lord George Sackville, who did not cover himself with glory." The marquess smiled, and owned the correction. But it is high time to let the veteran speak for himself. Here is a compendium of his story, as he is ready himself to repeat it to such as may honour him with a visit.

Thomas Rosewarren was born at Wheallybridge, Cornwall, on the 6th day of June 1731. His father was what is called a captain of miners, that is to say, a superintendent of the works, and paymaster to the men; and, being handsomely remunerated, acquired in the course of time a respectable fortune. There were in all five children, three sons and two daughters, of whom Thomas was the eldest, and is now the sole survivor; and they all received, as indeed they were entitled to receive, a good education.

Rosewarren describes his father as a just but an austere man; a great preserver of dis-

cipline at home, and the ready wielder of a heavy hand. His eldest son did not at all relish the degree of restraint that was imposed upon him, and from a very early period began to meditate some means of escaping from it. Yet being a smart fellow, and exceedingly useful to his father, whose books he kept at the age of twelve years, the latter refused to listen to his repeated applications for leave to push his fortunes abroad. The consequence was, that, finding every other avenue closed against him, he one day quitted the counting-house without giving warning to any one, and, joining a party of Ruffin's regiment, which were looking for recruits in the neighbouring town, he made a tender of his services, and was accepted.

This event befell in 1747, just as the belligerents on both sides had begun to grow tired of the war; and, the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle occurring not long afterwards, Ruffin's regiment was disbanded. Rosewarren, thrown by this act upon his own resources, returned to Wheally-bridge; but the specimen of a soldier's life which had been submitted to him

proved so attractive, that, though somewhat better treated by his father than he used to be, he soon became dissatisfied with home. After occupying his seat at the desk, therefore, for about twelve months, he once more abandoned it, and, joining the 25th regiment of foot, was marched first to Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and afterwards into Scotland. But Scotland had by this time ceased to be a land of romance and adventure. Crushed beneath the heel of the conqueror, both highlands and lowlands lay prostrate, so that during some five years' sojourn on the north of the Tweed, my hero was called upon to perform no more arduous duty than devolves upon a soldier in his own country. He visited consecutively, Edinburgh, Aberdeen, Inverness, Fort Augustus, and Fort William; he lay at Drummosse Muir, in the castle of Inversnaid, and elsewhere; but he met with no adventure of which at this distance of time he can undertake to speak as deserving of particular record. The Scotch, he says, were a kind and hospitable people, somewhat uncleanly in their habits, and given to drinking; but he spent

some years of his life very pleasantly among them, and quitted them not without regret.

In the year 1754 the twenty-fifth regiment was quartered at Chatham, when Rosewarren's father became so pressing to have his eldest son at home again, that the young soldier could not resist his solicitations. Not that Rosewarren himself had become disgusted with the service: on the contrary, as he was now a sergeant, and his skill in penmanship and keeping accounts strongly recommended him to his superiors, the predilection which he seems to have all along had for a military life was increased. Yet when his father urged him to relinquish the service, and represented himself as suffering greatly from the want of his assistance, he could not, as a son, refuse. Accordingly, his discharge was purchased, and he made a third attempt to fall into the habits of a settled and regular existence. But it proved just as little satisfactory as those which had preceded it. The old man was still stern, the young one loved freedom and pleasure; and there grew up between them an alienation which day by day

gathered strength. The result was, that Thomas once more resigned his charge as assistant to the captain miner, and, falling in with a party from the 24th foot, he offered himself as a recruit, and was accepted.

Rosewarren first smelled powder in Minorca, during the attack of which by the French, under the Duke de Richelieu, his regiment formed part of the garrison of Fort St. Philip. Some hard blows were struck there, as the list of wounded and disabled soldiers, which still remains, can testify; and Rosewarren was not backward to expose himself wherever danger prevailed. But neither the gallantry of the men, nor the perseverance of their leader, could effect impossibilities; and Fort St. Philip, after a blockade of some weeks, was surrendered on capitulation. The old man speaks with bitter and mortified feelings of the disappointment of himself and his comrades, when Admiral Byng's squadron, after showing itself off the coast, had left them to their fate. "Yet we suffered no dishonour," continues he. "We marched out with our arms in our hands, and we were not required to ground them. But

there was one circumstance connected with the surrender which galled us much. The Duke de Richelieu, though he might be a good officer, was such a diminutive creature, that the crown of his head would have scarce reached to my elbow. I confess that I for one did not like to own myself beaten by such a manikin."

Sent home under terms of the capitulation, Rosewarren spent a couple of years at various country quarters in England; whence, in 1759 he proceeded to Germany, as part of a reinforcement to the corps which then served with the King of Prussia. He arrived in time to take part in the battle of Minden, where he describes the conduct of the British infantry as brilliant in the extreme, and deeply deplores that Lord George Sackville should have restrained the horse from completing the victory which was already won. He fought also at Graebenstein, Homburg, and Milsengen; where both the Marquis of Granby, and the force that acted under him, gained immortal honour. Yet is his account of these affairs very meagre. The tide of time appears, indeed, to have rolled its

waters so heavily over his mind, that it has become irksome to him to enter much into detail respecting either public or private transactions; and he must be made of materials such as I cannot understand, who, to gratify his own, or even the public curiosity, would tease the old man with many questions.

At the peace of 1763, Rosewarren was, with many other soldiers, sent adrift; yet the experience which he had had of a military life, not only did not disgust him, but tended only to strengthen the predilection which in early life he had exhibited. He therefore enlisted forthwith into the 7th dragoons, with which he continued to do duty till the month of June 1772, when, in consequence of rupture, he was discharged. He became then an out-pensioner at the rate of — per day, and so continued till the year ——. How he spent his time during this interval, it would little interest the general reader to be told. But, finding by degrees that he had outlived all the associates of his youth, that his patrimony had gone from him, and that the sons and daughters of his brother were in possession, the old man grew weary of the

world, and applied to be received into the soldiers' last retreat. He was admitted; and means, with God's blessing, to lay his bones to rest among those of the former tenants of the place.

CHAPTER VI.

In which a younger Soldier tells his own tale.

"ROSEWARREN'S story is striking enough as far as it goes," said we as soon as the veteran had ceased to speak: "yet we should like to contrast it with the tale of some more modern soldier, — of one whose career has not been, on the whole, so fortunate, and who may be both more able and more willing to describe it in detail. Have you any in the house who have suffered imprisonment in France, for example, or been taken by other powers with whom England was at war?"

"Oh yes, several," was the reply. "But there is one in particular, who, educated for a different course of life, has perhaps more to say in that respect than his comrades. You had best see him."

Roberts, the individual alluded to, is sent for. He looks sickly and feeble, as men are apt to do whose constitutions have undergone more than common trials; but his eye has much of intelligence in it, and his style of language is very correct. He expresses himself quite willing to act upon our suggestion, and we sit down together on a bench. Listen, reader, to his tale.

"I was born in the county of Cheshire, about a bow-shot from the borders of Wales, but have always regarded myself as a Welshman, because both my father and mother were of Welsh extraction, as indeed had been all my ancestors, from the remotest time. My father was a gentleman farmer, and a freeholder of the county; who brought up his eight sons in a respectable way, and gave to each of them a good education. For myself, I was bred to medicine, and served the greater part of my time with a surgeon and apothecary in the place. But I was always a wild youth, and gave both trouble and anxiety to those that took an interest in me; and nothing would serve my turn but to quit my master's family

before the time for which I had been bound was fully expired. My master, however, being a quiet, peaceable man, made no great fuss about the matter. He consented to give me a certificate. I came up to London, attended the hospitals for sixteen or eighteen months, and applied for an appointment in the navy. As the war was then hot, and there was a want of young men to serve in the medical department, I found no difficulty, with the assistance of my friends, in getting an appointment. I passed the farcical examination to which candidates were then subjected, and was rated as a surgeon's mate on board the ———.

"From the date of my first appointment up to the autumn of 1805, my life differed in no respect from that of other young men in my situation.—I messed with the midshipmen, gave and took plenty of practical jokes, quizzed the doctor and captain behind their backs, and exercised my skill upon the seamen. We had a jolly time of it, in short, liable now and then to some serious inconveniences, but on the whole such as may still be looked back upon with pleasure. And thus it continued to be till hav-

ing accepted a berth on board the Calcutta, of fifty-four guns, we were sent out to St. Helena, for the purpose of strengthening the escort, under which a large fleet of Indiamen and other trading vessels were to return home. But we found, on reaching the place of our destination, that the convoy had sailed some time; and that another and more responsible duty had devolved upon us. Stragglers came dropping in from day to day; and we received orders to wait till a sufficient number should be collected, and then to give them our protection to the nearest port in England.

"It was on the 5th of August that we quitted our anchorage at St. Helena, having in company the Indus, East-Indiaman, three whalers from the South-Seas, and two ships besides. The winds were fair but light, and we held our course, neither friend nor foe crossing our bows, till the 14th of September, when we overtook a ship called 'The Brothers,' which had separated from the Leeward fleet, and was continuing her voyage alone. This wretched tub, Captain Woodroff, our commander, considered it necessary to take under his care, though

she was such a miserable sailer that the whole squadron were obliged to reef their top-sails, in order that she might not be left behind. And a black day to me, and to many more, was that in which 'The Brothers' signalised us for protection. But for him there cannot be a doubt that the homeward passage would have been effected at least three weeks sooner than were expended on it; and then I, and perhaps more than I, should have been this day very different from what we are.

"I am not the sort of man to repine against fate. What must be must; and the care of my person was, doubtless, provided for by a higher power than my own; so I spare you the reflections that are at this moment crowding into my own mind, and go on with my story.

"In proportion as we drew towards the chops of the channel our look-out became more and more sharp; for the French fleet was then in an efficient state, and the narrow seas swarmed with their cruisers. No suspicious sail, however, came in sight till the 25th, when being in latitude 49° 30′ north, and longitude

about 9° west, we discovered in the west-north-west several ships far away in the offing. It was then nearly calm; and the strangers were at such a distance that we could not make much of them; but by-and-by a light breeze sprang up, and we ascertained that they approached us rapidly. At last, night closed in; when, being doubtful whether the pursuers might be friends or foes, we took our station between them and the convoy, and kept dodging on under easy sail; the watch alone walking the deck, and the rest of the men sleeping at their quarters. Thus it was when the dawn of day showed us the strangers about a league astern. We made the private signal, which was not answered; we then hailed the Indus, and directed her to make sail ahead with the convoy; and ourselves dropping astern, Captain Woodroff desired the captain of 'The Brothers' to haul upon a wind, and shift for himself. He stood to the northward, we directly to the south, for the purpose of drawing off the enemy, for such they clearly were, from the merchantmen, though not till we had made a cut

across the bows of a frigate which lay upon our starboard quarter, and was fast coming up with the convoy.

"The force, into the very jaws of which we were thus hurried, proved to be the Rochefort squadron, consisting of five ships of the line, one of 120 guns, three frigates, and two corvette-brigs. The vessel which lay nearest to us was the Armide, of 40 guns, which shortened sail so as to let us come up with her, and then, keeping at a respectful distance, engaged us at long shots for a space of about forty minutes. It was not our business, of course, to fight it out. We wanted only to get away; and, by holding on straight to the south, we hoped to lead the line-of-battle ships a long and useless dance after us. And we succeeded, at least in part; for the Armide at length got enough of it, and fell astern, while all the rest, clapping on every stitch, hastened to avenge her. The Frenchmen did not all sail alike. There were two, indeed, the Magnanime, of 74 guns, and the Thetis, of 40, which far outstripped the rest, and gained upon us so fast, the former on the starboard, the latter on the

larboard quarter, that, without disabling one or the other, escape was impossible. Captain Woodroff determined to take a turn with the 74, for which purpose he put up his helm, and bore down; and, with all his sails set, began at pistol-shot distance an action which continued, without intermission, three quarters of an hour. If the two ships had had the sea all to themselves, there 's no telling what might have happened; for old Woodroff was a thorough fire-eater, whom an enemy might sink, but not subdue. But the odds against us were too great. The rest of the French squadron came up, one vessel after another, and we, being surrounded and raked in all directions, hauled down our colours.

"The merchantmen, whom we had undertaken to protect, escaped all except 'The Brothers;' and Captain Woodroff received, it appears, high praise for his skill and gallantry. But to me, and to many more on board the old Calcutta, the affair proved disastrous in the extreme. No sooner were we boarded, than the Frenchmen took care to ease us of all our superfluous clothing and money. That which

each man happened to have on his back he was permitted to retain; but the contents of chest and hammock Jean Crapaud appropriated to himself; and as I was busy with the wounded in the cockpit, with coat off and shirt-sleeves tucked up, my case was not the least hard in the ship's company. But there was no help for it, and complaint would have been useless. I therefore went with my messmates on board the Magnanime, which continued cruising about for some days to no purpose, and then stood for Basque Roads, and came to anchor, in a thick fog, off Rochelle. It is a curious fact that a little East India packet ran in among us during the fog, and was taken; and that the French officers heard from her crew how close to the jaws of death, or capture, they had themselves been steering, for an English squadron had passed the packet not an hour before, and only the thickness of the fog hindered them from espying us, and, of course, from giving us a benefit. It would have done your heart good to see how the French officers skipped about the deck, congratulating one-another on their narrow escape; whereas of the seamen there

were several who did not disguise their regret, inasmuch as, having tried an English prison in former times, they pronounced it in all respects a more agreeable residence than one of their own ships of war.

"On the 29th of August the French admiral disembarked his prisoners, which, including the crews of several merchantmen, of the packet, and of his Majesty's 18-gun ship-sloop Ranger, previously captured, amounted to a very considerable body. They were immediately classified according to their rank, the officers being entirely separated from the men, while the masters of merchantmen were handed over to our mess, and became partakers in our fortune. This done, the French authorities marched us into a tower, which had been originally built for a light-house, and put us in charge of an old scoundrel who seemed determined to make the most of us. Not a morsel of food or fuel would that man serve out except at the most exorbitant rate. He charged fifteen sous for a bottle of wine which cost him a sou and a half, and all other things in proportion. Lord knows what their motive could be

for giving us this taste of the bitters of captivity at the outset; but if it was, as it might be, to reconcile us to our fate, there is no denying that they fully succeeded. Our first fortnight's training made all the future ills of life seem light, besides giving us an opportunity of trying our hands at a joke, which turned in its developement confoundedly against us.

"The old gaoler charged us, as I have said, exorbitantly for everything. He made us pay for the very water that we drank, and fuel was doled out at the rate of an English half-crown for a billet of wood which I could span round with my hands. We had learned that we were to quit his tower on the morrow, so we determined to get one good meal out of him, at all events. With this view, we desired him to provide beef and carrots, and the best wine and bread—everything, in short, which our excited fancies could think of, and to furnish us with a right good supper, of which we promised that he should partake. The old rascal took our orders, and obeyed them; but instead of serving up the supper first, and getting paid for it afterwards, he told us with all the coolness in

the world, that both viands, and fuel wherewith to dress them, were ready, but that nothing could be passed into our room till it should have been paid for in the first place. We stared at one-another, grumbled a good deal, and ended by laughing heartily. We were in the condition of the biter bit, and we must needs make the most of it. But though we paid for our supper and got it, not a morsel went down the throat of Cerberus. To have allowed that, would have been too good-natured an act on our parts; and the fellow's grin, when we informed him of our determination, showed that he never expected it.

"We had inhabited the tower at Rochelle exactly fourteen days, when, under the guidance of a sergeant and twelve infantry, and escorted from stage to stage by a body of mounted gendarmerie, we began our march towards Verdun. The first day's journey covered a space of eight leagues, which, for men recently let loose from ship-board, and stiff with confinement in a prison, was more than enough; and, at its termination, we were but scurvily treated. They shut us up in a convent and gave us an

indifferent allowance of provisions, for which, moreover, they made us pay, though not extravagantly; and, at an early hour on the following morning, we were again *en route*, compassing seven leagues, which carried us to the town of Morlaix. And I must do the Frenchmen the justice to declare, that from that hour our treatment was of the most liberal kind. The general commanding in the place where we slept the night before, had, it appeared, been taken in one of the West India islands, where our people behaved to him in a manner that, according to his notions, did not correspond with the deference due to his rank. He contracted, in consequence, an inveterate hostility towards the English; and he indulged it in dealing with us with a very high hand. But it was not so anywhere else. On the contrary, as we were the first British captives that had ever journeyed by this route, the authorities seemed quite at a loss how to behave to us; and they indulged their own natural benevolence by treating us with as much care as if we had been countrymen of their own. We never got less than five francs per day. We some-

times got as much as twelve per day, marching money: and when we reached Verdun at last, so considerate were the officers commanding there, that though forced to call in the overplus of what had been issued to us, they deducted only one franc a-day from our allowances, and thus spread the debt, which we unquestionably owed to their government, over a very extended space of time.

"Verdun stands, as everybody knows, upon the Maese, a branch or arm from which passes very near to one of the gates, from which, indeed, it is divided only by a meadow, called, I know not why, the Priory. It is a fortified town of considerable extent, with a citadel; and having been long used as a depôt for English prisoners, its inhabitants were perfectly well qualified to act both as our hosts, and spies upon our actions; for to each of us was offered, immediately on our arrival, his parole, and there were few who did not consider it advisable to accept the indulgence. As to myself, I lodged with a retired captain in the French service, an exceedingly respectable man, a widower, with one daughter, and she a married

woman; and, during the two years which it was my destiny to spend in the place, I received from them on all occasions the best possible treatment.

"The degree of liberty afforded to officers on their parole, was, at Verdun, very great. Once a day we had to appear at the commune, and register our names; but after that, the whole of the twenty-four hours were at our disposal, and we had the full range not only of the town, but of the surrounding country to the extent of three leagues from the glacis. Such as refused to accept this leave, were, of course, more strictly guarded: they lived and slept in the citadel, whence they were not permitted to emerge, even into the town, except by a written passport,—though the passport was in no instance refused, provided the parties applying did not chance to be objects of peculiar suspicion. Meanwhile, in order to amuse the lads immured there, some of the seniors, captains in the navy, had instituted a school, where such as chose to attend were instructed in navigation, and in all things having reference to the rig and management of a ship. There were two of my messmates in the citadel, who, being resolved from the out-

set to escape or perish, refused their parole; and their fate, though by a very round-about process, proved to be more closely connected with mine than I ever could have anticipated, when we sailed together in the Calcutta.

"I had been nearly two years in the place, when at dusk one evening I received a visit from these two young gentlemen, at a moment when Madame La Blanc, my young landlady, happened to be sweeping, or in some other way busied in my room. They paid no heed to her, for they took it for granted she was entirely ignorant of the English language; and as I had never heard either her or her father make use of an English expression, I had no apprehensions that they were carrying their faith too far. Accordingly, though the subject on which they immediately entered was of the most delicate nature, I never thought it worth while to check them.

'Doctor,' said one, by name Hexton, 'we want your assistance;—will you give it?'

'To be sure I will, Paddy,' says I, 'as far as my abilities go. In anything that does not

necessarily involve my own safety, you may command me.'

'Well, then, doctor, we have made up our minds to desert.'

'Then, God be with you, boys!' says I. 'I wish you good luck, and a safe arrival at home.'

'Ah! but, doctor, we can't do without a pocket-compass and a chart of the country; and you are just the boy to get them for us.'

'I get them!' says I,—'how am I to manage that? You know that they are articles which no tradesman is allowed to sell; and that, if they were sold, the act of buying them would be sufficient to get the purchaser into trouble.'

'We know all that, doctor; but you must get them for us, after all. You are at liberty to go about; we cannot get out except at intervals; and even this visit to you we have been enabled to pay only by humbugging the gendarme: for the fellow on duty at the citadel-barricade, we found out, could not read, so we passed off a scrap of our own written paper upon him for our passport. Therefore, if you

won't undertake to get these articles for us, all our plans will be frustrated; and you won't be very easy under the reflection, that you were the cause of our ruin.'

'Well, boys,' says I, a good deal softened, 'suppose I were to do what I can for you, how much time could you give me?'

'Oh!' cried they, quite delighted, 'we are in no hurry: take your own time — only make the job complete; and we'll never hurry, nor even ask you a question, till you yourself tell us that all is ready.'

'But you will want a great deal more than a chart and a pocket-compass,' said I. 'If you bring your scheme to maturity, you must lie up in the woods by day, and travel only at night; you will, therefore, require a stock of provisions to last you for a day or two at least:—how is this to be got?'

'Why, doctor,' answered Hexton, 'you must furnish these articles too; and, what is more, you must provide us with money.'

'Money, Pat!' says I, 'where do you think I am to get that commodity? I have burned my fingers once or twice already, and I am

not quite such a simpleton as to burn them again."

"And in this, sir, I told him but the truth. I was then a man of credit; so much so, that my indorsement to a bill would get it discounted without scruple at any of the bankers; and to do them justice, my fellow-captives did not often deceive me into backing bad bills.

"Well, it was of no use pretending to hold out on that subject either: Hexton assured me that his uncle, the rector of a parish in Ireland which he named, would pay the bill faithfully; and both appealed to my generosity in so touching a strain, that I consented to become their security. Accordingly, I put my name to a bill for thirty pounds; and that very night the cash was brought back to us in a canvas bag. The youngsters were going to pocket it—

'Not a bit,' says I. 'You have no occasion for money in the citadel. Leave this with me; and whenever you bring the rest of your plans to bear, as you must come here at any rate, the coin shall be ready for you.'

"They saw the propriety of this, or affected to see it; and they returned into the citadel

with light hearts, leaving me to push forward, as I best could, the other arrangements which I had undertaken to mature for them.

" I had observed repeatedly, when attending at the Commune to sign my name, a Jew pedlar, who had among his wares the very articles of which my friends were in need; and as a Jew seldom acknowledges any tie sufficiently strong to counteract the enticement of gain, I made up my mind to risk the chances of detection, and to deal with him. He was as pliant as I could have wished, and, for an enormous overcharge, put me in possession of a chart and pocket-compass. My next business was, to lay in a small stock of portable provisions; and I purchased, with this view, about eight pounds of good biscuit, half as many of Bologna sausages, and a couple of bottles of brandy. These were stowed away in two haversacks, which, with my own hands, I fabricated; and the young men having warned me of the day when they designed to make their attempt, I reconnoitred the ground, and fixed upon a convenient spot from which to commence operations. I made up my mind that

they ought to go out by the Priory gate, towards the river, and take their chance of penetrating into Germany, the roads in that direction being less narrowly watched in consequence of the stream, and woods and places for concealment being abundant. Having determined upon this, I took the well-filled haversacks and slung them one under each arm; and then ensconcing my whole body in a wrap-rascal great coat, I sallied forth. It was about four o'clock on a winter's evening, and, of course, getting rapidly dusk, — a circumstance which favoured me exceedingly; and as the town-gates were never closed till eight, I felt that there was time enough before me. With a quiet pace, therefore, I proceeded down into the meadow, sought out a rushy spot on the bank of the river, where I concealed my treasure, carefully marking the spot, and returned unchallenged and unheeded to my quarters.

" I was sitting before the fire, ruminating on the probable events of the morrow, when my young landlady suddenly entered.

' You are going to desert,' said she in French; —' you and the gentlemen who have been so

often here of late are going to desert. Now, mark me—they may go if they please; and should they be rash enough to make the attempt, I hope they will reach their own country: but you shall not budge a foot. It is quite impossible that any one fleeing from this should escape; and you are not going to throw away all your chances of comfort in so mad an enterprise. Unless, therefore, you give me your solemn promise not to accompany them, I will go immediately and inform the lieutenant of gendarmerie of your intentions.

"I stared at the woman, partly wondering by what process it could be that she had managed to dive into our secret, and partly struck with the expression of anxious kindness which glowed in her countenance while she was speaking.

'You mistake, madam,' said I; 'I never had the slightest intention of breaking my parol. I never meant to desert.'

'Well then the others do; and you mean to assist them. Now, I don't object to that; only you shall not get yourself into trouble, if I can prevent it. What would you do when

away? get caught ere you had travelled a dozen leagues, and then march off to the Breach-fort, and linger out the remainder of the war within a dungeon. No, no, monsieur, give me the promise I require, or else I go on the instant to the lieutenant.'

"There was no holding out against such eloquence, so I gave the promise,—the more readily, perhaps, because I really had no intention at the moment of forming one of the party of fugitives. Upon which the good lady went away, after solemnly assuring me, that by her my friends' designs should never be betrayed.

"At last the day arrived on which my messmates had so long counted; and, true to the hour specified by themselves, they made their appearance in my lodgings. I gave them the money, and walked with them through the Priory gate, and down into the meadow. It was the middle of the day, yet, strange as it may sound, not a human being took the smallest notice of us. We reached the bank of the river in safety. We found the haversacks. The young men threw them across their shoulders, and shook hands with me affectionately. I

don't deny that my heart rose to my mouth as I watched them ford the shallow stream, and gain the opposite bank unmolested; and when they waved their last adieu, it took no ordinary struggle to hinder me from plunging in, and sharing their fortunes. But the recollection of the evils which such an act would bring upon others restrained me; so I retraced my steps into the town with a heavy heart, and went early to bed, in order to sleep away my sorrow.

"There was, of course, a mighty fuss next day as soon as it was discovered that two Englishmen had effected their escape; and from the prisoners in the citadel all passports were withdrawn. Neither were we in the town quite free from annoyances. Somebody, it was concluded, must have lent them a helping hand, and a threat was held out, that, unless the guilty party were discovered, the privileges of all upon parole would be materially curtailed. I kept my own counsel, as may be believed; for the sure consequence of discovery would have been close confinement in the round-tower, followed, perhaps, by something still

less agreeable. But others, it appeared, had not been so prudent. We had a club at Verdun, whither we used to repair in the evening, to read the newspapers, and smoke a cigar; and I went to it that night as usual, suspecting nothing. To be sure, I had met in the morning an acquaintance in the street, a midshipman belonging to another ship, a rough, rambling, harum-scarum chap, whom nobody suspected of mischief; who, after charging me with having aided the deserters, swore with an oath that he was not going to suffer for my follies. I never dreamed of believing his threat, that he meant to denounce me; and it was well for him I did not, for, by all that's sacred! could I have supposed him in earnest, he should have been disabled from carrying his threat into execution for some time. But the event showed that I had done his sincerity wrong. I had just mixed myself a glass of brandy and water, and had stepped out for a moment, with my cigar in my cheek, when a friend informed me, on my return, that a party of gendarmes were in search of me.

'Well,' said I, though my heart misgave me,

'it 's of no use trying to run away. I 'll have my brandy and water at all events, and then go and seek them.' I did so, and soon overtook them.—'You are in search of me, I understand?' said I to the officer.—'Who are you?' demanded he.—'My name is Roberts.'—'And your Christian name?'—'John,' replied I.—'Belonging to the army or the navy?'—'To the navy.'—'Oh, then,' says he, 'you 're just our man!' Upon which he ordered his people to carry me to the round-tower, and said he would follow at his leisure. 'Here 's a nice mess to be in!' said I to myself. But the thing could not be helped; so, with a hearty curse upon the scoundrel who had betrayed me, I followed my conductors into the citadel, and passed, without a murmur, within the gateway of the round-tower.

"I was ushered up a single flight of stairs, and thrown into a room, which measured exactly six paces across in each direction. There was a window on one side, secured by a double grating, the intervals between the bars of which were exceedingly narrow, while the wall itself was so thick that when stretched upon

the window-sill my feet did not hang down, though I could scarcely touch the stanchions with the tips of my fingers. A truckle bedstead occupied one corner of the room; which had likewise a stool, a table, and a tub; but there was no fire-place, nor, consequently any means of keeping myself warm, except by pacing the floor from end to end, and slapping my hands across my chest. And to the undisturbed enjoyment of this species of relaxation the French authorities left me; not a soul coming near to bring either food or water, for a space of three whole days. At length, when the pangs of hunger had begun to be very severe, the lieutenant of police presented himself.

'I am authorised by the governor,' said he, 'to assure you, upon his word of honour, that you shall be restored to all the indulgences which your misconduct has forfeited, provided you atone for your fault by informing me by what route the fugitives proposed to make good their escape. On the other hand, if you presume to palter with me, or refuse to speak

out, worse treatment by far than that which you now experience, will be awarded.'

"I was famishing with want. I could have eaten poisoned food, had it been placed before me; but I could not be traitor towards my countrymen. I therefore told the officer that I knew nothing about their plans, and that, had it been otherwise, I would have died rather than divulge them. He became very angry, and threatened still further; upon which I said: 'You may do your worst. You may come Captain Wright over me, if you will, but neither your arguments nor your threats will induce me to act so base a part as to betray a comrade. You say that you have information, upon authority that you can trust, of my privity to the whole affair. Go back, then, to your authorities, for if they know so much, they must be as well qualified to remove your ignorance as I am. From me you shall hear nothing.'

'What's that you say?' exclaimed the gendarmes fiercely; for Captain Wright was a great thorn in their sides, and they did not like

to hear his name mentioned, particularly in the way in which I had used it. But I did not repeat my remark. I knew that I was in his power, and thought it unwise to provoke him further; so I explained away my allusion by saying, that I might be driven by despair to commit suicide. This softened the hero a little, who returned to his persuasions; which availed as little now as they had done at the beginning; so that, after half an hour's useless discussion, he loaded me with abuse and went his way. Nor, indeed, could I form any other idea than that they intended to starve me to death; for that night passed, and the whole of next day, without a morsel of food being brought to me; till my very strength began to evaporate, and I was on the brink of desperation. I had heard the buzz of conversation in the apartment below mine, and, by applying my ear to the grating, ascertained that it was filled with refractory conscripts. I saw, just before dark, one of them passing under my window, with a loaf of bread in one hand and a bottle in another. In the agony of my heart I called aloud, 'Comrade! take pity upon a poor

prisoner, who has been confined here four days without food, and go, for God's sake, and tell the first Englishman that you meet, to save me from perishing of want.' The conscript looked up; he made no answer, but, bolting up stairs, came to the door of my cell, which was likewise grated, and thrusting the neck of the bottle through, desired me to drink. I was afraid to take much; but I swallowed a mouthful, and it wonderfully refreshed me. Nor did the poor fellow's kindness end here. He ran towards the hospital, and meeting one of the surgeons by the way, told him of my plight; for which he and his wife, who had recently joined him from home, hastened to apply a remedy. They hurried across with their own dinner, saw the gaoler's wife, and prevailed upon her to convey the viands to me; and never did famished tiger attack his prey with greater avidity than urged me to the attack of that dish of lobscouse. But the woman did not suffer me to swallow half a dozen mouthfuls ere, by a stratagem, she drew me away from the trencher. She acted both humanely and wisely, for I had no control over my appetite, and should have

doubtless eaten till I died. Yet, I gnashed upon her with my teeth when I found that she had bolted out of the room, carrying the lobscouse with her, during the instant my curiosity had prompted me to spend at the window.

CHAPTER VII.

The same subject continued.

"I RECOVERED by degrees from the effects of this long fast; for the woman dealt wisely by me, and I had sense enough to consume even the scanty morsels which she allowed me, slowly, and as it were piecemeal. During the remainder of the three weeks therefore which I spent in the round-tower, my fate differed in no respect from that of men in general, whom their fellow-men may shut up in a solitary prison-house. From day to day I was, indeed, willing to flatter myself that an order for my release would arrive; but it never came, and escape was physically impossible. Accordingly, when an officer one morning desired that I should dress, because the waggon was ready, and the hour for marching had arrived, I

obeyed him without asking any questions as to our point of destination. And to say the truth, that became known to me soon enough. A journey of some days' continuance, throughout which we were manacled two and two together, and all chained to our seats, conveyed two-and-twenty unfortunate wretches to the castle of Breach, the strong portals of which, as we passed through them, told a tale of hopeless captivity, to which there would be no end except with the restoration of peace to Europe. Neither had our anticipations in this respect deceived us. For a space of not less than seven long years I lay immured within those walls, the inmate of a subterranean cavern, from the arched roof of which the salt-petre hung down in crystals larger and thicker than the largest icicle that ever depended from the eaves of this hospital. It 's of no use looking back upon that blank in my existence. Day after day came the same dull round,—a two hours' walk in the castle-yard in the morning, and the same in the evening, and then the society of my brother-captives, in a cell so dark, that even to read, except close to the casemated

window, was impossible. Yet I must do the French justice in one respect. They supplied us always with an abundance of good provisions, and by allowing us to take from among the privates such as we chose to act for us in the capacity of servants, they exhibited an inclination to deal as gently with us as their orders would allow.

"The world was all shut out from us, and we from the world, so that when, in the early spring of 1814, we were told that our quarters were about to be shifted, we neither knew the cause of the change, nor could guess in what it might terminate. We went forth, however, in gangs of twenty at a time, manacled and chained as we had been while travelling from Verdun, and arrived without accident at Metz, where we became again close prisoners. But this time our occupation of the prison was brief. Again we were *en route*, not manacled now, nor chained, nor yet divided into squads; but all in a body, slenderly guarded, and furnished each with a billet on some family in every town where we halted for the night. All this astonished us greatly; yet there was a cause for it,

which in due time became known to us also. We were at the outskirts of Saar Louis, and anticipated our billets as usual, when the commandant suddenly halted us, and desired that we would make our way, as we best could, to Abbeville, for his duties called him elsewhere. Here we were then, not upon our parole, but prisoners at large, in the heart of France to be sure, yet nowise precluded from passing beyond it, could we succeed in eluding notice. We went into the town, and there learned how affairs stood. The allied armies were across the Rhine. The northern provinces were overrun; Buonaparte had sustained repeated defeats, and the frame-work of the empire was dissolved.

"During my lengthened captivity in Breach, I had formed an intimacy with an officer of the 83rd regiment, who had been wounded at the battle of Talavera, and taken when the English hospital fell into the hands of the enemy. I had had it in my power, likewise, to do him various acts of kindness on the march; for I was employed latterly, at Breach, in the convalescent hospital, and receiving pay for my services had

accumulated a little money. Now Mr. —— had no money, and the military chest in France being by this time thoroughly impoverished, he would have been badly off enough, had I not shared my stock with him, seeing that our allowance of marching-money was not always forthcoming. We agreed to separate ourselves from the crowd, and to make our way if possible into those districts where the allied troops were in occupation. For this purpose we hung behind our comrades, and entering some hours later, we made for a coffee-house, and ordered supper and beds. We were sitting by the fire, when a French officer came in.

'You are English prisoners?' said he.

'We are,' said I; 'but there's nobody to take charge of us. The commandant has directed us to shift for ourselves.'

'It's all right,' said he; 'but what are you doing here? Why don't you join your comrades, and get your pay?'

'What pay?' exclaimed ———, 'What entitles us to pay?'

'Oh, hold your tongue, you fool,' cried I in English. 'Never think of asking what they

pay us for. If there be *l'argent* to be got, let us go and get it, and they may discover or invent a reason for issuing it,—that's no business of ours.'

"He took the hint, and away we went to the place which the officer pointed out; and there, to our great surprise, we received a louis between us,—a sum which in the dilapidated condition of our finances, came to hand very acceptably. Thus enriched, we returned to our inn more light-hearted than we had been before; and having finished our supper, and drunk success to the new order of things, we went to bed and slept soundly.

"We adhered to our determination of shaking off the crowd, and waited in our lodgings next morning, till all the rest were gone. We then took the road, and directing our faces towards Amiens, we passed through Thionville altogether unmolested. To one serious inconvenience we were, indeed, subjected. There was no money to be got; and though at every town people received us kindly, fed, lodged, and otherwise were tender of us, we felt the want of a little loose cash, while trudging along,

very acutely. When we reached Abbeville, our stock was reduced to one shilling sterling; and the mode in which my companion disposed of that, irritated me not a little. We walked into the town, and were gaping about, not knowing very well what to do, when I missed my friend for an instant, and could not think what had become of him, till I saw him come out of a milliner's shop, with a pair of smart new gloves on his hands.

'Aha, ———!' said I, 'where did those gloves come from?'

'I have just bought them,' said he.

'Bought them!' cried I. 'Where got you the money?'

'Oh,' says he, 'I gave the shilling for them.'

"I don't think I was ever in such a passion in my life. It was our last sou. It would have procured several glasses of brandy for us on the march; and there he had gone and bought with it a piece of dress, for which, in his situation, he had no more need than a shark for a pair of spectacles. I abused him like a pick-pocket. But I could not keep my anger long.

We were all the world to one another, and he no sooner expressed his contrition than I forgave him. That night we fared indifferently enough, and our prospects for the morrow were far from brilliant.

"I need not continue these details much longer. Let it suffice to say, that we pressed on, keeping our faces steadily towards Lyons, and subsisting, on the whole, pleasantly enough, upon the bounty of the people through whose country we passed. At length we arrived within a few leagues of Clermont, where the French and Austrian armies faced one another, the river running between them, and constant skirmishes taking place. We were heartily sick of the sort of life we had been leading, and determined, let come what might, to join the allies; though prudence, and to say the truth, our stern necessities, compelled us to take Clermont on our route. Accordingly we moved towards it at an early hour in the morning, and were already drawing near the gate, when my companion took it into his head to wash his handkerchief in a ditch by the

road-side, and hoist it on the end of his stick to dry. The handkerchief was white,—a circumstance which in no degree affected us, because we were not aware of the virtue of that colour in France; but we had not proceeded far ere an occurrence befell which threw some light into our minds. We saw approaching us, at a smart trot, an officer of hussars, gorgeously apparelled, who wore a white cockade in his cap, white favours on his breast, and had his horse's head and mane dressed up with white ribbons. He reached us just as we had halted near a public-house, and, pulling up his horse, exclaimed,

'You are English?'

We assented; adding that we were prisoners.

'Nothing of the sort,' cried he. 'Napoleon has abdicated. There is peace between France and England, and you are free. So come along, and I will give you — what you probably stand in need of—something to eat; and then you may continue your journey at your leisure.'

"He alighted, and we accompanied him into the *cabaret*, where he not only paid for our

breakfast, but gave us a Napoleon. He was a Frenchman, but seemed delighted at the changes which had occurred in his own country.

"We bade him good b'ye, gave three cheers for the peace, and pushed into Cleremont. There were no troops of the line in it, the whole of which lay encamped about two leagues off; and the duty was done by some companies of national guards, well appointed, well dressed, and with a decidedly military bearing. The whole place, moreover, seemed giddy with the news of the hour. Bells rang, music played, white flags floated from the church tower, and from every other conspicuous station; while we were as much made of as if we had been the bearers of some important victory achieved over a foreign enemy. But the poor people of Cleremont had been somewhat premature in making this display of their loyalty. Next morning the French army, after blowing up the bridge, marched into the town; and, though an enemy had taken it by assault, greater atrocities could not have been committed. The inhabitants, by way of welcoming their countrymen,

had rolled into the squares, and other open spaces, barrels of wine and beer, with provisions of every description. These were of course consumed; but the miscreants, instead of being grateful for the supply, seemed to be possessed with the spirit of demoniacs, for they rushed upon the spoil like savages, tearing the rings out of the women's ears, and hacking off their fingers to possess themselves of their rings. I never witnessed such a scene in my life, and the shrieks of the unhappy females are still in my ears.

"This scene of rapine continued throughout the night, and on the morrow the troops marched out; the general alone, with his body guard and staff, remaining to levy a contribution. I was myself a witness to the manner in which the affair was managed. A sum of thirty thousand francs had been demanded. The civic authorities could collect only half the sum, with which they came to the General in a coffee-room, where I was standing. He sat beside a table, and when they told the truth, he said very coolly that he was satisfied. Then, sweep-

ing the money into a handkerchief, he desired an aide-de-camp to place it in a cabriolet, which stood ready harnessed for him at the door.

'Now,' said he, 'you may tell the soldiers that they are released from their oath of allegiance. They may go where they please; they may do what they like with their arms and accoutrements. I have served the Emperor many years, and got nothing. This money will suffice to carry me to Paris, where I shall offer my sword to King Louis.'

"So saying, he stepped into the carriage, and I dare say kept his promise in every particular.

"From that moment we felt like free men, and were restrained from going immediately to the Austrian head-quarters only by the apprehension that we might perhaps fall in with one or other of the marauding parties which then overspread the country in every direction. As soon as it was dark, however, we made up our minds to go; and, letting ourselves drop from the town wall, we passed within a few yards of a sentry, who took no notice of us, nor we of him. Next morning a party of Cossacks met us, one of whom spoke French fluently, and

appeared to recognise us for Englishmen; and by-and-by we found ourselves in the yard of an inn, where the Prince of Hesse had fixed his quarters. Here we received the most hospitable treatment, especially from two of the general's aides-de-camp, who had commissions in the English service, and were now, as they expressed it, come to take vengeance on the rascally French for the mischief they had wrought in their own country. The general himself, too, was exceedingly kind. He had no money to give,—indeed money was a scarce article everywhere, — but he supplied us with a route, through Rouen to Dieppe, and desired that whatever we might require we should order, and give a receipt for it to the person who supplied us. Wherever there were provisions and liquor to be had, we found the general's route as available as hard cash; but we gradually discovered that it was useless to look for either in the track of the allied armies. The Cossacks, in particular, swept each town and village, and paid their hosts and hostesses with the exhibition of their loaded pistols. The consequence was, that we were glad to turn aside

from the beaten path, and to trust, as we were compelled to do, being absolutely penniless, to the generosity of the French people themselves. Nor had we the slightest reason to repent of this. Everywhere the door was open to receive us, and no one seemed to grudge what our necessities required.

"It is far from pleasant to travel, even in such a country, with empty pockets, and we were gloomy enough: when at one of our stages ——— fell in, to his great surprise, with a man of his own regiment, who, like himself, had been wounded and taken at Talavera. The man instantly made up to him, and, having ascertained that his officer was destitute, he hastened to convince him that there are few ties more strong than those which bind a good man and a good officer together. ——— and I were sitting melancholy enough in our apartment, when the poor fellow entered, and, ripping up the lining of his jacket, he drew forth a bag containing twenty napoleons.—

'I saved up these,' said he, 'by working at my trade as a shoemaker, in Verdun. You shall take them, sir; and when we get to

England you can repay me, as soon as it may be convenient to yourself, but not sooner.'

We were both deeply affected by the man's generosity, but refused to take advantage of it. We compelled him to be the purse-bearer, and joining him to our company, pursued our course, which was now prosperous enough. Finally, having reached Dieppe in the evening of the sixth of April, we took our passage in the packet for the morrow; and landed at Brighton just nine years and six months from the day on which I, at least, had last quitted England.

"I was now in my native land, after a tedious banishment; during which I had suffered numerous privations, and pined for freedom: it remained to be seen how far the day-dreams which had amused me in my dungeon were to be realized. The beginning of my renewed acquaintance with Englishmen had not indeed opened very satisfactorily. They charged two guineas a piece for ———'s passage and my own, and one guinea for our honest attendant; a sorry method, as it appeared to us, of evincing their gratitude towards men who had suffered so much in their defence. The custom-house

officers too came down upon us; for it is necessary to mention that we had equipped ourselves in decent apparel out of the soldier's bounty, and really bore at this time the exterior appearance of officers.

'You must have your luggage carried to the custom-house, gentlemen,' said the guardian of the king's revenue.

'By all means,' cried I. 'We have but four shirts among the three of us, and you're welcome to examine the spare one.' The man smiled, and, finding we were released prisoners, withdrew.

"And now it remained to determine how we should dispose of ourselves. ——— started for London, in order that he might show himself at the Horse-Guards. It was my duty to repair to Portsmouth; that having been the English port from which I last sailed. Accordingly, I mounted the coach, having promised to rejoin ——— as soon as possible, and alighted in high spirits with just eighteenpence in my pocket. I made for the 'Blue Posts;' being, in all things except a white felt-cap turned up with green, fit to pass muster as an Englishman; and took my seat in a box,

which I had often occupied before, and called for brandy-and-water. As it stood before me, I began to consider how I should dispose of myself for the night. The hour was late,—I had no money,—I was a stranger in the place. It occurred to me that, instead of giving my orders first, and trusting to the chapter of accidents for the means of payment, I could not do better than take the landlord into my confidence, and be a borrower on his generosity. I told him my tale, in few words, and ended by begging that he would trust me for a supper and a bed. The scoundrel refused point-blank. He trust! he never trusted anybody, and least of all, your wanderers who passed themselves off for persons let loose from French prisons. His answer cut me to the quick. I went and sat down again in the box, utterly dejected; contrasting in my own mind the treatment I had received in France with that which my own countrymen afforded; and my feelings overcame me so much that I could not taste a drop of what stood before me.

"I was ruminating over the occurrence, when a gentleman entered the box; whom, in the

French fashion, I saluted; and who, struck either by my manner, or the expression of my countenance, entered into conversation with me. I repeated to him all that had befallen, and expressed my deep mortification at the landlord's behaviour: upon which the stranger sprang to his feet, ordered the landlord to be shown in, and poured upon him a volley of abuse such as I have never heard equalled from that day to this. His harangue soon gathered a crowd about us, and I verily believe the landlord would have been torn to pieces had I not interceded for him. In other respects nothing could be more fortunate for me. My first acquaintance compelled me to accept a pound-note, and would hardly be prevailed upon to leave his address that I might refund it. The rest claimed the privilege of finding a lodging for me; and not often have I been more made of than by these hearty fellows. It was late before they would allow me to retire, and they all vowed that they would quit the house with me immediately after breakfast.

"I must hurry over much that followed. Next day brought me in communication with

an old messmate, who lent me a uniform coat, and by his advice I went on board the flag-ship, and reported myself to the admiral. His captain rated me at once on the ship's books, and permitted me to go to London, whither I repaired for the double purpose—of recovering my long arrears of back pay, and making application for a permanent appointment. What a fortnight I had of it there! London swarmed at the time with persons in my situation,—just released from prison, and half mad with joy; and the jollifications that went on, and the follies and absurdities which we committed,—I doubt whether they can be imagined, I am sure they cannot be described. With me, however, they came to an end in about three weeks. After dancing attendance at Somerset House day after day, I received my arrears, and delaying only long enough to rig myself out, I set forth full of glee, and flush with coin, to visit my friends in Cheshire.

"There had been woeful changes at home since I left it. My father was dead; my mother had reposed too much confidence in her daughter's husband; and I too became, in my

turn, his dupe. He borrowed from me almost all my little fortune, and then failed. I lost every sixpence of it; for I had not so much as taken the precaution to obtain from him a note-of-hand; and the rest of the creditors would not listen to my story. Still, as long as a guinea or two remained in my purse, I lingered amid the scenes of my boyhood, which were endeared to me, in spite of recent misfortunes, by the associations of other days. At last my money was all gone; and the friends who received me at first with open arms, began to look cold upon me. I have been imprudent, and rash, but I always had a proud spirit, and it could not brook the altered looks of my relatives; so I mounted the coach, and returned to London, in the hope of getting appointed to a ship. There was then an office for the sick and wounded, where surgeons and surgeons'-mates were accustomed to apply; and thither I went to state my case, and ascertain what the Admiralty would do for me. The men in office put me off with civil words;—'They were very sorry they could not employ me just then. There was a long list of names before mine; but

they would take my address, and send for me when an opportunity to serve me should occur.' I was reduced at this time to my last shilling. I looked round in this great metropolis, and saw that it contained not a single individual who was likely to interest himself to the most minute degree in my welfare. I became gloomy, and well-nigh desperate; and I went in this mood to make my last application at the office. The gentlemen met me as they had done before, and, when I ventured to reason with them, they grew snappish. 'What I asked for was quite contrary to the rules of the service, and these they would not break through for me or for anybody.'

'Well, gentlemen,' cried I in a passion, and at the same time unbuttoned my coat—'Well, gentlemen, here is my commission; and may God forsake me if ever under that warrant I serve an ungrateful country again!' I tore the bit of paper to pieces before their eyes, threw it on the ground, and stamped upon it; and turned away, hating all mankind, and myself among the number.

"I wandered through the streets in despair.

I had no home, no kindred; for all had disowned me, or I had disowned them. I was alone in the world, and in danger of starving. 'Well,' thought I, 'the army is still open to me. Better enlist as a private soldier than do worse.' I uttered this exclamation in consequence of having seen on the wall a placard, which offered a large douceur, in addition to the king's bounty, to any young man that would enlist in the 56th regiment. Now, I was not to be taken in by the extravagant promises held out in that handbill. I knew that in India, where the regiment lay, 'copper was *not* to be had for the picking up, nor silver so plenty as that men broke their shins against it, nor yet gold like the pebbles on the sea-shore.' But India was far away, and, having made up my mind to shoulder the musket, I was desirous of indulging the humour at as great a distance as possible from those with whom I had associated in a different sphere. Accordingly, I went towards the place pointed out in the placard, at the sign of the 'Roebuck,' in Red Lion street, determined to strike while the iron was yet hot,

and so put it out of my own power to change my mind.

"As I was passing along the Strand with this intention, some one laid hold of my arm, and, turning about, I saw a young man to whom I had been introduced when last in London, and who then held a commission in the —— regiment of foot. He appeared considerably altered from what he used to be; that is to say, his countenance was dejected, and his clothes shabby. I asked what had befallen him; and he told me. After repeatedly running into debt, and, on the strength of his father's credit, obtaining goods from tradesmen, and selling them at half-price, he had absented himself without leave from his regiment; for which the commanding-officer, too happy to find a handle against him, had brought him to a court-martial, and he was cashiered. From that hour his father had turned his back upon him, and he was now desperate.

'And so am I,' said I,—'as desperate as the heart of man could wish; and, as I am just going to take a leap in the dark, I advise you

to jump with me. I am so far on my way to the "Roebuck," where I mean to list.' —— declared that he would do the same thing; so on we went together. Well, we entered the coffee-room, and ——— who had a half-crown in his pocket, called for a pot of eightpenny ale and some bread-and-cheese. When we had finished our meal, I desired the waiter to send the landlord.

'Mr. English,' said I, for that was his name, 'I see you are in want of substitutes. We are willing to enlist if you will take us?'

'You are joking, sir,' says the landlord. 'The likes of you don't want to enlist.'

'Oh, but we do, though,' answered I; 'and to prove it, give us the shilling, and we are your men.'

"The landlord could scarcely credit our assertion, but, finding us obstinate, he laid down two shillings.

'Here,' said I, lifting one up, 'I take thee in the name of the King, and promise to serve his Majesty to the best of my power, as long as I shall be thought worthy to act as a soldier.' My companion did the same; on which Mr.

English carried us up-stairs, and after hastily examining our legs and arms, declared himself satisfied. Nay, so convinced was he that we meant to deal fairly by him, that he consented at once to our walking out, and left it to our own discretion to return when we chose. We came back faithfully enough; but my companion, who had been led into all his scrapes by a wretched woman, with whom he lived, had left me, for about twenty minutes, while we were absent, and now, when he took his seat at the table, with a glass of gin and water before him, was too much cast down to drink it. He went out, as he said, for an instant, and we never saw more of him. For me, I had embraced my new calling after mature deliberation, and never thought of repenting; so I continued where I was till, in company with several other recruits, I was sent down to Tilbury Fort, attested, and sworn in.

"I was now a soldier, and determined to do my duty as such, cheerfully and without repining. To be sure, the system at Tilbury Fort was awfully severe. Drill, eternal drill, diversified only with parades to breakfast, and dinner, and

inspections, occupied us all day long, and sent us every night to bed as tired as if we had marched twenty miles. By and by, however, I was transferred to the depôt of my own regiment, which lay at the Isle of Wight; and there things went on as smoothly as any soldier could wish. In fact, the general depôt at Tilbury was under the charge of a well-intentioned old man — no doubt, but still, of a man who had no notion even of washing up plates and basins except by the sound of the bugle. It was different at the Isle of Wight, where the officers did their best to make the men comfortable, and where the men, grateful for kindnesses received, were at once cheerful and obedient, steady, and perfectly contented.

"I had been at the depôt little more than two months, when I received orders, along with five-and-twenty more, to embark for Ireland in a transport, which was to convey convicts from Cork harbour to New South Wales. We lay a long time in Cove before we started; but at length got up the anchor; and had prosecuted the greater part of the voyage ere anything befell of which it is worth while to give

an account. We had on board two hundred and twenty-nine male convicts; some of them desperate ruffians, and none to be trusted; yet the captain, with an excess of lenity, which is hardly to be accounted for, permitted them to come and go upon deck whenever they chose, the hatchways being open all day long, and battened down only at night. Moreover, the ship was so crowded, and the soldiers' berth so narrow, that we were obliged to eat all our meals upon deck, leaving the firelocks and bayonets below, under the care of a sentry, and ourselves wearing only, as we did all the way out, cutlasses at our sides. No detriment had, as yet, befallen to any one from these arrangements, which were the more hazardous, in that the meal-hours of the guard and of the ship's company fell together; so that twice in the day, at all events, the convicts had the whole of the 'tween-decks to themselves, with ample opportunity to hatch schemes, and carry them into execution. And they did not waste the moments thus afforded them.

"We were at breakfast one morning as usual; the whole of us upon deck; and a tall,

stout convict, named Murphy, was engaged in the office of shaving his comrades. Murphy was, indeed, the regular convict barber; and, at a certain hour every morning, a case of razors was served out to him, which, after exercising them on the allotted number of chins, he returned to the ship's steward. This caution was exercised in order to prevent the possibility of his using them to cut his own irons, or those of his fellows,—for the convicts all wore chains about their legs; most of them, however, so light as to prove of no serious inconvenience to the wearers. Well, Murphy had been busy some time, and we heard him once or twice cry aloud, putting his head down the gangway, 'Go to your work, boys! I am at mine!'—when suddenly a man, named Malone, who for his good behaviour acted as head-constable over the rest, rushed up the companion-stairs, and forcing past the sentry, opened the cabin door, where the captain, surgeon, and our officer were sitting, and closed it after him. The next minute out sprang these gentlemen. 'Guards, stand to your arms! Turn the convicts down!' This was their

order. Upon which we sprang to our feet, while Murphy, dashing down his razor upon the deck, exclaimed, 'It's all over!' The case was this.

"It is the universal custom in convict-ships to appoint for each gang a sort of chief man, called a constable, as well as a head-constable, or general superintendent over the whole. The individuals set apart for these offices are selected from among the men who either bring with them the best characters, or are marked for their peaceable behaviour; and it is their duty to see that the berths are kept clean, the lights put out, and the men in general subject to a moral control. Among others, there was a youth on board our ship, one Macmorris, who had been an attorney's clerk, and got himself into trouble by keeping bad company, but whose only crime, as far as I could learn, was that he was found drinking with a pickpocket, and involved in the same charge with him. This man came to the head-constable on the morning just alluded to, and told him, with great agitation, that he had discovered a murderous plot; and that, unless the officers were

made aware of it on the instant, the ship's decks would be dyed in blood. The head-constable appearing incredulous, he declared that if he paused one instant, he would go himself to the cabin at all hazards; upon which the other, seeing that he was in earnest, gave the alarm. And well it was that he did so; for a scheme had been concocted by one of the convicts, a person who had formerly held a commission in the Wexford Militia, but who having been tried and found guilty of keeping concealed arms in his house, and encouraging the peasantry to rebellion, was now under sentence of transportation, to seize the muskets, come upon the guard while at breakfast, tie them two and two together, and cast them into the sea; after which the victors were to steer for South America. And so well had the plan been arranged that the signal for action was partly given; when Providence so ordered it that we were put upon our guard, and the murderous design failed. We were very fortunate, too, in finding in the prisoners' berth, a paper signed by one hundred and fifty names, in which all the points agreed to among the

traitors were laid down. I need not add, that from that day forth the vigilance both of officers and men was sharpened. The convicts were heavily ironed; they were divided into three watches, and only one watch at a time permitted to take the air on deck, till we arrived in the harbour of Sydney.

"My tale is well nigh told. For the remainder of my career, embracing only a period of peace, presents, even to my own memory, few events over which I am tempted to linger. I reached Bengal on the 4th of October 1816, and continued to do duty there till 1818, when the regiment went to the Isle of France; and of course I went with it. Here the cholera broke out with great fury; and the hospital being short of medical men, I was called upon to lend a helping hand. I cheerfully undertook the task, which the surgeon-general imposed upon me, and have the satisfaction to know, that my services were not entirely useless; but I positively refused promotion. The fact is, that I knew the weakness of my own temper,—that I was irritable and violent; and being exceedingly happy as a private, I

did not wish to run the risk of committing myself in any other situation. As a private, therefore, I continued to serve, till my health failed me, and I was sent home to be invalided in 1821. But what was the value of my discharge to me? I had no home; I had no friends; I had no settled occupation; and accordingly, when informed, on my dismissal from the general hospital at Portsmouth, that a veteran company was about to be embodied for service in the Isle of Man, I volunteered to join it, and was accepted. With that company I did duty till it was reduced, in 1824, when I again volunteered in the regiment of Canadian veterans, with which I continued till it returned home in 1825, and was broken up. On the 24th of December of that year I passed the board at Chelsea; on the 25th I was admitted into the house. I have continued here, happy and contented, ever since, and I hope to die here, and be buried in the old grave-yard.

"That is my history. It may seem in many respects dull, because common-place, to such as hear it; but to me it was full of strange scenes and great vicissitudes.

CHAPTER VIII.

In which it is shown how a good soldier can die.

I HAVE already so far exceeded the limits of my reader's probable patience, that though the materials around me are as yet scarcely shaken up, I feel that it is time to bring my sketches to a close. The subject would, however, be very incomplete, were I to omit all notice of the manner in which the brave and good inmates of Chelsea Hospital meet the advances of death. I do not mean to insinuate that our society is perfect. There are too many among us, whose lives have not been such as to give them much reason to be satisfied with the prospects that lie beyond life. But there have been others, even in my brief ministration here, whose last moments might excite the envy of the most

pious and best educated elsewhere. It would be drawing too much upon the endurance of the public, were I to paint many pictures of a soldier's death-bed. But one I subjoin, from which, if it make the same impression upon others, which it has made upon myself, they will not turn away with indifference. The tale is short, and I will not try to lengthen it unnecessarily.

On the 22d day of June 1836, was committed to the grave-yard of Chelsea Hospital, George Thornton, aged forty-two. He obtained his admission to the asylum in the March previous, being then manifestly in a dying state, and he lingered among us but a few short months, ere death put a period to his sufferings. To the last he exhibited the appearance which belongs to what is called the wreck of a very fine man. His height might be about six feet two. His features were high and regular; his eye full and of an azure blue; his hair dark brown, and of most luxuriant growth. His malady, for he died of decline, flushed his cheek, as it is wont to do, and added not a little to his remarkably interesting appearance. I attended him, as in

duty bound, on his death-bed, and found him all that in such a situation I could have wished. Humble he was, yet not dejected; honest, frank, and such as became the Christian soldier; no wise inclined to hide, far less to extenuate his own failings, and shy to speak of his own good qualities. I rejoice to say, that he gave me his fullest confidence; and it may not be out of place if I describe the circumstances which led immediately to a consummation on my part so heartily desired.

I had visited him frequently, spoken to him on the most important of all subjects, and administered to him all the consolations which, when sickness presses sore, it is possible for one man to administer to another. He was always glad to see me; indeed, however weak he might be, however jaded and worn down, his countenance invariably brightened when I drew my chair beside his bed. It is right, however, to add, that on such occasions I am not in the habit of confining my conversation with my invalids to one subject only. We generally go together over the events of other days, and, I trust, are not forgetful to draw from them the

great lessons which they teach. Such had been my practice with Thornton; and he had been not only communicative in the extreme, but, as it seemed to me, made happy by the attention with which I listened to his tales. It chanced on one occasion that he did not meet me with his usual glee: he seemed low, and out of spirits.

"There is something on your mind, Thornton," said I. "You need my assistance in some way: how can I serve you?"

"Nothing, sir," was the answer. "I thank God, I am in peace with all the world; and I trust in my Redeemer for the forgiveness of those sins which I have committed against my God. Yet there is one little matter."

"I thought so," said I. "What is it? Speak out, and depend upon your wishes being complied with."

"My Waterloo medal, sir," replied Thornton. "I should not like it to be lost. I could wish it to be kept in my family, and to go down from generation to generation as an heir-loom. There is nothing on my mind but that."

I was much struck with the earnestness with which the poor fellow expressed himself; and said to myself, "Who, after this, can doubt that British soldiers value to the full as highly, the badges which they earn by their good conduct, as any set of men living?" Of course I made haste to assure him that, as far as my exertions could go to secure the end, his wishes should be carried into effect.

"Will you then, sir, take care of the medal?" said he.

"Surely, Thornton," replied I. "But what must I do with it? Are you married? Have you any children?"

"No sir, no," replied Thornton hurriedly. "I am not married. My brother is the person to whom I wish the medal to be sent. He lives at Preston, in Lancashire, and is by trade a wheelwright. Write to him, if you please, and tell him how my last hours were spent, and what my wishes are in reference to the medal. And yet I have no right to give you all this trouble, without stating my reasons for preferring him to the rest of my family. Have you patience to listen to a soldier's tale, which

contains very little out of the ordinary course of events, unless it be, perhaps, at the outset."

I told him, as may be believed, that I gladly would; and he began as follows.

"I am a native of Preston, in Lancashire. My father was a little farmer, occupying about thirty acres of land, near the town;—my mother a pious and good woman, to whom her children stand indebted for the greatest of all blessings,—an early religious education. Do not, however, misunderstand me. We were not Methodists, sir. We were brought up strictly to our church, which we attended regularly as the Lord's day came round; but we never went to any other place of worship. 'Boys,' our mother used to say, 'you will find all that is necessary for your well-being here, and your salvation hereafter, in the Bible and Prayer-Book. Remain ye steady to your church. Your forefathers never swerved from it, and they lived like men, and died like Christians. Walk ye in their footsteps, and ye will do well.' And I thank God, that, essentially speaking, we have never forgotten her advice. You know, sir, what a soldier's life is,

and need not therefore that I should tell you how lightly these things are too often esteemed in the army. But I can answer for myself, that, though guilty of many errors and follies, I never went so far wrong as to think or speak slightingly of my religion; and I feel at this moment the great comfort of being able to say so.

"There were four of us, lads, and two girls, all of whom still survive; though one, and he the stoutest of the whole, will have probably run his course ere many days are over. We were all taught to read and write, and keep accounts; and all made to feel from childhood that our fortunes being in a great measure in our own hands, there was nothing so disreputable as habits of idleness. My eldest brother was reared up to country work, he being the first in a condition to assist his father,—and he has done well. My second brother became a stocking-weaver, and rubs on, sometimes in plenty, sometimes poor enough, but always respectable. I was myself the third son; after me came our two sisters; and last of all stood the boy to whom

I wish my medal to be sent. That was a youth indeed, sir! They used to say of me, that Nature had favoured me, and, shrunk and faded as this frame now is, you may, perhaps, be able to discover some evidences that it once was otherwise. But he —— No, sir; you never set your eyes on any creature so beautiful. His fair sunny locks, his pale smooth cheek, his soft blue eye, — they were like the light of heaven. And then his figure; it resembled the fawn,—so graceful, so springy, so slender, that you did not know which to admire the most,— its pliability or its endurance. No wonder that the girls should have run after him, wherever he went; no wonder that he should have forgotten himself, and caused some pain to the hearts of those that loved him most.

"Willy was my junior by four years; and having been in infancy and childhood extremely delicate, I learned to regard him more in the light of a son than of a brother. He was dear to me as my own soul; so much so, that not even his mother's partiality, undisguised as it was, ever stood between him and my affections.

And in spite of a temper somewhat wayward, the natural result of constant indulgence, Willy loved me in a degree commensurate with the affection that I bore for him. If others crossed or grieved him, it was always to me that he told his tale: if sickness bowed his head, he would come and lean it upon my shoulder. In his little grievances I was always appealed to for redress: out of his scrapes, and he ran into many, it was my especial business to deliver him. Willy was more fond of dances and wakes than our parents, quiet, though not austere people, approved of; and would occasionally steal out at night to join his companions after the family were gone to bed. I did not like the proceeding, and told him so;—but what could be done? His entreaty was always so urgent, his wish so eloquently expressed, that there was no resisting it. 'Well, then, this time and no more, Willy,' was my invariable reply. But, somehow or other, neither he nor I kept our resolutions; and the last time, that had been so often talked of, never came at all.

"There were in our village several public-

houses, and there prevailed, of course, a strong spirit of rivalry among the publicans. One kept the best fiddler in the place; another sold the best beer; — and both had their adherents. But Willy's favourite haunt was the sign of 'The Red Rose,' behind the bar of which stood Lucy Grey, the prettiest girl in all Lancashire. I can't blame him for that, nor do I; for Lucy was precisely the sort of creature whom no young man could see and fail to love. With me, too, she had long been on terms of friendship. I was not much given in those days to visit such places, for we brewed our own beer at home, and were too busy to become sots; but Lucy's black eyes presented so powerful an attraction, that I could not always resist them. Out of this, moreover, an intimacy sprang up, which I found, for a while, to be delightful. How sweet were our walks on a Sunday evening, Lucy in the midst, and Willy and I on either side! How full of music was her voice! —how pure, how chaste, how correct her whole behaviour! —for her occupation had not taught her to cast modesty aside; and the rudest of

her customers felt and paid respect to her principles. Lucy was of just the same age with my brother, — that is, eighteen; I was two-and-twenty: and I don't deny that, if ever hope came to maturity in my soul, it was when I ventured to say, that one day or other I might be able to bring these two beautiful creatures into closer companionship, by placing them one towards the other in the relation of brother and sister.

"My eldest brother having taken a small farm of his own, I became, in his room, my father's assistant; while Willy, at his own request, was bound apprentice to a wheelwright. His master loved him as everybody else did, and declared that he would become the best tradesman in the neighbourhood. In consideration, too, of the progress which he made, something was abated of the time of his vassalage; and at eighteen he was, though nominally still an apprentice, put upon the same footing with the journeymen. Thus matters stood, when an event befell which gave a totally new direction to my fortunes, and threatened, at one moment,

to bring ruin upon his. Alas! I hardly know how to speak of it; but I must, for I have undertaken to tell you the truth.

"I loved Lucy Grey. She was never absent from my thoughts by day; she was the constant subject of my dreams by night. With her in my mind I pursued my labours cheerfully, and looked forward, as I took my recreation, to the period when, being in a condition to maintain a wife, I might, without acting unfairly by her, offer her my hand. My father, you must know, was very liberal in his mode of dealing with his children. He gave us the full value of what we earned; and, as soon as I had ascertained the real state of my own feelings, I began to save up a little store. It grew constantly larger; by slow degrees, no doubt; for being now, as it were, my own master, I was bound to pay for my keep. But shilling after shilling, and crown after crown, were dropped into the money-box, till at last I could calculate on being worth ten pounds. 'Now then,' said I to myself, 'though this be but a small nest-egg, it is still something; and what should hinder me from telling Lucy how my views point? If she think as I do, she

may, perhaps, be able to save also; and at the end of a year or two, we may take some small holding, and begin. I think I shall speak to her on Sunday next, when Willy, I know, will be at his brother's, in Preston.

"Such was the tenor of my thoughts on Thursday, while I employed myself, as usual, in loading the cart for the morrow's market; and very happy was I in the prospects that seemed to lie before me. For though nothing had yet passed between Lucy and me beyond common civilities, I thought that her smiles were very sweet, and her looks always kinder than those of an ordinary acquaintance. I dare say the expression of my countenance was in agreement with those feelings; for you know, sir, it is a hard task to look grave when our hearts are merry: at least so it must have appeared in my case to Willy, who came into the yard just as I had tied up my last basket, and placed it in the cart.

'You have a light heart, George,' said he; 'may it always continue so! I only wish that mine were less burthened than it is.'

"I gazed upon the youth, who for some days

past had rather avoided than sought my society. He was unusually pale; his eyes looked red as if he had been weeping; and his whole manner was that of one, within whose breast care has begun to bite sharply. I saw that there was something materially wrong with him, and I made haste to inquire into it. At first he seemed to shrink from my questions. His answer, repeated over and over again, was this, 'Pooh, pooh! there is nothing wrong with me. I know what I have done, and I have calculated the consequences. It may be rash, but there 's no help for it now.'

'No help for what, Willy?' demanded I, 'You have acted rashly, you say, and are aware of the consequences, and yet would conceal the whole matter from me. Is this right? have I deserved it at your hands?'

"Willy's eyes filled, and he looked at me very mournfully. 'No, George,' said he, 'it is not right. You have not deserved that I should keep any secret from you. But this,—oh, I do not know how it is to be told even to you.'

'Nay, nay, my dear boy,' said I, taking him in my arms, 'keep no secrets from me. What

is the matter? Speak out, and do not distrust my will, whatever may be my lack of power, to befriend you as I have ever done.'

'Oh, George,' cried he, leaning his face upon my shoulder, 'what must I say? You have helped me out of many scrapes; you have stood between me and many sorrows; but all were the merest trifles compared with this. What a wretch I am! what misery have I not brought on all whom it was my duty to please and render happy!'

'Willy,' said I to him solemnly; for there passed over my own mind, I could not tell why, a feeling of deep solemnity, 'if you have done aught that is calculated to bring serious hurt upon yourself, upon your family, or upon any other human being, I pray you make a clean breast of it, and you and I will take counsel together, so as to avert, if it be possible, the consequences of your error. Depend upon it there is nothing so fatal to a person in your situation as the attempt to reserve his griefs for his own secret meditation.'

"Willy's bosom heaved. I felt it rise and fall, as he leaned like a dead man in my arms;

and my spirit yearned over him with more than a mother's affection. I pressed him to my heart, and again entreated him to speak out.

'But you will so despise me, George; you will so blame me. Nay, and more than all, you cannot help me; no one can help me. I have sown the seed, and must reap the crop; I have brewed the malt, and must drink the beer.

'I tell you, Willy, that whatever your case may be, I will at least give to it my best consideration; and you cannot, for a moment, doubt my wish to serve you, whatever personal sacrifice may be demanded of me.'

'Well then you shall know all,' cried the poor boy. 'Lucy Grey——'

"I started involuntarily as he uttered her name, but controlled myself almost immediately afterwards. But the movement had not been lost on him. 'What's the matter?' cried he.

'Oh, nothing in the world,' answered I; 'only a slight cramp. I have been hard at work, you know, these four hours, and am tired a little: that's all, so go on.'

'I was going to tell you,' said he, rising, 'that Lucy and I have been long attached to

one-another. Young as we are, for these last eighteen months I have been engaged to make her my wife, and we have lived in consequence on terms of the greatest familiarity during the whole of that time. We have had many a sweet walk together when you were not by, and often has she been my partner both at the Red Rose and elsewhere. Neither did we ever fall out till yesterday. I can't tell how it happened. I am sure that I never meant to vex her. It is true enough that Mary Kettle has made advances to me repeatedly; and I can't deny that, just for the amusement of the hour, I have now and then given her encouragement; but I little dreamed that Lucy would take the matter seriously up. However, she did so. We had words. She accused me of jilting her; I denied the charge. She showed me a silly letter that Mary had written to me, without relating how it came into her possession; and I, being very angry, accused her, in my turn, of dealing dishonourably. Well, from less it came to more, till in the end we parted, after I had told her, with an oath, that she would repent her folly to the latest day of her life. Away I

then went to the White Rose, and there, being heated with anger, and inflamed with drink, I took on with a recruiting party of the Life Guards. George, I enlisted. I am now, in point of fact, a soldier, and there is the end of it.'

"Sir, my brother's statement overthrew at once all the visions of happiness which I had cherished for years. Lucy, on whose love my heart was fixed, had given her affections to another, and that other was Willy; and do not suppose that the knowledge of this truth failed to go through me like a ball. I felt it freeze my very heart's blood. Yet were my selfish sufferings inadequate to produce an insensibility to the thorough wretchedness of my brother's situation. Mind, sir, I do not intend to speak disrespectfully of a soldier's life. My own experience has taught me that if a man do his duty, he cannot be happier anywhere than in a good regiment; but I was then without experience. Besides, Willy had been to us all as the apple of our eye from his infancy, and I knew that his constitution was every way incapable of sustaining the fatigues even of home

service. I therefore could not but look upon his tale as one of utter misery.

'And must you go?' demanded I.

'There is no help for it,' replied he; 'unless I could find a substitute, which, in this place, is not very likely to offer. And yet for myself I would not care; but Lucy—poor Lucy—the news will break her heart. And my mother, too, she will not long survive it.'

"I lifted the young man with both my hands from his recumbent position, and held him at arm's length from me. His face was deadly pale; and his blue eye, usually so bright and full of meaning, seemed dead with sorrow. For myself, I was like one who walks in his sleep. What to me was now country or home? My father did not need my assistance: he was yet able to provide for himself; and when his strength failed, he had other sons to rely upon. I had no wife; it was not now probable that I ever should have one; and my mother, I well knew, would bear with the loss of me far more easily than with the loss of her youngest-born.

'Willy,' said I, 'even out of this difficulty

it shall be my business to deliver you. Stay you at home, marry Lucy, and be happy. In my box upstairs you will find a purse with ten pounds: take them, and let them be to you what they were meant to be for me—the beginning of your fortunes. I will be the substitute for you. Nay, nay, boy,' continued I, perceiving that he wished to interrupt me, 'I will not be contradicted. A soldier's life will suit me far better than it could suit you; and by going in your place, I shall save from much suffering others besides yourself, that are very dear to me. So, not one word in opposition; but come and lead me to your sergeant, who will not, I dare say, refuse an exchange which promises to give to his corps one whose bodily powers, at least, are not often surpassed.'

"It is right that you should understand how perfectly this determination of mine went against my brother's wishes. He positively refused, for a while, to adopt my scheme; nor was it, indeed, till I had assured him that a soldier I would be, either for him, or on my own account, that he agreed to refer the question to our pa-

rents. Over what followed I am willing to draw a veil. There was much weeping; there were reproaches heaped on Willy; there was a vain effort made to find a substitute somewhere else; but at last my proposal was accepted, and I entered his Majesty's service. I got no bounty, to be sure, for I went as the substitute for another, who, repenting just in time, was enabled, through my means, to purchase his own release. Yet, on my own account, I did not regret the circumstance. The bounty-money would have been nothing personally to me, for I should have given it all, as I gave my little savings, to Willy and his bride. However, on their accounts, it was a pity. Still I left them, if not quite contented, at least cheerful and resigned; and in two years afterwards learned, with as much fortitude as you might expect me to exercise, that they were married."

The relation of so much of his early career quite exhausted the strength of my patient. He could not go further; neither, indeed, would I permit him to make the effort, but, promising to return next day, I left him. I did

not forget my engagement, but, at the appointed hour, was at his bed-side, upon which he was sitting up, supported by pillows.

"Now, Thornton," said I, "see that you are able to bear the excitement, before you try to continue your narrative. It interests me very much, but I must not allow you to exhaust, and wear yourself out, for my amusement."

"I have nothing more to tell, sir," replied he, "that can in the slightest degree agitate or disturb me. From the day on which I joined the regiment in Knightsbridge barracks, up to the hour of my discharge, my life has differed in nothing from that of soldiers in general; and you know what that is."

"True, Thornton," answered I; "but you have seen some service. Your medal attests your presence in one field, at all events; and the estimation in which you hold it, shows that you do not look back upon your conduct that day with shame.'

"No, sir," answered Thornton, his countenance lighting up as the memory of other years came back upon him, "I did my duty that day, as others can testify, and a hard day's work it

was. But both Jack and I stood it out as well as the best of them."

"Who was Jack?" asked I.

"My horse, sir," was the answer; "the first horse I ever mounted in his Majesty's service, and the last. He was but a colt at Waterloo; but such a colt! His legs at the fetlock were as slender as my wrist; his shoulder was perfect; and as to his temper and bottom, they might be equalled, but they could not be surpassed. I declare that I loved that animal as if he had been a rational creature; and he would have followed me through the streets of London like a dog."

"Are the men generally fond of their horses? We have a notion that, in this respect, our cavalry come far behind the Germans. What does your experience enable you to say?"

"I have not seen much of the German dragoons," replied Thornton. "And as to our own, they treat their horses well or ill, according as their own tempers happen to be good or bad. But of this you may be assured, sir, that the good soldier is always more careful of his horse than of himself."

"I believe you," answered I. "But how do the bad men misuse their horses?"

"In many ways," replied he. "A man of a cross temper is sure to spoil the temper of his horse, by beating and kicking, and always speaking to him angrily. A drunken man will sell the very corn for drink. A lazy man will never go to the stable, except when he is obliged to do so; and on the march thinks he has done enough, when he has taken off the saddle, and given his horse some water. But that which annoyed me most of all was to see a man, appointed for guard on the morrow, dress his horse carefully over-night, and then tie him up in his stall so tightly, that the poor brute could not by possibility lie down. This is a shocking cruelty; and I am sorry to say it sometimes takes place."

"You say that your horse was a great favourite with you: tell me how he behaved at Waterloo."

"Oh, nobly, sir. I always treated him well, and he repaid me for it that day. We made our famous charge, as you know. The ground was fetlock deep with mud, and our horses

had suffered much from fatigue and exposure the evening before; but the French were in this respect no better off than we, and we knocked them down like nine-pins. I went on with my comrades, and kept hammering away with all my strength, till, Jack beginning to get blown a little, I pulled up, and looked about. You may judge of my surprise when I found myself alone. I had edged a good deal to the left of the line, where the noise was so great, that I became unconsciously separated from the rest of the squadron; and now I saw them very much broken, and retiring from a body of lancers that had taken us in flank. Two of the lancers were already in my rear, and more seemed to be pushing for the same position; so I felt that there was no time to lose. I wheeled Jack about, and dashed right between the Frenchmen. One of them ran at me on the right. I parried his thrust, and with the hilt of my sword struck him a heavy blow in the face, which tumbled him from his saddle. At the same time a slight turn of the wrist brought Jack round upon his haunches, and placed me right in front of the

other. His lance was already so close to me, that I had barely time to beat it upwards, by which means the point took the crest of my helmet, and rolled it on the ground. I believe that I clove that man's head in two, right through his cap. At all events he fell, and I had no time to examine whether he was dead or alive: for, rapidly as these events had passed, they gave five or six more the opportunity of coming up on all sides of me. There was nothing for it, therefore, but to turn tail; so away I galloped as fast as Jack could carry me. The pursuit was hot. I heard the enemy close behind, and fancied that they were gaining on me, when all at once I found myself in front of a wide ditch or drain. I cannot deny that the sight of such an impediment at such a moment was the reverse of agreeable; for the odds against me were too great, and quarter is not to be expected when men's blood is hot. I patted Jack on the neck, and said, 'You must take it, boy.' You would have thought, sir, that the animal understood me. He never swerved. There was no need for spur, but clear and clean he went over, as if I had just

taken him fresh out of the stable at Knightsbridge. None of the enemy ventured to follow, so I slackened my pace, and rode back at leisure to the line."

"And what became of you and your horse afterwards?"

"You may believe, sir, that if I liked the animal before, my love for him was increased by this an hundred fold. Till the battle ended, however, I could not quit his back, and he took me through gallantly; but no sooner were we ordered to dismount than to him all my attention was directed. I can't much blame the others for failing in that particular. No forage was issued out to us. The grass and green crops were all trodden into mud, and the men, more wearied than the horses, lay helpless in the midst of it. But I could not think of sleeping till I had at least done my best to fill Jack's belly. Away I went, therefore, looking hither and thither, till at last under the lee of a ruined house close to the road-side, I came upon a detachment of the artillery, which had brought up with them both water and oats, and were baiting their horses.

Sir, I could not withstand the temptation. I ran back for Jack, led him quietly up, put his nose into the trough with the artillery-horses, and filled my haversack with corn out of the bag. It was the only theft I ever committed in my life. But my conscience has never disturbed me for it; inasmuch as Jack, to my great delight, ate it up with all the relish in the world, and was as ready for the march, when daylight came in, as if the battle of Waterloo had never been fought."

"And what became of Jack afterwards?'

"I rode him, sir, all the time I was in the regiment; and left him, when I was discharged, an old horse, but still one of the best belonging to it."

The man who in his dying moments could speak in such terms of the animal that carried him safe through the perils of the crowning day, could not be otherwise than an enthusiastic soldier. Such at least was my impression, at the time; and subsequent enquiries, which I felt it incumbent on me to make, entirely confirmed it. I find that in the course of twenty

years' service, he had never once incurred the censure of his superiors. Though high-spirited and lively, he rarely overstepped the strict line of sobriety, and then only when some particular occasion appeared to extenuate, if it might not justify the excess. But that which more than all other traits assured me of his excellence, was the esteem and respect in which he appeared to have been held by his fellow-soldiers. "He was always ready to help a comrade at a pinch," was the character which I received of him from every quarter; and I must acknowledge that, in my view of such matters, it would be difficult to merit a higher recommendation.

I have but a few words more to add. According to Thornton's request, I wrote to his brother, enclosing the medal, which was accepted gratefully, and is now, I doubt not, cherished as it deserves to be by its possessor. For he who won it, did not long survive the interview which I have described above,—the spirit of the man having alone sustained his infirmities during the period of his sojourn in

the hospital. Moreover, as if there had been between the lives of the rider and the horse some strange sympathy, Jack brought his gallant career to a close within a day or two of the decease of his former master. It will probably be in the recollection of some among my readers, that there appeared in the Morning Chronicle of, I forget what precise date, an account of the death of a favourite horse belonging to the second regiment of Life Guards. The noble animal had become such a favourite in the corps, that, long after he ceased to be serviceable as a charger, the men led him about from one quarter to another, while the officers supported him out of their private stores. That horse was Jack. During three-and-twenty years he had been the admiration of all who knew him; and he died at last, as became him, still attached to the regiment.

Here then I lay aside my pen. Much yet remains to be told, from which the wise may derive an increase of wisdom, the upright and the brave an accession to their courage and

integrity; and on some future occasion I may again resume it. But for the present I cease, praying my reader to think kindly of the inmates of Chelsea Hospital, and, for the sake of those whose chronicler he has undertaken to be, not to deal too severely with the chaplain.

THE END.

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